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May 31, 1999

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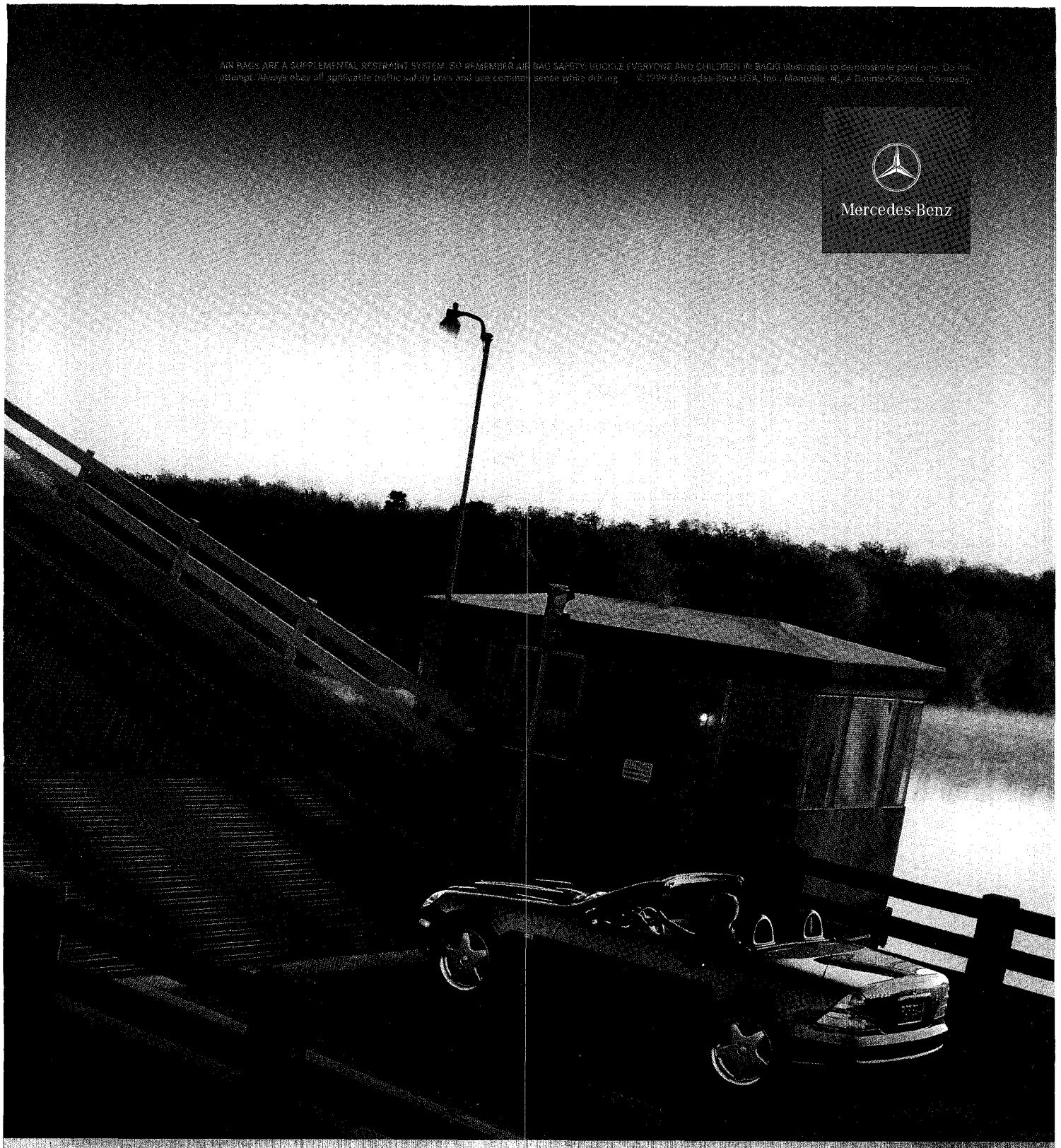

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THE NEW YORKER

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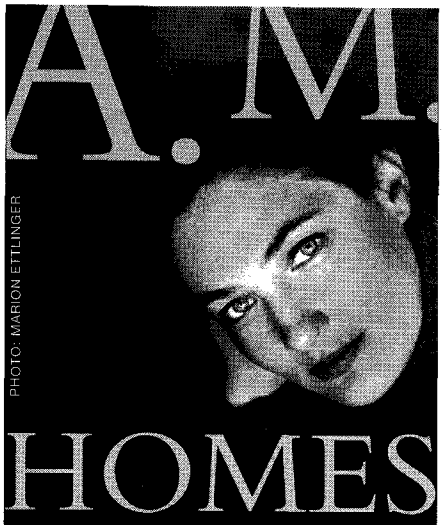

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— DAVID GATES, *NEWSWEEK*

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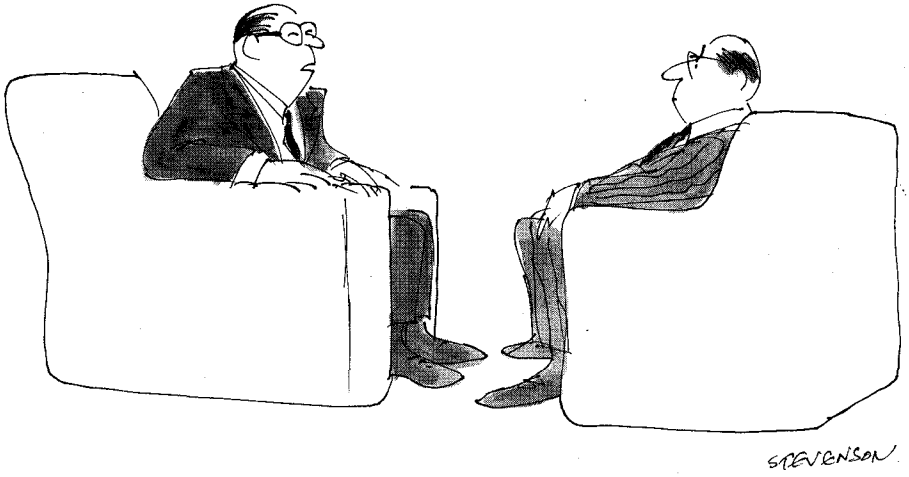

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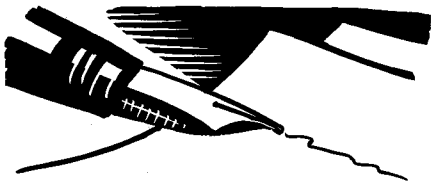

MONEY ISSUES

As a professional who often deals with the consequences of the excesses afforded children by their parents, it was heartening to read Daphne Merkin's "Our Money, Ourselves" (April 26th & May 3rd), about how her wealthy parents raised their children with the balanced virtues of personal modesty and public generosity. In life, one has to earn one's living, and parents who realize that "allowances" should be earned, not bestowed on their children simply for breathing, can teach that lesson. The Merkins taught their children properly. It is unfortunate that their talented daughter seems not to have learned their lesson.

MICHAEL F. KIRSCHNER, PH.D.
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Bill Buford, in "Sweat Is Good" (April 26th & May 3rd), writes that one man he met, Mr. Zhin, worked twelve-hour days and earned "a little less than minimum wage," but "paid no tax" on it: "his take-home, then, wasn't all that different from what some union workers get." But not deducting taxes compounds rather than alleviates the harm that sweatshops do. In addition to getting less than the minimum wage and no overtime pay, Mr. Zhin is also denied unemployment insurance, Social Security coverage, and the Earned Income Tax Credit that the I.R.S. grants to low-wage workers.

LAURENCE NORTON
Carlisle, Pa.

I am grateful to Mr. Buford for pointing out the latent hypocrisy of those who revile the garment industry or, as they persist in calling it, "sweatshop labor." These well-intentioned, usually middle-class protesters have often never seen the inside of a garment factory, let alone worked in one. They are not a little condescending to the many thousands of immigrants who depend on garment work for economic survival, and even for advancement. Such work is often the only realistic option for immigrants who don't speak English and therefore can't use the specialized skills that got them employment in their native countries. My mother, a nurse in China, worked for twelve years as a cutter and sewer in Manhattan's Chinatown. She certainly never saw herself as "exploited" or "oppressed," but somehow I don't think that her self-respect came from paying union dues.

DONNA NG
Ithaca, N.Y.

Arthur Krystal reflects contentedly on his financial disenfranchisement in "Who Speaks for the Lazy?" (April 26th & May 3rd), but his article presupposes and reinforces the unfortunate belief that laziness and poverty are synonymous. In Krystal's case—he has an Ivy League education—this may be true, but for a large number of Americans destitution is not a choice. There is no need to speak for the lazy. Who speaks for the poor?

MICHAEL LIN
Cambridge, Mass.

A CINEMATIC MENACE?

The "Star Wars" films are not my favorites, but on behalf of normal moviegoers I feel compelled to take issue with Anthony Lane's review of "The Phantom Menace" (The Current Cinema, May 24th). It's a stereotypically élitist critique that smugly joins the ranks of reviews in which the degree of venom increases in direct proportion to a movie's popular success. I'll skip over Lane's tediously arch descriptions of character and plot and address his fundamental complaint: he confides that the "Star Wars" movies are really "nerd territory." Since the inhabitants of nerd territory outnumber outsiders, where does that leave Lane?

PHILIP STRUB
McLean, Va.

•

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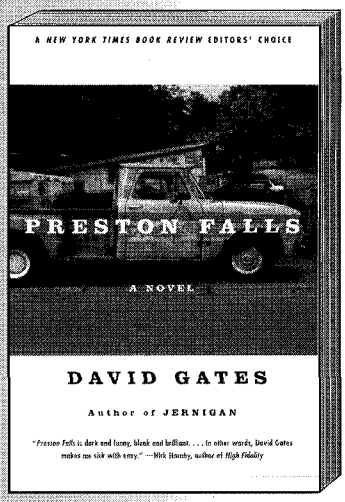

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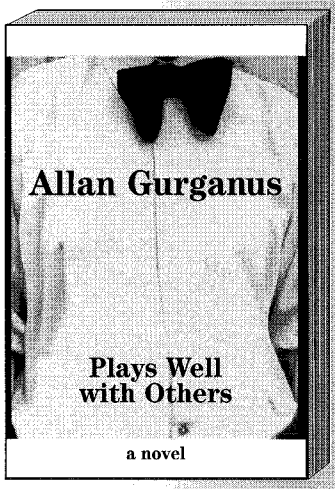
"WONDROUS" Writing



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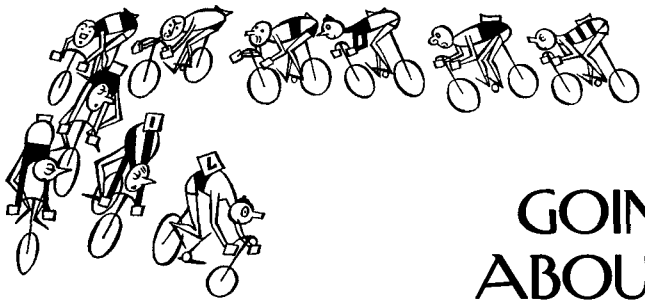

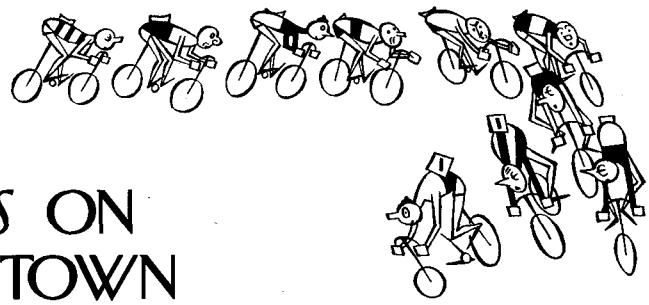

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

After the Rain—A black comedy about office politics and intrigue, by Sergi Belbel. In previews. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The second series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts runs through May 30, with plays by Frank D. Gilroy, Susan Kim, Stuart Spencer, and Michael Louis Wells. The marathon continues through June 13. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982.)

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in a new play by Arje Shaw, about three generations of a family living in New York during the Reagan years. Previews begin May 29. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Gemini—A Second Stage revival of Albert Innaurato's 1976 comedy, set at the birthday party of a confused Harvard student, whose guests include his Italian father and neighbors, and his college friends. Previews begin May 26. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

Gertrude & Alice: A Likeness to Loving—Lola Pashalinski and Linda Chapman portray Stein and Toklas, in a play they co-wrote based on works by both authors. A Foundry Theatre staging. Previews begin May 29. (Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

Goodnight Children Everywhere—Richard Nelson's drama is set in London and concerns the reunion of four siblings separated during the Second World War. Opens May 26 at 7. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Hurrah at Last—In Richard Greenberg's most recent play, a writer (Peter Frechette) is tortured by his family and his finances. A Roundabout staging. In previews. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 719-1300.)

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If Love Were All—Twiggy and Harry Groener portray Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward, in a musical comedy adapted from Coward's works. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Thy Kingdom's Coming—A satire of Hollywood, by the actor and playwright Jeff Daniels. Preview on May 26. Opens May 27 at 8. (Neighborhood Playhouse, 340 E. 54th St. 479-8589.)

La Terrasse—In a comedy by the French screenwriter and dramatist Jean-Claude Carrière, a couple in the midst of a breakup must contend with apartment-hungry Parisians anxious to rent their place. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Acting Company—The touring troupe comes to New York, to present repertory performances of Molière's "Tartuffe" and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. For more information, call 279-4200. Closes May 29.)

The Ages of Man—From the Willow Cabin Theatre Company, four one-acts by Thornton Wilder. (Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. 886-1889. Closes June 13.)

Amy's View—Dame Judi Dench is an amazing actress, but can she keep you in your seat for the duration of another one of David Hare's pompous plays? (Just barely.) This one claims to be about the tangled relationship between an actress from theatre's golden age and her modern daughter, who marries an arbiter of pop culture, but it's really about Hare's out-of-touch ideas regarding how today's audiences view theatre—meaning him. Directed by Richard Eyre. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Get Your Gun—A terrific revival of Irving Berlin's solid-gold score. It's played for romance and sass, which the vulnerable and charming Bernadette Peters and the hunky, easygoing Tom Wopat deliver in spades. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 drama, set in London, about two working-class boys who fall in love. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's—Peter Parnell's adaptation of the John Irving novel. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200. Closes June 5.)

The Civil War—The musical. Frank Wildhorn wrote the music and book. Jerry Zaks is the director. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Closer—Patrick Marber's slick dissection of the anatomy of desire follows four characters (Natasha Richardson, Anna Friel, Ciaran Hinds, and Rupert Graves) as they meet, mate, and move on in a kind of algebra of solitude which is factored out before our eyes. Marber can be very funny, and his writing is tight and well paced, but his staging is not. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/5/99.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Couple of Blaguards—Malachy McCourt and Mickey Kelly perform Mr. McCourt's two-man autobiographical show, which he co-wrote with his brother Frank. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Death of a Salesman—The casting of this production of Arthur Miller's masterpiece is generally uneven, but the show still packs a wallop. Brian Dennehy is almost too strong and too solid in himself for the panic-stricken salesman, yet he makes Willy Loman's crazy competitiveness and his misguided love for his son Biff hurt like a punch to the heart. Elizabeth Franz turns in the most fully realized performance, as Willy's beleaguered wife. She is as thin as Dennehy is large, yet she grounds the play and gives it a strong, almost stoic emotional center. (3/8/99) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

The Drama Dept.—Presenting one-acts by Richard Greenberg ("The Author's Voice") and Peter Hedges ("Imagining Brad"), directed by Evan Yionoulis. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441. Closes May 29.)

Dreaming in Cuban—An evening of two solo acts, performed in a Cuban-café setting. In "Dreaming in Cuban," Eileen Galindo transfixingly portrays three women whose political differences (pro- and anti-Fidel) and accents (Spanish and Brooklyn) reveal the cultural effects New York has on a family transplanted from Havana. Michael John Garcés wrote and performs the second piece, "Agua Ardiente," and though he tells a slighter story than Galindo he shares her ability to engage. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes June 13.)

East Is East—The children of a Pakistani mother and an English father are torn between cultures, in a drama by Ayub Khan-Din. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Far East—A. R. Gurney's drama, set during the Korean War. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 6.)

The Acting Company, in Molière's "Tartuffe," at St. Clement's.

CORNEL RUBINO

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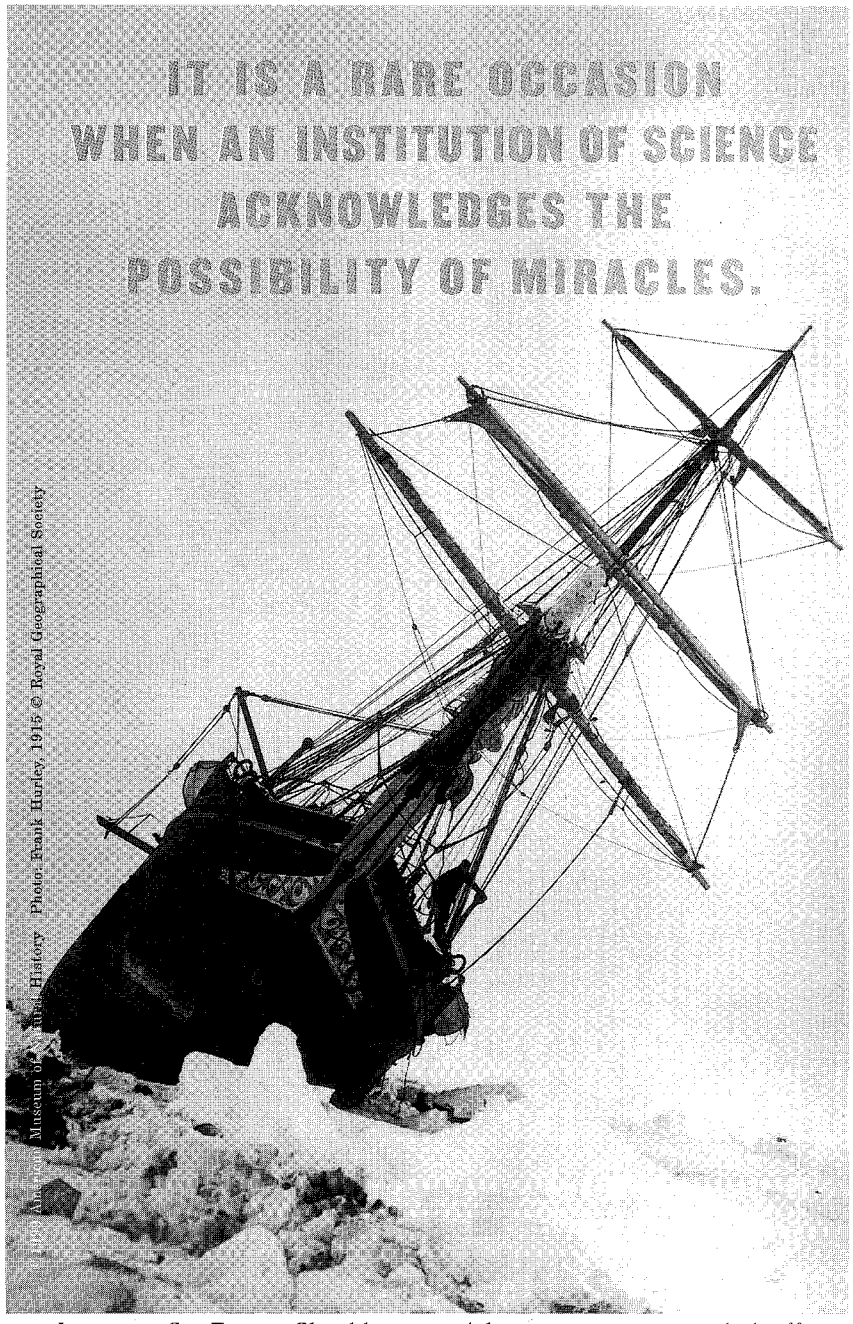

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Fosse—This steamy revue of works by the choreographer Bob Fosse doesn't reveal anything new about the man behind the dances, but it does remind us why we won't be forgetting him anytime soon. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Las Horas de Belén: A Book of Hours—A Mabou Mines adaptation of poems by Catherine Sasanov, about a prisonlike sanctuary for women in Mexico City in 1863. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes May 30.)

The Iceman Cometh—In this age of movies and television most people would rather get the Cliffs Notes to Eugene O'Neill's despairing, four-and-a-half-hour drama about a barroom full of losers—if they want to bother at all. For those who still care, though, this beautiful production is a rare opportunity to see a fully realized staging of a masterpiece by America's first great playwright. It has countless rewards, not the least of which is an outstanding ensemble cast that Kevin Spacey, in a brilliant performance as the crazily optimistic salesman Hickey, leads in a way that lights up all the other performances rather than overshadowing them. Howard Davies is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues—A marvellous collection of songs—ranging from traditional African chants and spirituals to Appalachian folk, country, traditional and modern blues, and pop—performed by a dynamic cast, in what turns out to be an oddly didactic cabaret act. The music alone could have showcased the influence of the blues, but instead the audience is subjected to explanatory notes and bad-talk-show banter. Fortunately, the blues triumphantly survives even this. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Jails, Hospitals & Hip Hop—Danny Hoch, in an encore engagement of his most recent one-man show. May 26-29 and June 1 at 8:30. Continues through June 5. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Julia de Burgos: Child of the Water—Carmen Rivera's drama about the poet, who was born in Puerto Rico in 1914 and died in Spanish Harlem in 1953. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

The Lonesome West—Two battling Irish brothers duke it out in Leenane, in a black comedy by Martin McDonagh. Directed by Garry Hynes. (5/24/99) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Molloy—A stage adaptation of part one of Beckett's trilogy of the same title, performed by the Irish actor Conor Lovett. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 581-4125.)

Night Must Fall—The main problem with this National Actors Theatre production of Emlyn Williams's 1935 thriller is that the play was probably never that thrilling to begin with, and it certainly isn't thrilling in 1999. Big house, rich old lady in a wheelchair, charming stranger? *Please.* (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Not About Nightingales—The first play that Thomas Lanier Williams signed "Tennessee," successfully resuscitated by the Royal National Theatre. It's clearly the work of a tenderfoot, yet the choreographic panache of Trevor Nunn's production invests the script with a poetic stylishness the prose lacks. (3/8/99) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Peter Pan—The former Olympic gymnast Cathy Rigby is back in town to star in a limited engagement of the 1954 musical. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Ring Round the Moon—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Christopher Fry's 1950 adaptation of Anouilh's comedy "L'Invitation au Château." Gerald Gutierrez is the director. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Rose McClendon: Harlem's Gift to Broadway—Vinie Burrows wrote and stars in this one-woman show about the celebrated black actress. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200.)

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Bernadette Peters, in "Annie Get Your Gun."

ROBERT MELEE

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN—In Sean O'Casey's 1923 exploration of the Irish Civil War, there's too much farce, too broadly written, to justify the final tragedy. Nonetheless, it has some brilliant passages, and the fine Irish Rep company makes the evening fun. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes May 30.)

SNAKEBIT—Two guys, a gal, and an AIDS test. With all the one-liners and dialogue cued by contemporary culture, this comedy-drama by the actor and first-time playwright David Marshall Grant, like a lot of new plays, seems like a sitcom rewritten for the stage (fewer jokes, more "issues"). The cast, though, is topnotch. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS REMEMBERED—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson recall their relationships with the playwright, in an evening directed by Gene Saks. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 307-4100.)

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T SAY PAST MIDNIGHT—A comedy by first-time playwright Peter Ackerman, set in the bedrooms of three Manhattan couples. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

THIS LIME TREE BOWER—A delightful tale (by Conor McPherson, who also wrote "The Weir") of three young Irishmen, each of whom goes off the rails in various ways but, with a little help from the other two, is able to put his life back together again. Neatly told as a series of overlapping monologues, the evening is funny and sharply observed, and sweet without being sentimental. A perfect antithesis to this season's blockbusters. Well acted by T. R. Knight, Drew McVety, and Thomas Lyons. The direction, by Harris Yulin, is appropriately low-key. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes June 6.)

THWAK—Comic acrobatics (both physical and vocal) from the Australian performers David Collins and Shane Dundas, a.k.a. the Umbilical Brothers. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

THE 2.5 MINUTE RIDE—The comic actress Lisa Kron gets it: unless a personal story resonates with humanity, it alienates. In her solo show, a tale of her trip to Auschwitz with her father (who survived the Holocaust but whose parents did not), which is offset by extremely funny memories of her family's regular trips to an Ohio amusement park, Kron pulls off the impossible: she makes you feel something like compassion for a Nazi her father interrogated after the war; you still hate him, but he almost seems human. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes June 13.)

VIA DOLOROSA—Because David Hare's lively monologue about his first trip to Israel is about Israelis and Arabs, he sees this work as activism; the advertisements for the show refer to it as a "play." In fact, it is neither. It is a somewhat overproduced ninety-minute after-dinner speech that sheds no new light on the conflict. (3/29/99) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes June 13.)

THE WEIR—Conor McPherson's play takes place in the musty chill of a backwater Irish pub, where a handful of habitués chew the cud of their solitude, spinning ghostly yarns that fill the air with glimmers of fear and resignation. It has a bittersweet charm, but for all the well-crafted talk and the well-observed bonhomie, it is finally a shaggy-bog story. (4/12/99) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—A nothing burger for audiences of all ages. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ART: Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOOTLOOSE:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KILLER JOE:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RAGTIME:** Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. (Closes May 30.) . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **SIDE MAN:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE:** HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **WIT:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.

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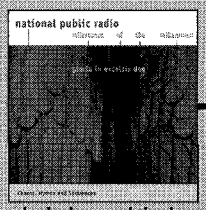

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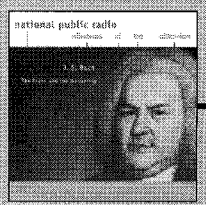

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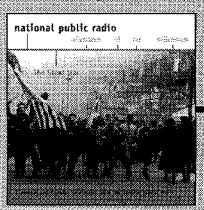

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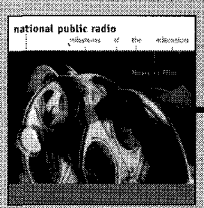

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DANCE

New York City Ballet—May 26 at 8: "Aurora's Wedding," "Allegro Brillante," "Andantino," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ May 27 at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Mozartiana," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels."... ¶ May 28 at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Serenade," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels."... ¶ May 29 at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Andantino," "Mozartiana," and "Aurora's Wedding."... ¶ May 29 at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Andantino," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Aurora's Wedding."... ¶ May 30 at 3: "Theme and Variations," "Serenade," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels."... ¶ June 1 at 8: "Interplay," "Calcium Light Night," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 27.)

American Ballet Theatre—May 26 at 2 and 8 and May 27 at 8: "Le Corsaire."... ¶ May 28 and May 31-June 1 at 8 and May 9 at 2 and 8: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 19.)

"DanceAfrica '99"—The annual celebration of dance from Africa and the African diaspora includes contributions from the Kenyan troupe Mizizi, the Ghanaian expatriates the Ishangi African Dancers, and Ballethnic, a classically trained, Atlanta-based company that blends ballet with African movement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. May 28 at 8, May 29 at 2 and 8, and May 30 at 3.)

The Parsons Dance Company—In the final program of its two-week season, the eleven-member company presents a series of works by Robert Battle and such repertory works by company founder David Parsons as "Union," "Closure," and "Caught." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 25-28 at 8, May 29 at 2 and 8, and May 30 at 2 and 7:30.)

"Live Communication"—Savion Glover and fellow-tappers Ayodele Casel, Abron Glover, Jason Samuels, and Omar Edwards perform with an onstage quartet and a host of surprise guests who show up nightly to join in the big jam-session finales. (Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. May 24-28 and May 31-June 1 at 8 and May 29 at 6 and 10. Through June 19.)

"Songs from the Ceide Fields"—The choreographer Martita Goshen and her seven-member company offer an evening-length work inspired by Celtic landscape and cosmology. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. May 27-30 at 8:30)

"Variations in a Foreign Land"—The Yangtze Repertory Theatre and Pace University present new works by four Asian-born choreographers, including "Shrimpy! My Girl," by Cha-Lee Chan; "Reminiscence of Yunan," by David Liu; "The Path of Blame," by Max Luna III; and "Watching You Grow," by Yung-Yung Tsuai. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. May 28-29 at 8 and May 30 at 3.)

Steeledance—The three-year-old company brings a full program of works, including "A Walk in the Clouds" and the première of "Take a Deep Breath." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 26-29 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Al Green—Sometime in the late seventies Green turned his back on worldly pleasures and returned to his gospel roots. (The move allegedly had something to do with a spurned woman and a plate of boiling grits.) But in the past several years he's been working the secular stuff back into his act. He is notoriously fickle in concert, but with that sensuous tenor and divine falsetto, he delivers a love song like nobody else. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. May 25-26 at 8.)

David Krakauer—Krakauer can play just about anything on the clarinet from free jazz to contemporary classical, but set him loose on klezmer with his appropriately titled band Klezmer Madness! and he really goes to town. (Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. 978-8800. May 26 at 7.)

Lou Rawls / Etta Jones and Houston Person—The Chicago-born, Philly-flavored basso-profundo soul crooner, best known for his hit "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine." While not exactly the contemporary versions of Lester Young and Billie Holiday, tenor saxophonist Person and vocalist Jones make fetching music together, a tradition that started more than twenty years ago. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 27 at 8.)

Chayanne—Move over Ricky Martin; the Latin world's finest female sensation (not counting the manufactured recording career of Jennifer Lopez) has a supple elegance that belies her muscular voice. (Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. May 28 at 8.)

Lenny Kravitz / Black Crowes / Everlast—Kravitz, rock's premier grave robber, headlines this odd triple bill of mostly backward-looking pop. Kravitz continues to steal shamelessly from his guitar-wielding, chest-baring rock forefathers, but his tepid record sales indicate continued disinterest in his work. A few years back, the Crowes enjoyed a brief vogue as a sort of chicken-fried Aerosmith, until the real thing usurped them. Of this trio, only Erik "Everlast" Schrody, a tattooed, acoustic-guitar-packing Southern Californian, has an original idea: take Delta blues and set it to hip-hop grooves. This, the kids like. Which may be why, unlike the latest offerings from Kravitz and the Black Crowes, Everlast's "Whitey Ford Sings the Blues" is a double-platinum smash. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. May 29 at 8.)

Relaxing in the beer garden at the Bohemian Hall & Park, in Astoria.

MARCELLUS HALL

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bohemian Hall & Park, 29-19 Twenty-fourth Ave., Astoria (718-274-4925)—Up until the early twentieth century, beer gardens were a fixture of several neighborhoods in the city, central meeting places where immigrant families would gather to eat, drink, sing, and dance. Most of these outdoor enclaves have gone the way of the zeppelin, but at least one remains. In the Bohemian Hall's garden, beneath the leafy expanse of two dozen eighty-year-old elm trees, a sea of red picnic tables surrounds a small wooden stage. Pilsner, of course, is on tap, and an assortment of Czech beers and snacks (tripe with bread or salt sticks) is also available. The seventeenth annual Czech and Slovak Festival (May 30-31, starting at noon), featuring traditional dance and music, marks the opening of the garden for the summer.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—May 27: **David Johansen and the Harry Smiths.** The man who also goes by the name Buster Poindexter and who once led the New York Dolls tries on another hat with his latest project, a folk-music band that takes its name from the collector who put together the seminal "Anthology of American Folk Music" back in 1952. May 28: The fuse-blowing guitarist **Bo Diddley.** **Irving Plaza**, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—May 26: Labelmates of Fatboy Slim, the London-based **Lo Fidelity Allstars** turn out a variety of pulsing dance music called Big Beat. But the rock-and-roll life hasn't been all party for these lads. Kim Deal and Warner Bros. are among those who have given them a hard time for their enthusiastic samplings. Conflict and adversity only enrich their complicated and highly rewarding mixture of funk, grooves, preaching, and, of course, driving beats. May 29-30: The critically acclaimed all-girl, hard-rocking group **Sleater-Kinney.** June 1: **Dogstar.** During Keanu Reeves's darkest pre-"Matrix" days, this vanity project (a power trio with the actor on bass) seemed too pathetic to imagine. With Keanu firmly remodelled as an action-hero avatar, can rock stardom be far behind? Five words: Don't quit your day job.... ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—May 26-29: This downtown club takes it to the edge, with the Cosmic Core Festival, featuring the **Sun Ra Arkestra** (May 26), the ancient European psychedelic collective **Gong** (May 27), and the **Woo Wariors** (May 29), led by Former P-Funk and Talking Heads keyboard genius **Bernie Worell.** Also on May 27: **The Billy Nayer Show.**

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—May 26: An evening of lonesome-cowboy landscapes with **Calexico** and **Pinetop Seven.** The side project of Giant Sand veterans Joey Burns and John Convertino, Calexico conjures up the darkness of

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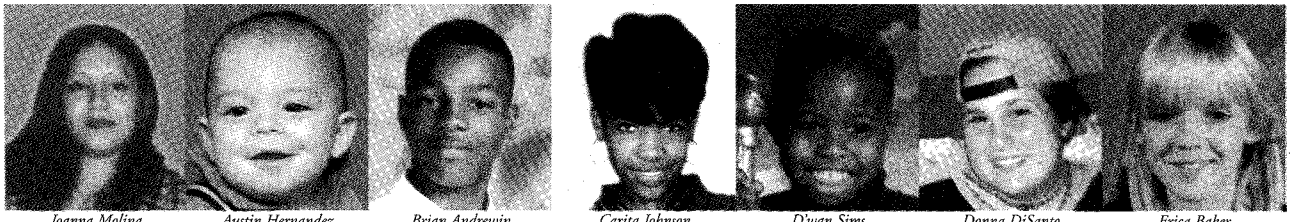

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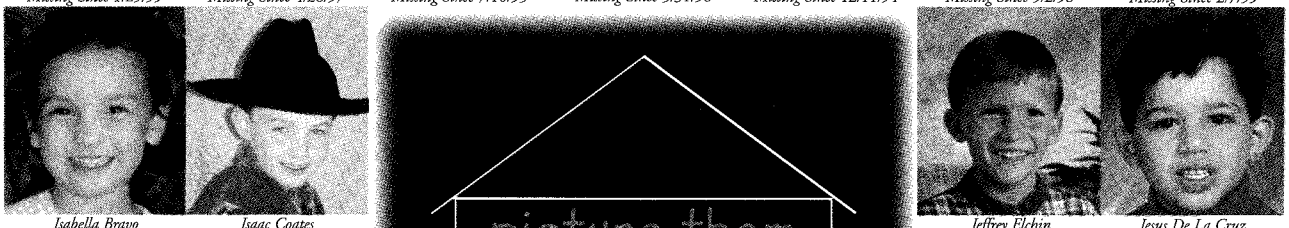

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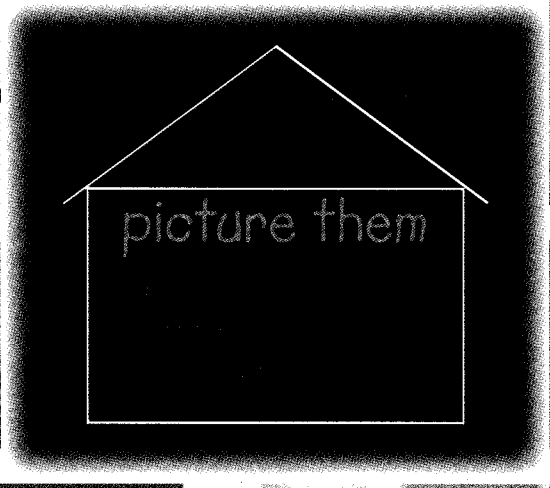

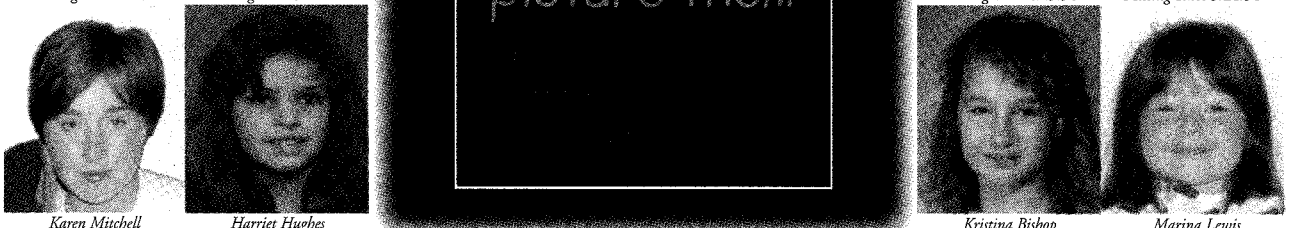

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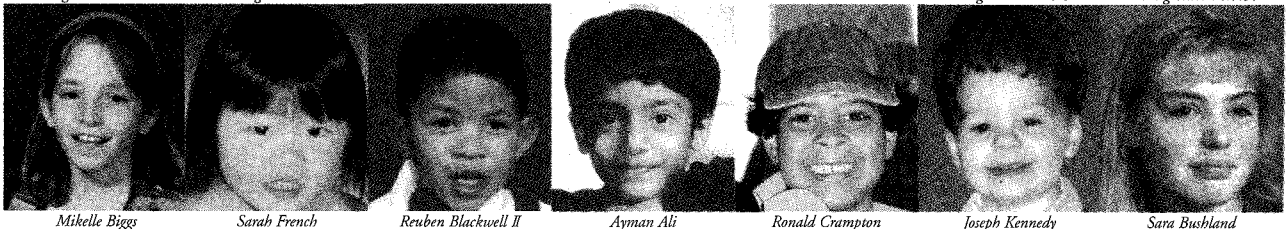

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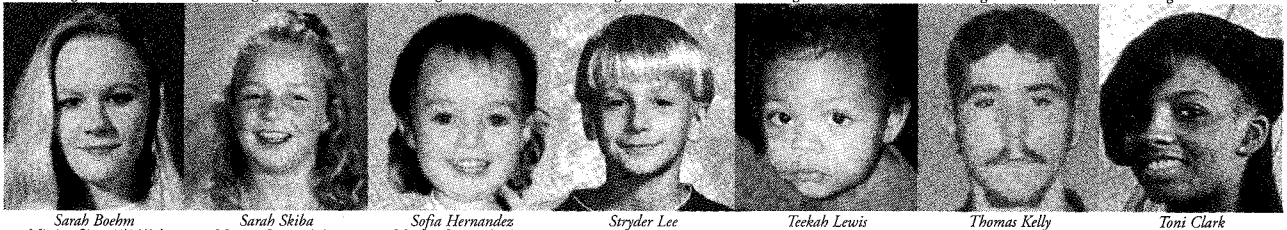

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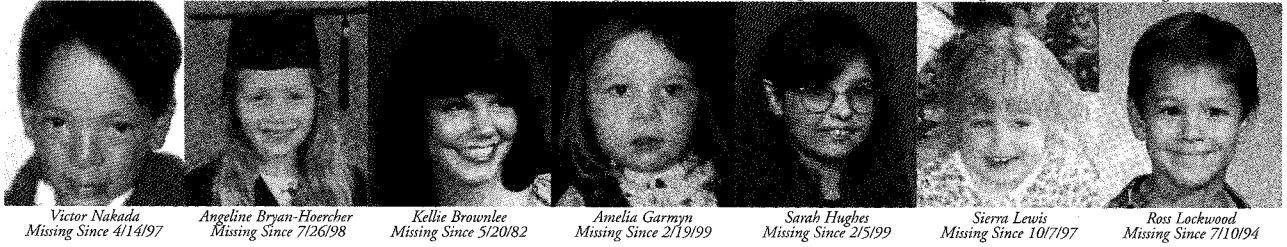

Victor Nakada Missing Since 4/14/97 | *Angeline Bryan-Hoercher* Missing Since 7/26/98 | *Kellie Brownlee* Missing Since 5/20/82 | *Amelia Garmyn* Missing Since 2/19/99 | *Sarah Hughes* Missing Since 2/5/99 | *Sierra Lewis* Missing Since 10/7/97 | *Ross Lockwood* Missing Since 7/10/94

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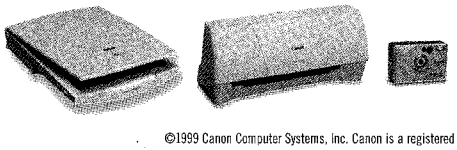

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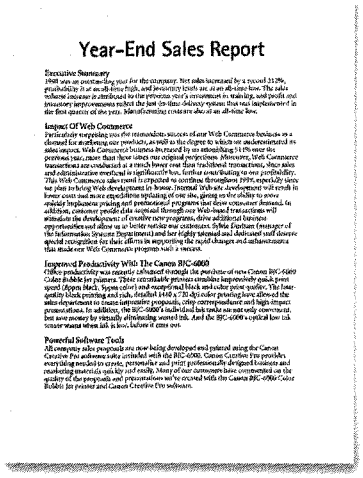

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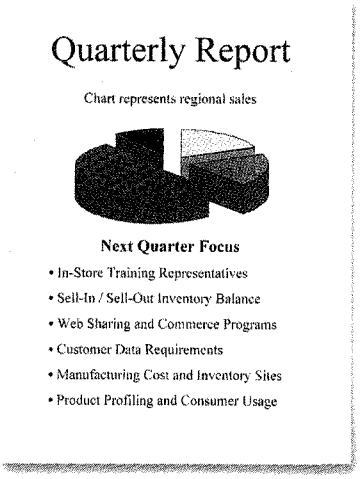

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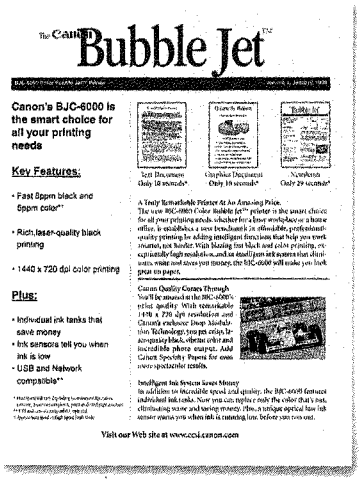

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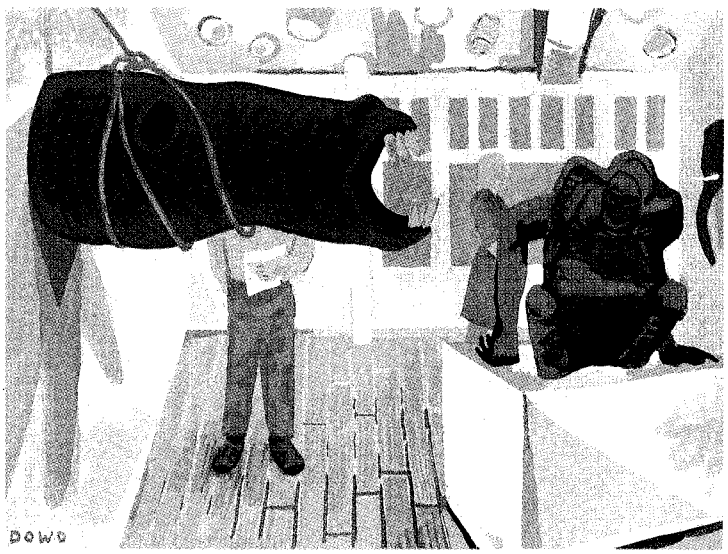
a Western desert where danger lurks at night. Bassist Burns and drummer Convertino maintain a steady watch, but the pedal-steel guitars, accordion, violin, and trumpets portend tragedy. / Pinetop Seven are from Chicago, but their hearts belong to the plains. Vocalist Darren Richard's melancholy sweetness saves this trio's haunting songs from despair. May 29-30: **LLOYD COLE.** Still revered for his work with the underrated eighties mopers Lloyd Cole & the Commotions, Cole writes excoriating tunes that mix the intelligence of Elvis Costello with the gloom of Leonard Cohen.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—May 27: **CALEXICO** and **PINETOP SEVEN** (see Maxwell's).



Sculptures by Daisy Youngblood, at McKee.

D. B. DOWD

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—May 27-29: **KENNY WHEELER.** "Angel Song," Wheeler's 1997 low-key album, revealed only one aspect of this marvellous trumpeter and composer's gifts. Wheeler also loves the breadth of a large ensemble, and for this rare New York appearance the Canadian individualist will be fronting a beefed-up band, allowing him to display his exciting compositions that burst with varied tonal colors. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** a frequent collaborator, appears as a guest soloist. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through June 26, **BOBBY SHORT.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through May 30: The **BENNY GOLSON** quartet. Tenor saxophonist Golson, with his brawny tone, full-throttle energy, and impeccable credentials (the Jazztet, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers), is a genuine hard-bop hero. He's also one of the greatest of jazz composers, with at least three classics to his name: "I Remember Clifford," "Whisper Not," and "Stablemates." Only an occasional visitor to the city, Golson allows a lot of time in his set for New Yorkers to savor what they've been missing. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

JAZZ STANDARD, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—May 26-30: Jazz, Latin, and Middle Eastern strains come together in bassist **AVISHAI COHEN'S** ensemble, which finds room for trombone, soprano saxophone, occasional oud interjections, and the leader's own bouyant playing. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—May 27-30: As a pianist, **MYRA MELFORD** comes on like a lyrical Cecil Taylor, aggressive and darting but strangely welcoming. As a composer and bandleader, she studiously avoids the tried and true, substituting cello for the customary bass, incorporating the musky sound of the clarinet, and zigzagging between loose interaction and meticulous orchestration. May 30: **JOEY BARON** can remind you of another great drummer, Billy Higgins—both are peerless rhythm men who play with ecstatic grins that could light up Central Park at midnight. Baron brings in a few heavyweight players—guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE**—to air out some good-time music. The funk will fly, and so will the solos.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—May 26-27: Saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** has a sensuous tone and a résumé that includes everything from avant-garde work in the sixties to composing the score for "Last Tango in Paris." Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—May 25-30: The **REGINA CARTER** group. It's been a while since a new mainstream violinist made a mark on the scene, but Carter is making up for lost time. She's done yeoman's work with Wynton Marsalis and Cassandra Wilson, and her new album, "Rhythms of the Heart," mixes hard bop and Latin workouts with a revision of "Papa Was a Rollin' Stone." Dining.

TONIC, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—May 28: **ELLIOTT SHARP'S TERRAPLANE.** Sharp, who's usually heard producing unearthly sounds on a Frankensteinian instrument from which coat hangers and other metallic objects protrude, also happens to be a monster blues guitarist; Terraplane is his rootsy trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through May 30: The **WYCLIFFE GORDON** quintet. Trombonist Gordon, a Wynton Marsalis band regular, maintains reverence for both his Southern roots and the hallowed place his instrument shares in the jazz tradition. He's grown as a stylist and composer, and he's now confidently stepping out of his mentor's shadow. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Cézanne to van Gogh: The Collection of Dr. Gachet." Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ "Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books from the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe." Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "Prayer for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne D'Évreux" takes advantage of the rebinding of the illuminated manuscript to display

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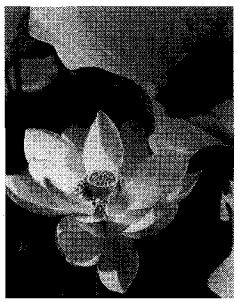

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Viewing: June 3–6
Inquiries: 212 606 0475

Photographs
Auction: June 9 at 2 pm and 6 pm
Viewing: June 3–8
Inquiries: 212 606 0552

20th Century Decorative Arts
Auction: June 9 at 10 am
Viewing: June 5–8
Inquiries: 212 606 0530

19th Century Paintings
Auction: June 15 at 1 pm and 6 pm
Viewing: June 11–14
Inquiries: 212 606 0560

Old Master Paintings
Auction: June 16 at 10 am
Viewing: June 12–15
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Printed Books Including English Caricature & Modern Literature
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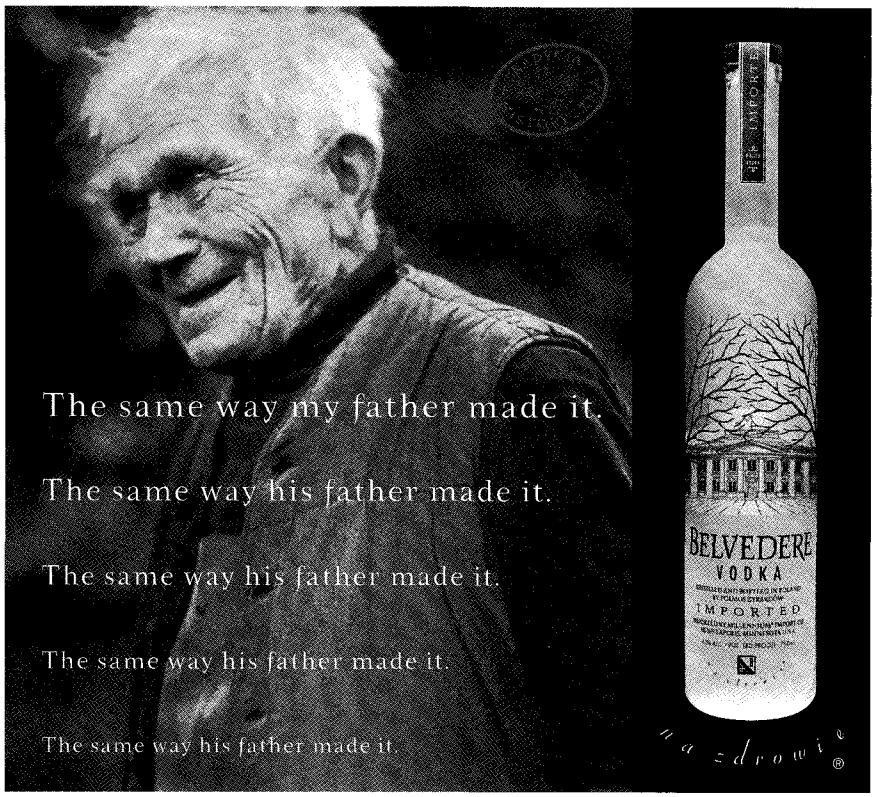

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thirty-two images from the prayer book belonging to the fourteenth-century French queen. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ The Basilica of St. Francis, in Assisi, which was severely damaged by earthquakes in September, 1997, has sent its treasury on the road. It's a spectacular trove of Byzantine and early-Renaissance paintings, crucifixes, reliquaries, illuminated manuscripts, and books. Through June 27. . . . ¶ "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s in the Costume Institute." Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ "The Mirror of the Medieval World" presents two decades' worth of works acquired by the Cloisters and the Met's department of medieval art. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." Through June 6. . . . ¶ "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." . . . ¶ "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum." . . . ¶ The museum's roof garden has reopened with an installation of sculptures by Magdalena Abakanowicz which includes her solemn "Backward Seated Figures," with its twenty headless forms turned away from the viewer. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect" illuminates the diverse ways in which artists have interpreted the modern museum since its birth in the late eighteenth century. Although the majority of works are from this century, there are a few pointed art works from the past, notably Hubert Robert's view of the Grande Galerie du Louvre as it appeared in 1796 and his apocalyptic vision of the same gallery in ruins. Robert's two paintings embody some of the contradictory attitudes that course through the exhibition: preservation versus destruction, nature versus culture, the museum as either a refuge or a prison for art. The exhibition, which includes Marcel Duchamp's remarkable "La Boîte-en-Valise" (the Dada master's personal museum, in which he enclosed miniature facsimiles of his most famous works in a briefcase), demonstrates clearly that art with a pronounced, often self-conscious intellectual character may nevertheless possess the same fervor as art that appeals directly to the senses. "The Museum as Muse" is a smart show, but it's also a very beautiful one. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963-74." Through June 16. . . . ¶ "Projects 68: William Kentridge" presents "Stereoscope," a new eight-minute film by the South African animator, along with thirty of the sixty-five large charcoal drawings it was made from. The film's dreamlike narrative revolves around Soho Eckstein, a fictional Johannesburg businessman, but Kentridge's real subject is the difficult process of change in his homeland. It's a subject for which his laborious technique, with its ghostly, incomplete erasures, seems like a blunt and perfect metaphor. Through June 8. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000 (Part I: 1900-50)." The first half of America's mid-career retrospective, installed on all five floors, includes Grant Wood's "American Gothic," Ben Shahn's "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," Alfred Stieglitz's "The Steerage," Georgia O'Keeffe's "Summer Days," and Jackson Pollock's "Number 27." Through Aug. 22. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Through June 20. . . . ¶ "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn" is a homemaking-themed

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show by borough artists Ron Baron, Andy Yoder, Jean Blackburn, and Ann Agee. Through June 13.... ¶ "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." A survey of this young Japanese artist's five-year career, in which she, depending on your point of view, either embodies the best (so far) of cross-cultural, neo-Pop extravagance, or panders to low-brow taste with costly production values and glitzy special effects. Mori's earlier works underscore affiliations with Japanimation and with theatrical self-portraiture of past decades, in particular Cindy Sherman's "Untitled Film Stills." The former tendency is represented by photographs like "Play with Me" (1994), in which Mori costumes herself as an *anime* Amazon; the latter, by similarly gaudy works such as "Tea Ceremony III" (1995), where she frolics in a ludicrously Westernized playpen of male voyeurism. Mori's more recent 3-D video works employ extraordinary digital effects, as in "Nirvana" (1996-97): the artist as haloed bodhisattva (or something close to it) takes center stage, while her techno-enhanced handmaidens sit in lotus position and zoom around on disks of flame. Through Aug. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition" features more than a hundred and fifty stark and beautiful pictures taken by Frank Hurley, the photographer crewman on that 1914-16 adventure. Also on display are crew members' effects, including clothing and a diary, and the James Caird, the lifeboat in which Shackleton and five of his crew made their amazing eight-hundred-mile journey to South Georgia Island in order to get help and return to rescue the entire expedition—which they did. Surrounded by videos of rolling icy seas, the tiny boat makes the prospect of a sweltering New York summer suddenly delightful. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181)—"A Literati Life in the Twentieth Century" celebrates Wang Fangyu (1913-97), a Chinese scholar and artist who emigrated from the People's Republic of China and re-created in Manhattan the civilized life of the Ming intelligentsia. He infused modernist energy into the ancient art of calligraphy, developing what he called a "dancing" style, which vibrates electrically on both scroll and page. The exhibit includes the exquisite objects—rocks, seals, jars, and the paraphernalia of the calligrapher's art—that he used to adorn his study, as well as works by the enigmatic seventeenth-century artist Bada Shanren, whom Wang Fangyu rescued from oblivion. Through June 20. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400)—"Dance for a City: Fifty Years of New York City Ballet" gathers costumes, design maquettes, film clips, photographs, stage props, pointe shoes, ticket stubs, playbills, and other dance ephemera from the company's first half century. Through Aug. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Brett Bigbee—Calm, dreamlike paintings of the artist's family. Bigbee's compositions are Spartan: his wife and son, generally nude, stare out at us from nearly every picture. Around them, assorted items—chairs, a pink toy truck, a dead bird, a sprig of ivy in a glass—are rendered with uniformly meticulous attention. There are moments of preciousness (that dead bird), but these are marvellous paintings, with a rare, distilled intensity. The highlight of the show, a portrait of the artist in his boxer shorts cradling an infant in one arm, has the tender formality of a Bellini altarpiece. Through June 4. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050.)

Eric Fischl—Large, harshly illuminated portraits, evidently painted from snapshots or video stills, of the artist's celebrity friends. The comedian Steve Martin stands on a beach, smiling and holding a blue towel. The film director Mike Nichols sits on an upholstered chair, looking studiously composed, as if for a TV interview. The art dealer Mary Boone leans against a window, smirking nervously. Back in the eighties, Fischl's paintings of middle-aged sybarites and teen-age perverts bristled with chutzpah and imagination. Here, painting his peers, Fischl seems both reverent and drab. Through June 26. (Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929.)

Peter Halley—Six large new paintings in the artist's ever more opulent geometric style. Halley's flowchart-like format, with its rectangular "cells" connected by rectilinear "conduits," is supposed to represent his dour Foucault-influenced theories, but in fact the paintings look peppy and jubilant. "Developer," with its bubblegum pink, mint, emerald, and blazing Forsythia yellow, could almost read as an ode to spring. Somewhere inside this nerdy painter, a Florine Stettheimerish dandy is waiting to emerge. Through June 5. (Grant Selwyn Fine Art, 37 W. 57th St. 755-0434.)

Brice Marden—Ascetic, beautiful triptychs from the sixties and early seventies, when the artist painted with spatulas instead of twigs. All are composed of separate panels of smooth, uniform color. But what color, exactly? Although bluish grays and bronzy yellows predominate, Marden's colors are singularly unnameable. They're also tuned with fiendish precision, so that they hum in place beside their neighbors. Much minimalist art has aged poorly, but these works remain as stirring as Shaker hymns. Through May 29. (C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. 861-0020.)

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)—A sampling of the famous late paintings, including major oils and watercolors borrowed

Her paintings had
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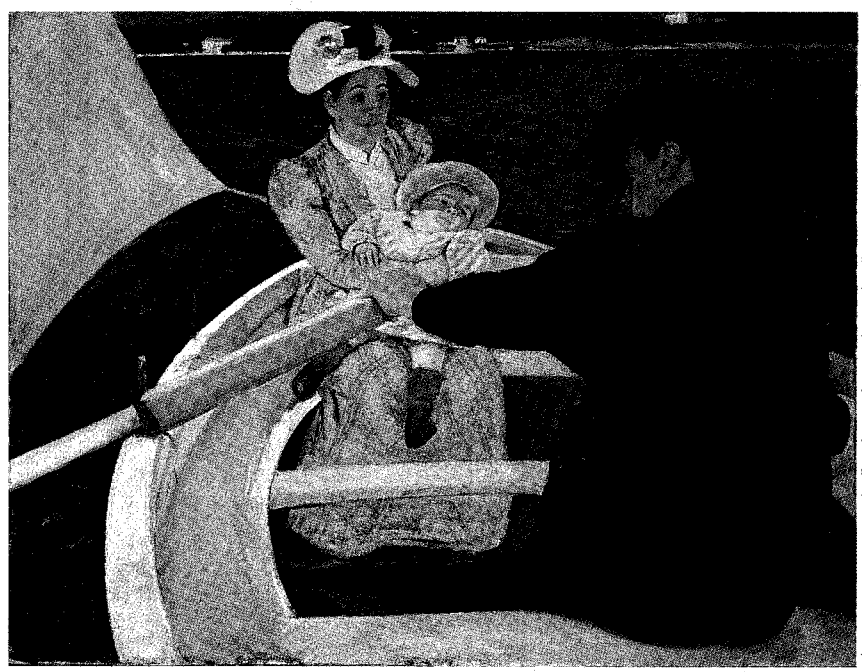
A woman's.



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from the Tate Gallery and five other museums. If there is an "old age style" of "transcendental pessimism," as Kenneth Clarke argued in a well-known essay, then these luminous distillations of sea and sky are among its finest expressions. Many of them, including a small oil entitled "Yellow Sky," are pure atmospherics, and they feel expectant, as if the master could turn up any day to drop in one of his magically effortless foregrounds. The exhibition also includes breathtaking views of Lake Lucerne and Venice, the august granddaddies of all postcards. Through June 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays.)

Stanford White (1853-1906)—The notorious third of the architectural firm McKim, Mead, and White was also a vacation watercolorist. These examples, pulled from family albums, document his travels and show off his strong eye for design. Not surprisingly, the few architectural and sculptural images are his best—detailed recordings of a church door, a lavish tomb, and a graceful, distinctly Parisian park that is really a town common in Springfield, Massachusetts. Through June 11. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. 838-0333.)

Daisy Youngblood—Ravishingly melancholy sculptures of animals—horses, elephants, a pregnant chimpanzee—and one of the late art dealer Richard Bellamy. The Bellamy portrait, with its gimlet eyes and wormlike body, is unforgettable—but then so are most of the pieces here. The largest, a bronze gorilla whose body seems to be made of sutured, crumpled planes, like a John Chamberlain sculpture, wears a dismissive expression of bourgeois hauteur reminiscent of Ingres's portrait of Monsieur Bertin. Through May 29. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951.)

Short List—**Charles Henri Ford**, Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444. Through July 2. . . . **Sergio Hernandez**, Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510. Through June 4. . . . **David Hockney**, Gray, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 472-8787. Through May 28. . . . **Ellsworth Kelly**, Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400. Through June 26. . . . **Per Kirkeby**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through June 11. . . . **Peter Poskas**, Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through May 28. . . . **Julian Schnabel**, Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292. Through June 5. (See also Downtown short list.) . . . **Sean Scully**, Danese, 41 E. 57th St., 223-2227; Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., 315-0470. Both shows through June 11. . . . **Bernardo Siciliano**, Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through June 11. . . . **Sarah Supplee**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907. Through June 5. . . . **Cy Twombly**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through June 12.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Günter Brus—Remarkably, this is the first United States solo show of a member of the Vienna Aktionismus group, whose most notorious members were Hermann Nitsch, the master of orgies in which participants cavorted with the entrails of slaughtered animals, and Rudolf Schwarzkogler, who was renowned for the rumor—false—that he committed suicide by gradually amputating his penis. Compared to such real and imaginary antics, Brus's work seems a tame affair. Most of his aesthetic brutality is confined to crude, even ugly drawings, some of which include passages of the artist's poetry. The more bizarre works provoke a sort of rubbernecking curiosity. Through June 19. (Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. 807-9494.)

Jon Kessler—"The Outsider," a new kinetic sculpture by an unusual artist whose work hasn't been shown here in far too long. Enclosed within a sort of metal proscenium, a stuffed tropical bird rises and falls with the aid of a motorized elevator. A hallucinogenically glowing four-color landscape of rainforest flora acts as a backdrop, dissolving and recomposing in conjunction with the bird's movements. When the bird descends into the pseudo-forest, all is clear and in focus; when it disappears, the backdrop melts into abstraction. Kessler's work is quite enchanting, even as it points to a nature that eludes apprehension. Through June 4. (Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100.)

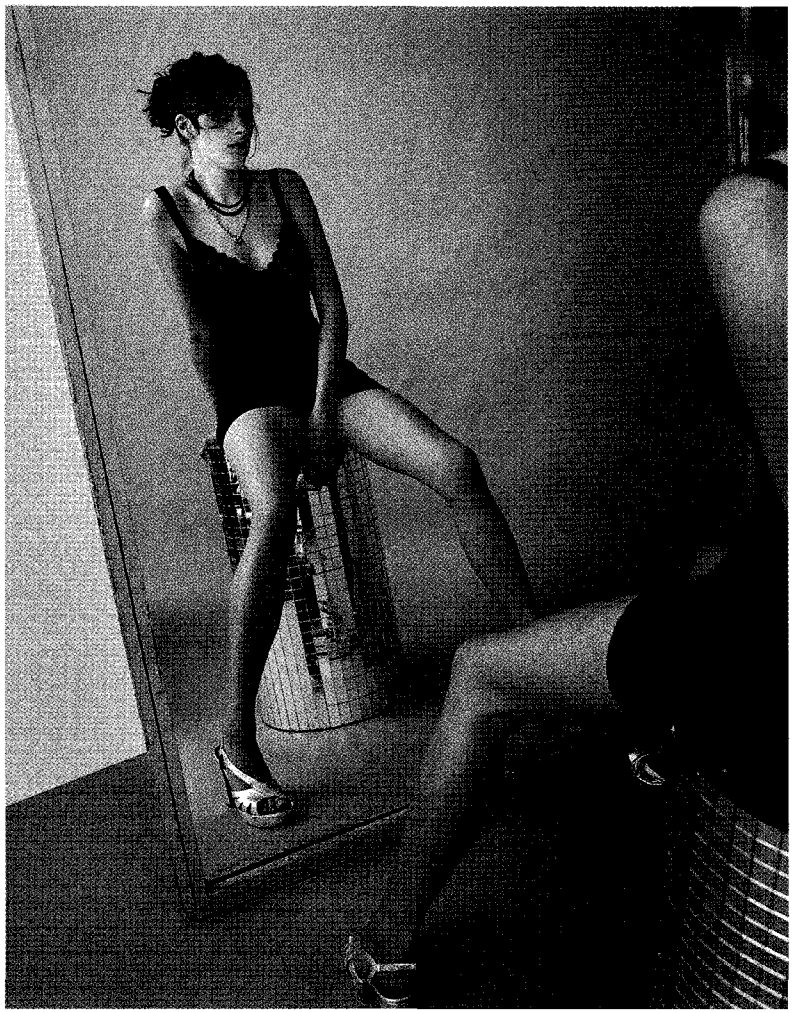
Short List—**Mary Carlson**, Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Through June 12. . . . **Ivan Chermayeff**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through June 26. . . . **Marisa Tellería Diez**, Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. 633-2276. Through June 30. . . . **Joy Garnett**, Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 647-7080. Through June 5. . . . **Gary Gissler**, Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930. Through June 5. . . . **Rachel Harrison**, Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Through June 19. . . . **Liz Larner**, 303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Through June 19. . . . **Shirin Neshat**, D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Through June 19. . . . **Michelangelo Pistoletto**, Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Through June 19. . . . **Christian Schumann**, Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323. Through June 12. . . . **Tony Smith**, Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Through July 15. . . . **Rirkrit Tiravanija**, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through Aug. 31. . . . **Juan Uslé**, Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through June 5. . . . **Terry Winters**, Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200. Through June 26.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Lena Cronqvist—"In the Age of the Girl," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by a Swedish artist well-known in her homeland but rarely exhibited here. Her heroine is a sturdy blond imp in pigtails who makes rude faces, or lords it over miniature adults encased in glass orbs. The paintings often seem a little cursory, but the sculptures, especially a trio of larger bronzes, are memorably mischievous and winsome. Through June 5. (Collins, 83 Grand St. 226-1861.)

Tracey Emin—This British artist recounts incidents from her own life in drawings, photos, videos, memorabilia, quilts, neon signs, and large-scale sculptures—including the reconstruction of a Margate beach hut where a boyfriend abandoned her. The show's merits and flaws are those of many first novels; her visual memoirs have the woozy perspective of the first-person format, along with its sympathetic pull. The confrontational nude self-portrait on her invitation and the arresting "Psycho Slut" quilt cannot disguise the vulnerability of this promising début. Through June 19. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

Guillermo Kuitca—"Castle to Castle (from the Neufert Suite)," new paintings that derive their title both from Céline's scabrous novel chronicling the last days of the Second World War and from an enormous German compendium of architectural plans. The title alone suggests the sinister turn of the artist's work. Kuitca has often used architectural models as the basis for his paintings, but in this new group the more legible schemas of theatres and stadiums have for the most part given way to largely dematerialized, fragmented configurations. Kuitca's characteristic ghostly atmosphere has become thicker: one painting, a plan for a cemetery, consists only of a chalky white dia-



Tracey Emin, whose memoir-like works are on view at Lehmann Maupin.

POLLY BORLAND / CPI

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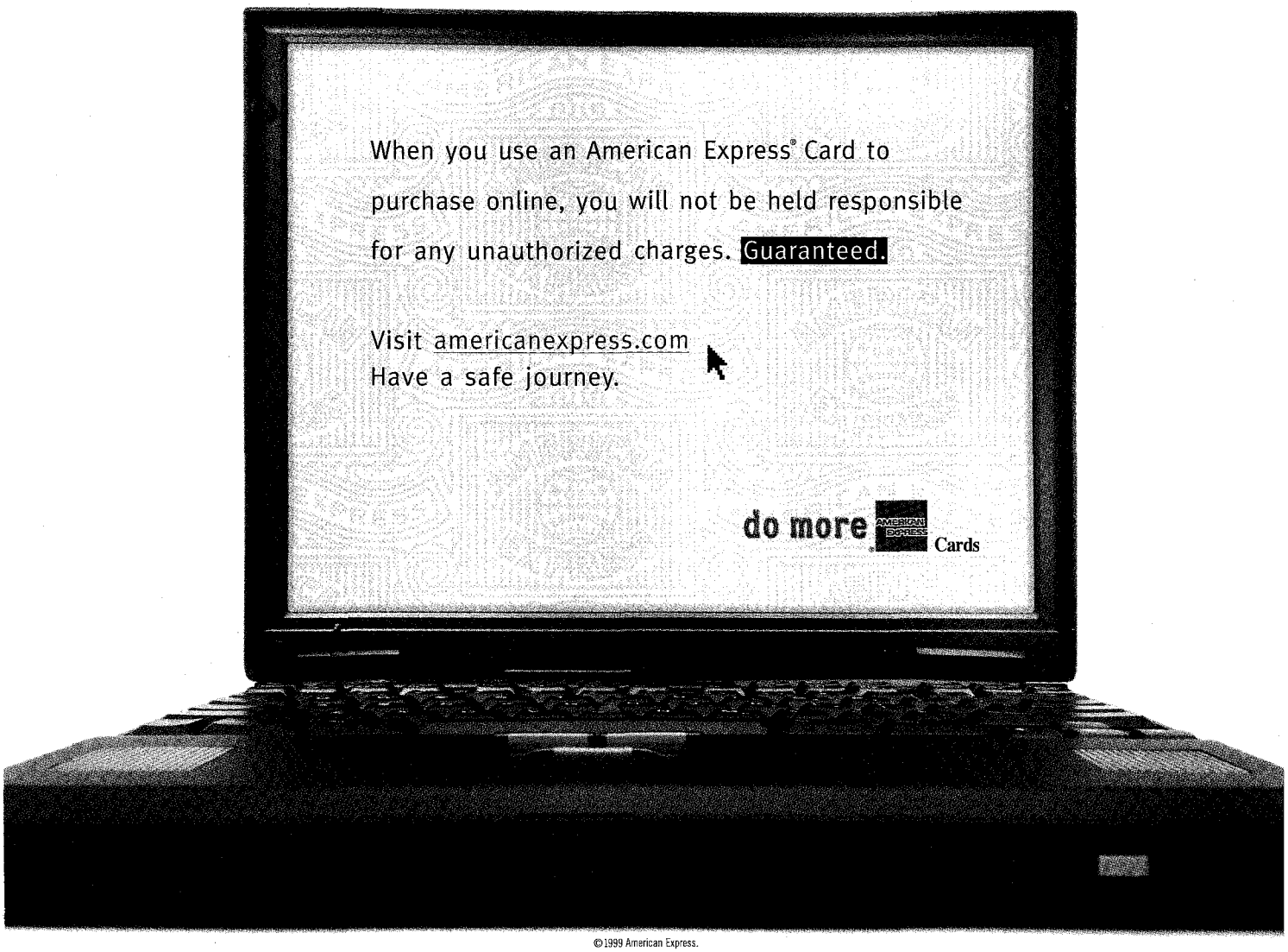

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gram on an azure ground. Through June 12. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685.)

Antoine Pevsner (1886-1962)—More than a hundred drawings made between 1912 and 1956 by an artist who, along with his younger brother, Naum Gabo, was a founder of the Russian Constructivist movement. Although elements of the Constructivist ethos recur throughout these works, Pevsner seems rather eclectic in his use of modernist styles: Cubism, Futurism, sometimes even a hint of Surrealism crop up, especially in the drawings devoted to abstract studies of women. One drawing of a standing, rather desiccated female form suggests the shrivelled existentialist figures of Giacometti, but it dates from the twenties, when Giacometti himself was preoccupied with Surrealist sculpture. A later suite of drawings evoke Francis Bacon in their softly contorted visages. An excellent show of an artist who has been undeservedly neglected. Through July 10. (Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441.)

"Drawn from Artist's Collections"—The pleasures of gossip and connoisseurship meet in this modest but beguiling show, for which eighteen well known artists, from Georg Baselitz to Terry Winters, agreed to lend favorite works from their own walls—from Matisse portraits (both Ellsworth Kelly and Helen Frankenthaler own one) to exquisite Mughal miniatures of elephants (Howard Hodgkin has a whole herd). Curious affiliations abound. It makes sense that Eric Fischl and Elizabeth Murray share a taste for Bill Jensen, but who knew that Jasper Johns was a fan of Kim Jones? Or Alex Katz of Tiepolo? Viewers are likely to leave this exhibition with an acquisitive gleam in their eyes. Through June 12. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166.)

Short List—**ashley bickerton**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. 966-6160. Through June 26. . . . **eric chan and heather schatz**, Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831. Through June 5. . . . **teresita fernández**, Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300. Through June 1. . . . **robert hammond**, Crosby, 3 Crosby St. 917-523-5194. Through June 2. . . . **lisa krivacka**, Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 6; through July 6. . . . **virgil marti**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Through June 12. . . . **nancy rubins**, Kasmin, 74 Grand St. 219-3219. Through May 29. . . . **hubert schmalix**, Erben, 476 Broome St. 966-5283. Through June 12. . . . **julian schnabel**, Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224. Through June 5. . . . **peter soriano** and **tony berlant**, Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. 941-0012. Both shows through May 28. . . . **philip taaffe**, Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Through June 19.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

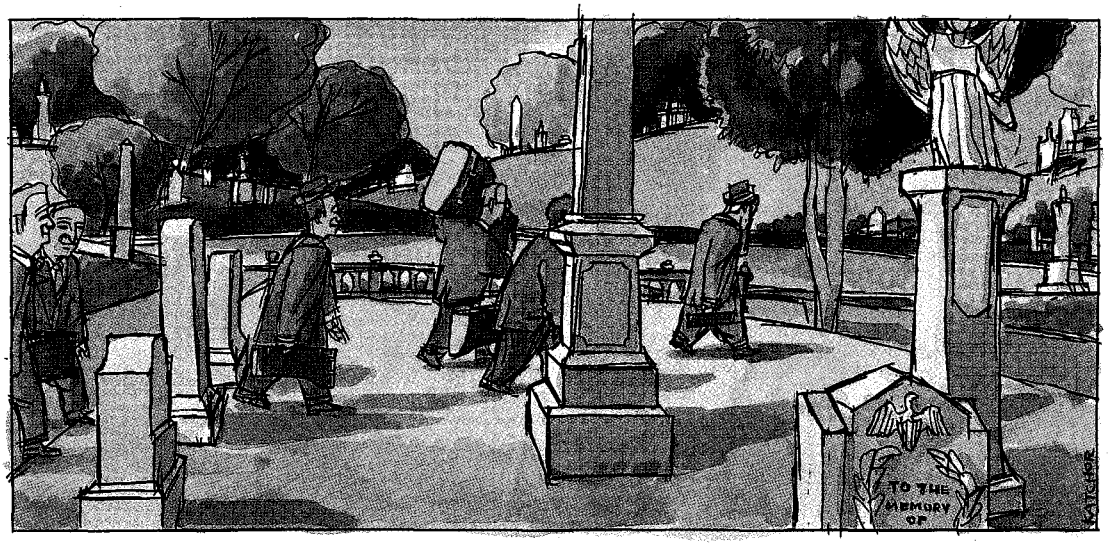
Sotheby's—May 26: Some five hundred lots of American Indian art works, plus a small selection of non-Native prints and photographs on Indian themes. . . . ¶ May 27: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including a long-overlooked oil that Frederic Church painted as a memorial to his mentor, Thomas Cole, as well as a private collection of thirty-six pieces by members of the Taos Society and other Southwestern artists. . . . ¶ May 28: Old Master paintings, including notable works by Zurbarán and Chardin. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—May 26: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Homer, Hassam, Prendergast, and many others, including a group of paintings being deaccessioned from the Amon G. Carter Foundation. . . . ¶ May 27: European furniture and decorative pieces. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

Phillips—American and European paintings. (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830. May 25.)

Swann—A sale of modern press and illustrated books. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. May 27.)

International Tribal Antiques Show—In the four years since it was founded, as the New York Tribal Antiques Show, this event has expanded both its scope (as its recent name change suggests) and its market aspirations (as signalled by this year's migration from Gramercy Park to the Upper East Side). It was always an inviting show, but this installment may be the most interesting yet, with exhibitors limited to only fifty dealers of top-end works by native peoples from around the world. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. May 27-31, with a benefit preview on May 26. For information about the show, and about related lectures, for which reservations are required, call 472-1180.)



Music by composers interred at Green-Wood Cemetery, performed on-site by the Goldman Memorial Band.

BEN KATCHOR

PHOTOGRAPHY

Leah Demchick / "Audrey Style"—Gum-bichromate color images of India. / Portraits of the girl everybody fell in love with, by such photographers as Cecil Beaton, Philippe Halsman, Raymond Voinquel, and Bob Willoughby. Both shows through June 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223.)

"Clothes Off"—A group show of nudes by, among others, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, Bruce Davidson, André Kertész, and Edward Weston. Through July 2. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510.)

"Hungary Today: 5 Contemporary Photographers"—A survey of recent work by Gabor Kerekes, Zsolt Peter Barta, Lenke Szilagyi, Judit M. Horvath, and Gyorgy Stalter. Through June 12. (Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. . . . ¶ "Kind of Blue," a concurrent show of more works by Hungarian photographers, is on view through May 28 at the Hungarian Consulate, 227 E. 52nd St. 752-0669. Open weekdays, 9:30 to 4.)

"Pure Products of America"—A three-artist group show of black-and-white photographs of suburban life by Robert Adams, Bill Owens, and Henry Wessel. Through July 16. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200.)

"Sex"—A somewhat leering exhibit of works by Robert Mapplethorpe which intersperses a few of his best self-portraits with many of his most explicit pictures. Through May 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

"To the Moon!"—Vintage NASA photographs from the space program. Through June 30. (Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363.)

International Center of Photography—"Newman's Gift: 60 Years of Photography," a retrospective of the portraitist Arnold Newman's career. Through June 6. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**merry alpern**, Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through July 1. . . . **dieter appelt** and **john szarkowski**, Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Both shows through June 12. . . . **david berg**, Carter, 560 Broadway. 966-1933. Through June 12. . . . **sasha bezzubov** and **august sander**, Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 25th St. 989-7600. Both shows through July 2. . . . **gianni berengo gardin**, Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through June 19. . . . **frank gohlke** and **stuart klipper**, Dorsky, 379 West Broadway. 966-6170. Through June 26. . . . **andrea modica**, Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through June 26. . . . **tina modotti and edward weston**, Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through July 17. . . . **tracey moffatt**, Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2753. Through June 25. . . . **william mortensen**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through June 26. . . . **ray mortenson**, Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through June 4. . . . **arnold newman**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through June 19. . . . **flip schulke** and **joel meyerowitz**, Danziger, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 734-5300. Both shows through June 25. . . . **cindy sherman**, Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through June 26. . . . **toshio shibata**, Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930. Through May 27. . . . **susan unterberg**, Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Through July 2. . . . **paul wolff**, Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through June 19.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Center for Contemporary Opera—The ensemble offers fully staged productions of two one-act operas: the première of Jack Beeson's "Sorry, Wrong Number" (based on Lucille Fletcher's radio thriller, made famous by Agnes Moorehead), and Elie Siegmeister's 1985 comic opera, "Angel Levine" (based on a short story by Bernard Malamud). (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 26 at 8.)

How! Do! We! Do!—A staged collaboration involving the soprano Jessye Norman and the choreographer and dancer Bill T. Jones. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. May 27 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with soprano Christine Brewer, mezzo-soprano Marietta Simpson, tenor Anthony Rolfe-Johnson, bass Peter Rose, the New York Choral Artists, and the American Boychoir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. May 27-29 at 8. . . . ¶ Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. May 31 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost leads concertos by Vivaldi, including two that are known to have been played in eighteenth-century America, as well as neo-Baroque works by Fritz Kreisler and Hindemith. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 26 at 7:30.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble Orchestra—Guillermo Figueroa conducts the orchestra, singers, and a narrator in "Bayoán," an oratorio by Roberto Sierra on texts by Eugenio María de Hostos. Also on the program is the David Berger Orchestra, performing a Duke Ellington centennial tribute. (Woodlawn Cemetery, Jerome and Bainbridge Aves., the Bronx. May 30 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Talk about your underground music scene: in this concert at Brooklyn's historic Green-Wood Cemetery, the band, a fixture of musical New York for more than eighty years, performs works by composers (or at least relating to figures) who reside beneath that venue's beautifully landscaped acreage. Leonard Bernstein and Louis Moreau Gottschalk are the most famous of the cemetery's composer tenants, but the program also includes marches by the similarly interred bandmasters Claudio S. Grafulla and Harvey Dodworth. Pianist Robert DeGaetano is the soloist in Gottshalk's "The Union," playing a Steinway, of course, since the family mausoleum of that piano-building dynasty is among the cemetery's most imposing edifices. David Eaton conducts. (Enter at Fifth Ave. and 25th St., Brooklyn. May 31 at 2. No tickets necessary. For information, call 212-807-4915.)

RECITALS

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The group performs Joan Tower's "Wild Purple," in addition to the premières of works by Kenji Bunch, Stefania de Kenessey (his "Manned Flight," featuring flutist Elizabeth Mann), and Eric Ewazen (his Concerto for Violin and Strings, with Krista Bennion Feeney as soloist). (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. May 26 at 7. For information about tickets, call 594-6100, ext. 114.)

Lark String Quartet—The foursome offers early-twentieth-century pieces from two capitals whose musical tastes were generally more conservative than the European mainstream: Moscow (the first string quartets by Arthur Lourié and Nikolai Roslavets) and Vienna (Webern's Quartet and Zemlinsky's Quartet No. 4). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. May 26 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The modern-music ensemble offers works for violin, piano, and percussion: Lou Harrison's "Varied Trio," Ralph Shapey's "Evocation No. 1," and pieces by Steven Mackey, Alejandro Viñao, and Joel Feigin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. May 26 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-2227.)

Bargemusic—Christopher O'Riley performs several short piano works by Scriabin; violinists Ani Kavafian and Kerry McDermott, violist Paul Neubauer, and cellist Stephen Balderston join him for piano quintets by Schnittke and Shostakovich. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. May 27 at 7:30 and May 30 at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In the final concert of the society's season, the Brentano String Quartet plays several of Purcell's Fantasias, Haydn's Quartet in E-Flat Major (Op. 71, No. 3), and, with pianist Mitsuko Uchida, Brahms's Piano Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 27 at 8.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music—The final event in this year's festival includes music characterized by tiny intervals or unusual scales by the microtonal pioneers Ivan Wyschnegradsky and Harry Partch and by such contemporary composers as Germán Romero, Joseph Pehrson, and Skip La Plante. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, enter at Broadway at 116th St. May 27 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Janet Axelrod—The flutist is joined by numerous colleagues in works by Henze, Gubaidulina, Poulenc (his Sextuor), Piazzolla, Lowell Liebermann (his Flute Sonata), Daniel T. Denver, and Robert Dick. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. May 27 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Meridian Arts Ensemble—Performing works by Tania León, Frank Zappa, and David Sanford, among others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. May 27 at 8.)

Collective AMEG—That's an acronym for Association pour la Musique Électroacoustique Genève, a Swiss sextet that here performs its improvisatory audiovisual project "Solstice." (Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway, at Spring St. May 27 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

String Sextets—Two of them, twice: Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir de Florence" and Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht." (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478 May 30 at noon. . . . ¶ Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 30 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Lower East Side Festival of the Arts—Quentin Crisp, Arthur Miller, and Richard Foreman join more than three hundred other performers, musicians, and actors for a three-day celebration of theatre, music, and dance. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. May 28-30.)

Fleet Week—A cooking contest (May 30 at 11), an arm-wrestling competition (May 27 at 11), and a tug-of-war (May 29 at 11) between crews from participating ships are highlights of the twelfth annual display of naval power, which starts May 26 at noon with the arrival of the U.S.S. Wasp, the U.S.S. San Jacinto, and a dozen other vessels in the Hudson River. (Intrepid Museum, Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. 245-0072. Through June 1.)

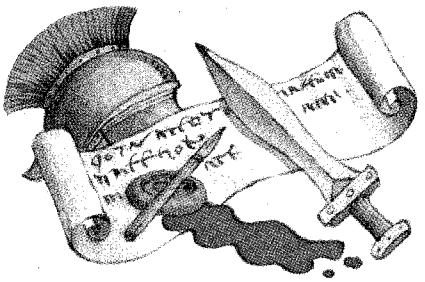
Readings—May 26 at 8: By Jenny Offil, from her novel, "Last Things." (Rocky Sullivan's, 129 Lexington Ave., between 28th and 29th Sts. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 27 at 7:30: By Paul Auster, from his novel "Timbuktu." (Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park W., Brooklyn. For information about tickets, call 718-783-3075.) . . . ¶ June 1 at 8: By humorist Mark ("The Tetherballs of Bougainville") Leyner, from his work. (Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—May 26 at 6: Deborah Dash Moore, an editor of "Jewish Women in America: An Historical Encyclopedia," discusses the experiences of Jewish soldiers during the Second World War. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ June 1 at 7:30: Sylvia Nasar talks about "A Beautiful Mind," her biography of the mathematician John Forbes Nash, Jr. (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Correspondents

"I CAME, I saw, I conquered" read Julius Caesar's terse dispatch to the Roman senate after his smashing defeat of Pharnaces, in 47 B.C. Oxford's new edition of **The Gallic War**, Caesar's commentaries on earlier legendary campaigns, shows this meticulous and



aggressive mind in operation. Though Caesar was given more to precise planning than to heroic gestures, his flair for the dramatic was faultless: just before entering into battle with the Helvetii, he sent his horse away and commanded his officers to do the same "to eliminate any opportunity for flight."

It's hard to say when the business of war came to seem cruel, but it's widely held that the huge losses of the American Civil War made the tragedy of war irrevocably personal. In **The Sacrificial Years** (Godine), John Harmon McElroy has collected some three hundred letters and notebook entries written by Walt Whitman during his three years as a volunteer nurse in the hospitals of Washington, D.C. Whether he's tending wounded soldiers from both sides or writing to bereaved parents, the narrative conveys Whitman's belief that "the magnetic flood of sympathy and friendship . . . does, in its way, more good than all the medicine in the world."

Anne Powell's sensitive poetry anthology, **A Deep Cry** (Sutton), interweaves the work of sixty-six poets from the First World War—some famous, some obscure, all killed—with brief biographies and excerpts from letters home. Alongside some of Wilfred Owen's most famous lines is an unexpectedly sharp piece of humor from a letter to his mother, in which he calls himself "a conscientious objector with a particularly seared conscience."

If the First World War was a poet's war, then the Vietnam War undoubtedly belonged to journalists. In the two-volume anthology **Reporting Vietnam** (Library of America), familiar, classic accounts of the quagmire, by writers as diverse as David Halberstam and Michael Herr, remind us how potent war reporting can be. In late 1969, Seymour Hersh quoted a soldier who had participated in the My Lai massacre: "The reality of it just didn't hit me until . . . I read about it again in the newspapers."

SERGIO RUZZIER

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Books.

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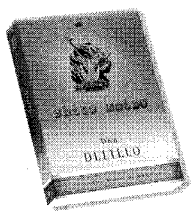
Penguin Celebrates A Century of Great Literature

WHITE NOISE

by Don DeLillo

Winner of the National Book Award in 1985, *White Noise* is the story of Jack, Babette and the children from their six or so various marriages. Jack is a professor of Hitler Studies and Babette teaches posture and volunteers by reading to elderly shut-ins from the tabloids. A deadly toxic accident and Babette's addiction to an experimental drug ultimately undermine their happy existence.



Pub. Price: $13.95
Discount **10%**
B&N Price: $12.55

MY ÁNTONIA

by Willa Cather

My Ántonia tells the story of a woman whose strength and passion epitomize the pioneer spirit. Ántonia Shimerda returns to Nebraska to make a fresh start following the tragic death of her father. Despite betrayal and crushing opposition, she steadfastly pursues her quest for happiness—a moving struggle that mirrors the quiet drama of the American landscape.

Pub. Price: $10.95
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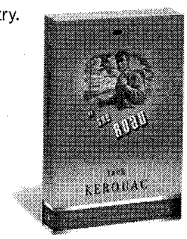
ON THE ROAD

by Jack Kerouac

The bible of the Beat generation, *On the Road* fictionalizes Kerouac's years traveling the North American continent with his friend Neal Cassady. Sal Paradise and Dean Moriarty's quest for self-knowledge is rendered in prose that swings to the rhythms of fifties underground America—its jazz, sex, drugs, and poetry.



Pub. Price: $13.95
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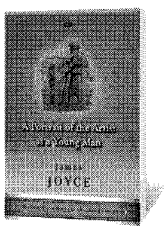
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

by James Joyce

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man depicts the intellectual awakening of one of literature's most memorable young heroes, Stephen Dedalus. Perhaps Joyce's most personal work, this highly autobiographical novel was published to immediate acclaim. Ezra Pound wrote that the book would "remain a permanent part of English literature."



Pub. Price: $10.95
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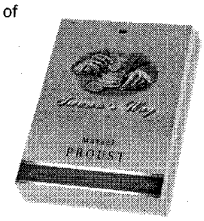
SWANN'S WAY

by Marcel Proust

Swann's Way, the first book of Proust's supreme masterpiece, *A la recherche du temps perdu*, recalls the early youth of Charles Swann in the provinces and his tortured love affair in the glittering world of belle-epoque Paris. An exquisite reflection of modern consciousness, *Swann's Way* is a story of past moments tantalizingly lost and triumphantly rediscovered.



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THE GRAPES OF WRATH

by John Steinbeck

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HEART OF DARKNESS

by Joseph Conrad

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LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA

by Gabriel García Márquez

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THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH

by Saul Bellow

Pub. Price: $14.95
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THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

by Edith Wharton

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Mobil Masterpiece Theatre

PRESENTS THE 1999 SUMMER SCHEDULE

May 30

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL
June 6

WUTHERING HEIGHTS
June 13

THE WOMAN IN WHITE
June 20

THE MOONSTONE
June 27

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
July 18

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
July 25 and August 1

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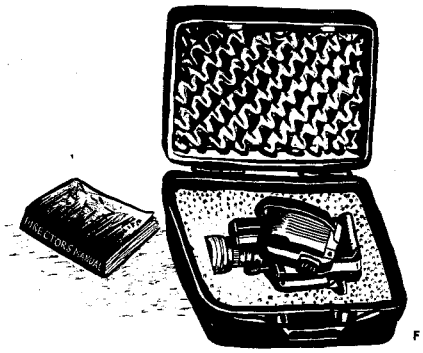

THE MOVIES

OPENING

American Hollow—Rory Kennedy's documentary about the Bowling clan of eastern Kentucky. Opening May 26. (Film Forum.)

Eternity and a Day—A drama about a terminally ill writer (Bruno Ganz) who confronts both his past and his future. Directed by Theo Angelopoulos. In Greek. Opening May 28. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

The Loss of Sexual Innocence—Events from different stages of a man's life are intertwined with the story of Adam and Eve in this film written and directed by Mike Figgis. Opening May 28. (Angelika Film Center.)

Notting Hill—A romantic comedy, with Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant, directed by Roger Michell. Opening May 28.

The Thirteenth Floor—A sci-fi murder mystery, with Craig Bierko, Gretchen Mol, and Vincent D'Onofrio. Directed by Josef Rusnak. Opening May 28. (Criterion Center, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Twice Upon a Yesterday—A man gets to relive his failed relationship in this mystical romance, written by Rafa Russo and directed by Maria Ripoll. Opening May 28. (Eastside Playhouse, Union Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Banquo's Chair (1959)—The critic Dwight Macdonald offered the best summary of the thirty-minute "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" TV show when he wrote that some entries "were silly, some merely disgusting, some admirably ingenious, but almost all were well-cast and tightly directed"; they became Macdonald's favorite form of Hitchcockery, because "there is an automatic discipline in having only half an hour, as in having only fourteen lines for a sonnet." This episode—one of the admirably ingenious ones—stars John Williams as a retired Scotland Yard inspector in turn-of-the-century Blackheath who uses such ploys as dimming the gaslight to spook a killer (Kenneth Haigh) and coerce a confession. Reginald Gardiner and Max Adrian provide Williams some deft support; the plot is neatly done, and the finale is a pip.—*Michael Sragow* (Museum of Television and Radio; May 27-30.)

Cookie's Fortune—Robert Altman, in a benevolent mood, has made a lovely ensemble comedy from Anne Rapp's original screenplay about the fate of an inheritance—the house and jewels left behind by one Cookie Orcutt (Patricia Neal), a fine old lady in a small Mississippi town who misses her dead husband so much that she refuses to spend any more time away from him. Cookie's mad nieces (Glenn Close and Julianne Moore) rearrange the evidence of Cookie's suicide so that it looks like a murder, allowing suspicion to fall on a hard-drinking but amiable black man (Charles S. Dutton) who lives in Cookie's guest house. But the movie is not the usual protest against racism; on the contrary, the town works like the kind of happy, quarrelsome extended family in which people have put up with one another's foibles for years.—*David Denby* (4/12/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Dreamlife of Angels—Isa (Elodie Bouchez), a free spirit moseying around northern France with a rucksack, meets Marie (Natacha Régnier) in a clothing factory, and Marie offers her a place to stay. In a sense, Erick Zonca's first feature is little more than the brief history of their friendship; what fires it up, and takes it to the brink of greatness, is not only that the director registers every tremor of his heroines' competing emotions—the smiling blitheness of Isa, the inward fury of the beautiful Marie—but that the story travels so far. The film begins with a scuffed, documentary air that gradually deepens, almost without your noticing, into serene moments of epiphany. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (4/5/99) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

Election—To become president of the high-school student body, Tracy Flick (Reese Witherspoon) gathers signatures, bakes cupcakes, and uses everyone; she's a cross between Pat and Richard Nixon. Her fair-minded teacher, Mr. McAllister (Matthew Broderick), develops a surprising obsession with Tracy—something about her bland dynamism aggravates his boredom with his own life, and he tries to stop Tracy cold. This remarkable satirical comedy, written by Jim Taylor and directed with deadpan cool by Alexander Payne, uses the school election as a prism for an analysis of success and failure in American life.—*D.D.* (4/26 & 5/3/99) (Coronet Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Endurance—Co-produced by Terrence Malick and directed by the British documentarian Leslie Woodhead, this is a serious and surging account of the life and times of the Ethiopian track star Haile Gebrselassie. The times in question are world records; Gebrselassie is, by common consent, the finest distance runner of all time. Americans had their fill of him in 1996, when he took the gold in the 10,000 metres at the Atlanta Olympics, an event that is split into fragments and dotted throughout Woodhead's film. The rest tells of the athlete's childhood in rural Ethiopia, and his determined rise, against the wishes of his father, to the peak of his profession (it feels more like a calling). These scenes are a curious but winning weave of factual history and fictional technique; the young Haile, for instance, is played by the adult Haile's real nephew, and his late mother by his sister.—*A.L.* (BAM Rose Cinemas and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Entrapment—Jon Amiel's slack and predictable caper, with Sean Connery as a master thief and the gorgeous Catherine Zeta-Jones as an insurance investigator out to bring him down. The stars lack any sort of chemistry, which is too bad, since the script, by the always unreliable Ron Bass (with William Broyles), is intended as a romantic cat-and-mouse fantasy.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

eXistenZ—Once again, David Cronenberg uses a movie to play with our minds, and to make us feel disgusted about having a body. Jennifer Jason Leigh, in one of her more somnambulant moods, plays an interactive-game designer named Allegra, who is attacked while showing off her new creation, eXistenZ. From there on, she is guarded by the justifiably frightened Ted (Jude Law), whom she shyly introduces to the delights of her game. It doesn't look like a best-seller; once you're plugged in, all you appear to do is hang around in a game store and get your hands covered in blood at a virtual fish

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farm. Cronenberg is so busy plying his in-jokes and drilling his psychosexual meanings into the viewer's brain, or whatever organ takes his fancy, that he somehow neglects to tell a decent, entertaining story.—*A.L.* (5/10/99) (Cinema 3rd Avenue and Village East Cinemas.)

Gentleman Jim (1942)—As the young James J. Corbett, a chipper showoff bank clerk in San Francisco who's loyal to his family and friends, Errol Flynn plays in the quick-witted, cool, and cocky style that he was best at. The film, which covers Corbett's transition from amateur boxer to professional, is well paced and has considerable charm, though the Corbett clan, headed by Alan Hale as Jim's father, is Warners lovable Irish, with hot tempers and wobbly brogues. As a young society woman who develops a love-hate relationship with Jim, Alexis Smith wears her hair in a thick roll swept up from her forehead, and goofy high hats; she looks like a ship in full sail, but she's quite entertaining. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Pauline Kael* (Walter Reade Theatre; May 27.)

Go—A crowded new movie from Doug Liman, who made the indie hit "Swingers." This time he has chosen to tell three overlapping stories, all of them starting from the same point: Christmas Eve on the seedy side of Los Angeles. First, a checkout clerk (Sarah Polley) attempts to turn drug dealer, with limited success; second, an English friend of hers (Desmond Askew) pays an incendiary visit to Las Vegas; third, a couple of soap actors are forced to lend their services to a narcotics sting. Liman's structure feels complicated rather than fruitfully complex, and the picture works best as a scattering of light comic observations.—*A.L.* (4/19/99) (84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Matrix—We are all living, it turns out, in "the matrix"—a seeming reality controlled by artificial intelligence and policed by vicious men in black. Keanu Reeves eventually joins the few free people left and becomes a liberator. He fights the bad guys by flying through the air and engaging them in a rhythmic version of kung fu. The movie is nonsense, but it does achieve a brazenly chic high style—black-on-black, airborne, spasmodic. Written and directed by Larry and Andy Wachowski.—*D.D.* (4/26 & 5/3/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, and Union Square.)

Me and My Gal (1932)—Joan Bennett is lively as a wisecracking, gum-chewing waitress; Spencer Tracy is her policeman boyfriend. The Irish humor is spread on thick, but every once in a while Arthur Kober, who did the script, gets off a good one. The melodramatic plot revolves around Bennett's brunette sister (Marion Burns), who is in love with a gangster. Raoul Walsh directed this naïve, pasted-together yet rather pleasing picture.—*P.K.* (Walter Reade Theatre; May 27.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Kevin Kline does his best movie work yet as Nick Bottom, the weaver and amateur actor, who gets "translated" into an ass and then enjoys the infatuated caresses of Titania (Michelle Pfeiffer), the deluded queen of the fairies. Chest hair aroused, donkey teeth protruding, Kline luxuriates gloriously in Pfeiffer's arms. But in most other ways, this "Midsummer Night" is hard to endure. Director Michael Hoffman has transferred the setting from Shakespeare's ancient, myth-haunted Athens to the Tuscany of 1900; the production is sunshiny, lavish, and busy, but to no particular purpose, and the Italian opera that Hoffman pours on is too openly emotional for the play's delicate madness. Hoffman's work lacks taste and rhythm, and it hits bottom when two young women (Calista Flockhart and Anna Friel) wrestle in a mud pond. With Dominic West and Christian Bale as the ardent young men, Rupert Everett as Oberon, Stanley Tucci as a rather muscular Puck, and David Strathairn as a business-like Theseus.—*D.D.* (5/17/99) (East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 34th Street Showplace, and Union Square.)

The Mummy—In the nineteen-twenties, in a fabled city in the sands of Egypt, in a hidden tomb, a beefy American adventurer named O'Connell (Brendan Fraser) goes looking for buried treasure. With him are a studious but sultry librarian (Rachel Weisz) and her dim but cowardly brother (John Hannah). We already know that the tomb is booby-trapped by all manner of ancient curses, and, soon enough, the massed ranks of special effects arrive to take revenge. Stephen Sommers's movie has the courage of its own clichés; he piles the silliness on with such speed that you don't have the time to notice how dead and dusty most of his themes are. Fraser, however, successfully demonstrates how to be lusty and affable at the same time.—*A.L.* (5/10/99) (Astor Plaza, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Waverly, and Union Square.)

Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace—It has been more than twenty years since George Lucas directed a movie. Amid the fuss that has attended his return to the fray, no one seems to have wondered whether he was up to the task. With this film, Lucas demonstrates two facts: one, that he has kept abreast of the recent leaps in special effects, and two, that he hasn't a clue what to do with all the nondigital figures, otherwise known as "people." The movie is the first of three prequels to the original "Star Wars" trilogy, the intention being to explain everything that happened in that slightly dreary galaxy before Harrison Ford turned up. In this opening installment, the clash is between the Federation, which wants to take over the planet Naboo and build condos, and the local residents, who kick up a stink with a little help from the Jedi. Halfway through we meet Anakin Skywalker (Jake Lloyd)—savior of the galaxy, or, from another point of view, a precocious little creep. Three fine actors were lured into this farrago: Ewan McGregor plays the young Obi-Wan Kenobi, Liam Neeson is his Jedi mentor, Natalie Portman plays a teen-age queen, and all of them look as if they were recently abused by robots. Everyone on planet Earth is being encouraged to see this movie; why don't we follow the good citizens of Naboo and mount a spirited resistance?—*A.L.* (5/24/99) (East 86th Street Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

This Is My Father—The brothers Quinn (actor Aidan, cinematographer Declan, and writer-director Paul) get a chance to do some heartfelt work together in this period love story about a man (James Caan) who takes a trip to Ireland to uncover secrets about his father's past. The modern-day framing device—in which Caan gathers information about life in a County Galway village in the late thirties—slows the film down, but when the focus is on the main story, the poetic photography and attention to atmospheric detail combine to weave a sad and sensitive tale. Aidan Quinn and Moya Farrelly bring considerable warmth and intelligence to their roles as star-crossed lovers, and the film's bittersweet conclusion is sharply observed and well earned.—*B.D.* (First & 62nd Cinemas and 19th Street East 6.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks alive, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; June 1.)

The Trouble with Harry (1955)—Harry visits a rural Vermont town to reclaim his estranged wife (the fetching young Shirley MacLaine), only to end up dead and buried, and dug up and reburied, and so on; the irony is that he does more good for his spouse (and everyone else) dead than alive. The villagers drawn into the genteel comic skullduggery include a retired sea captain (Edmund Gwenn), a nearsighted country doctor (Dwight Marfield), and a convivial general-store owner (Mildred Dunnock). The director, Alfred Hitchcock, moves from a calendar-art view of the New England setting to a theatrical one, in which everyone makes farcical entrances, and then on to a more spontaneous, cinematic one, in which frogs leap and tell-

Opening May 28, Theo Angelopoulos's "Eternity and a Day."

GEOFFREY PARKER

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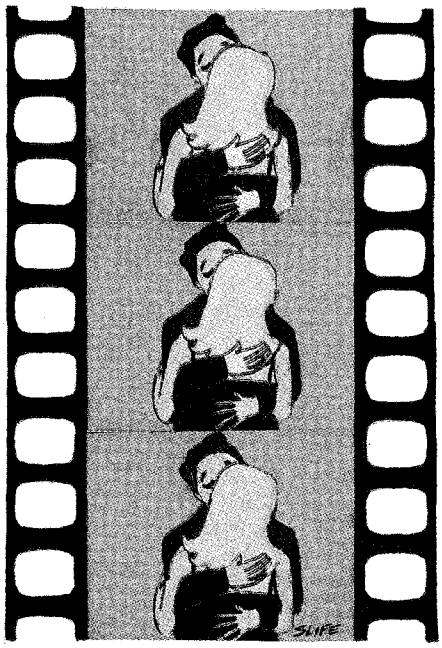
tale doors open and shut without warning. John Forsythe, as a virile young painter, is the hero.—*M.S.* (Museum of Modern Art; May 29 and June 1.)

The Winslow Boy—Before the First World War, an English naval cadet, accused of forging and cashing a five-shilling postal order, is expelled from school. His father (Nigel Hawthorne) believes him innocent and empties the family coffers in an attempt to clear the boy's name. David Mamet has adapted and directed Terence Rattigan's 1946 play, which was based on a true story, with a fidelity so profound that one doesn't know whether to be amazed or depressed by it. Like Rattigan, Mamet ignores the question of the boy's guilt or innocence, and he reduces the public agitation surrounding the



case to an off-camera rumble. The movie concentrates on Rattigan's specialty—the intense self-control of the boy's upper-middle-class family. Every scene is a tense struggle between anger and reticence, between love and self-suppression, and after a while the entire enterprise seems slightly mad. Is British reserve really such a superb moral achievement? With Rebecca Pidgeon and Jeremy Northam.—*D.D.* (5/17/99) (Kips Bay Theatre and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl—The actor Joan Chen's directorial début is set during the grim period of rustication, in the nineteen-sixties, when millions of urban Chinese teen-agers were taken from their families and sent to work in the countryside. The virginal, stuck-up heroine, Xiu Xiu (Lu Lu), ends up in a deserted corner of western China sharing a tent with Lao Jin (Lopsang), a Tibetan horse herder. He's kind and manly, but because of some rotten luck twenty years ago he's not fully a man; meanwhile, in her desperation to get back home, Xiu Xiu begins to offer her body to local officials. The haunted landscape and the two natural leads bring the story to life; what starts out as a light coming-of-age tale hurtles toward its climax like a tragic opera. In Mandarin.—*Sarah Kerr* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Eastside Playhouse; through May 27.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Sidney Lanfield directed. Hayworth's songs were dubbed by Nan Wynn.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 29.)

ALSO PLAYING

Analyze This: Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **Besieged:** Angelika Film Center and Paris. . . . **Black Mask:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Theatre VII. . . . **The Castle:** Angelika Film Center and Cinema I. . . . **Get Real:** Angelika Film Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6. . . . **Hideous Kinky:** Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema II, and 34th Street Showplace. . . . **Leila:** Cinema Village. . . . **Life is Beautiful** (reviewed in our issues of 11/16/98 and 3/15/99): 59th Street East Cinema, Guild, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **The Love Letter:** BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **My Dinner with André** (1981): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **Shakespeare in Love** (12/21/98): 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, Sutton, and Waverly. . . . **Tea with Mussolini:** Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square. . . . **The Third Man** (1949): Film Forum. . . . **Three Seasons:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **A Walk on the Moon** (4/12/99): Art Greenwich Twin, East 86th Street Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Films directed by François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles. May 26: "Fahrenheit 451" (1967). . . . May 27-29: "The Soft Skin" (1964). . . . From May 30: "Two English Girls" (1974). . . . ¶ Two films by Harold Lloyd. May 31: "Why Worry?" (1923) and "Professor Beware" (1938).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films directed by Alfred Hitchcock. May 27 at 2:30: "I Confess" (1953). . . . May 27 at 6: "Strangers on a Train" (1951). . . . May 28 at 2:30 and 6 and May 31 at 2 and 5: "Dial M for Murder" (1954). . . . May 28 at 8: "Under Capricorn" (1949). . . . May 29 at 2:30 and June 1 at 6: "The Trouble with Harry" (†). . . . May 29 at 5: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1955). . . . May 30 at 2: "The Wrong Man" (1956). . . . May 30 at 5: "Vertigo" (1957). . . . June 1 at 2:30: "To Catch a Thief" (†). . . . ¶ May 27 at 6:30 and May 28 at 3: "Termite TV" (1999, Dorothea Braemer, Michael Kuetemeyer, Carl Lee, and Anula Shetty). . . . ¶ May 28 at 6 and May 29 at 5: "For Fun" (1992, Ning Ying; in Chinese). . . . ¶ May 28 at 8 and May 29 at 2: "On the Beat" (1995, Ning; in Chinese). . . . ¶ May 30 at 2: "The Last Clean Shirt" (1964, Alfred Leslie) and "10 Screen Tests" (1966, Andy Warhol). . . . ¶ May 30 at 5: Two Warhol films, "The Velvet Underground" (1966) and "Outer and Inner Space" (1966).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—May 26 at 2 and 4: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1986, Alexei Guerman; in Russian). . . . ¶ May 27 at 2 and 6:15: "Me and My Gal" (†). . . . ¶ May 27 at 3:40 and 8: "Gentleman Jim" (†). . . . ¶ A program of new Irish films. May 28 at 2 and June 1 at 3: "Separation Anxiety" (Mark Stanton). . . . May 28 at 4 and May 30 at 5:50: "Trojan Eddie" (Gillies MacKinnon). . . . May 28 at 6:15 and May 30 at 8: "Sunset Heights" (Colm Villa). . . . May 28 at 8:15, May 29 at 6, and May 30 at 4: "2by4" (Jimmy Smallhorne). . . . May 29-30 at 2: "The Boy from Mercury" (Martin Duffy). . . . May 29 at 4: "Gold in the Streets" (Elizabeth Gill). . . . May 29 at 8:15: "The Last Bus Home" (Johnny Gogan). . . . May 31 at 2 and 6:20: "Korea" (Cathal Black). . . . May 31 at 4:20 and 8:40: "I Went Down" (Paddy Breathnach). . . . June 1 at 1 and 5: "Moondance" (Dagmar Hirtz).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of Fred Astaire films. May 29 at 2: "You'll Never Get Rich" (†). . . . May 29 at 4: "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942, William A. Seiter). . . . May 30 at 2: "Royal Wedding" (1951, Stanley Donen). . . . May 30 at 4: "Funny Face" (1957, Donen).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—May 27-28 at 6 and May 29-30 at 2: Alfred Hitchcock's television work, featuring "One More Mile to Go" (1957), "Banquo's Chair" (†), and "Arthur" (1959).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A program of films featuring Marcello Mastroianni. June 1 at 7: "Bell'Antonio" (1962, Mauro Bologini; in Italian). . . . June 1 at 9: "A Special Day" (1977, Ettore Scola; in Italian).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 1 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Wild Reeds" (1994, André Téchiné; in French).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On May 30 at 7, the feature will be "Mommie Dearest" (1981, Frank Perry).

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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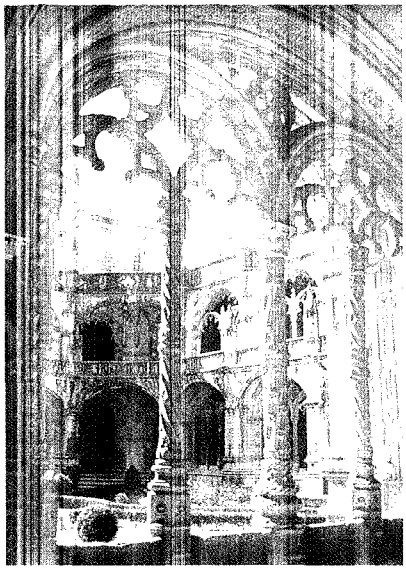

PORTUGAL'S RICH CULTURAL TAPESTRY

by Susan Breslow Sardone

Golden sunshine illumines Portugal's complex civilization. From major cities like Lisbon to islands in the Azores, vestiges of the past remain, revealing myriad influences. Prehistoric, Roman, Celtic, Arabic, Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo—each has left its mark and helped to shape this utterly unique destination. Modern Portugal invites you to discover its cultural treasures as old as time . . . and as new as the millennium.

Lisbon

Zest for Life!

Start your exploration in Lisbon. Last year's World's Fair revitalized this city with new hotels, restaurants, cafés, shops, parks, and even an Oceanarium, the largest aquarium in Europe. To witness the architectural evolution of the city of Lisbon, visit the National Tile Museum where a remarkable display of *azulejos* (Portuguese tiles) from the fifteenth through twentieth centuries is showcased.

Museum-goers will also find the National Museum of Antique Art impressive. It holds the largest collection of paintings in Portugal, plus dazzling exhibits of sculpture, silver, Oriental and African art, and more. The Gulbenkian Museum houses works donated by its multimillionaire benefactor that span four thousand years and range from Islamic art to European paintings by masters such as Rembrandt and Renoir. The Lalique collection exhibits the French jeweler's magnificent Art Nouveau creations.

Like every city, Lisbon has its fashionable areas. For decades, Chiado has been a meeting ground for artists and intellectuals, with the gilt-mirrored Café Brasileira as its nucleus. Strong coffee, cutting-edge shops, the striking São Carlos Opera House and the nearby Chiado Museum, all keep the crowds coming.

At night, Lisbon takes on another life romantic and alive with music. The old Bairro Alto and the Alcântara quarters are teeming with trendy restaurants, nightclubs, and cafés. For authentic, soulful *fado* (poignant stories set to music with twelve-string guitar), drop by the Parreirinha de Alfama at Beco do Espírito Santo 1.

And don't leave Portugal without a trip to the countryside. Thanks to Expo 98's transportation improvements that facilitate travel from Lisbon into the Alentejo, south to the Algarve, and to points north in Portugal, there's never been a better time to rent a car and head out. Estoril, a resort area where the well-heeled go to burrow their toes in the sand, is just a half-hour's drive west. In town, palm-lined avenues shade tony boutiques and congenial cafés. Stroll the two-mile-long promenade linking Estoril to Cascais that is as popular with sun worshippers as it is with anglers. Priceless photos of this

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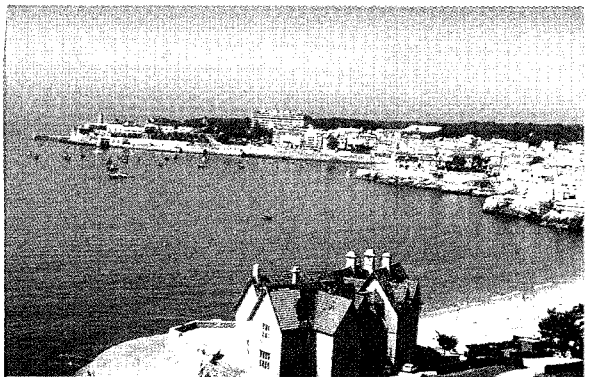

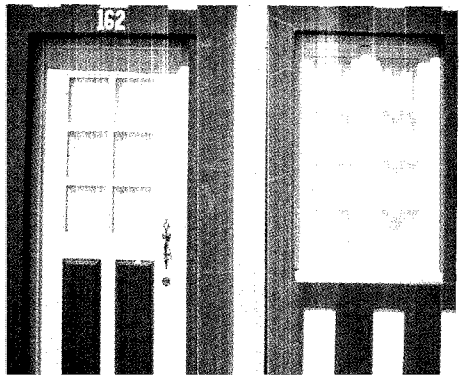

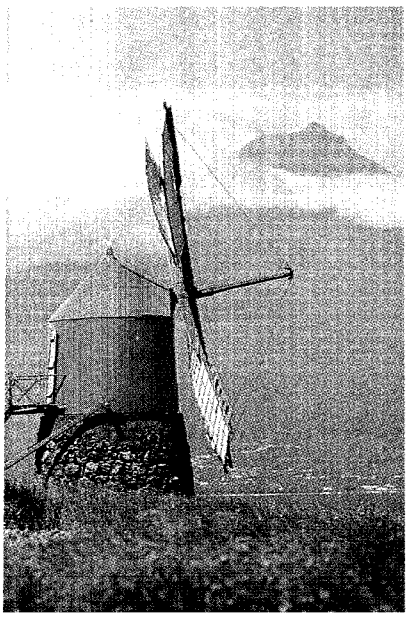

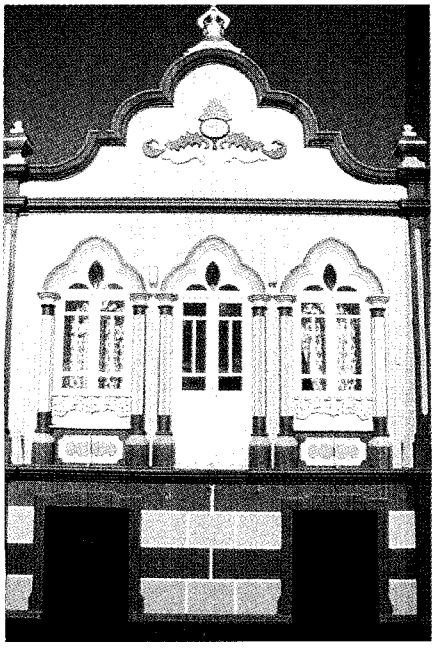

rustic fishing village are preserved at Museu do Mar, along with history-logged salvage from local shipwrecks. At Guincho Beach, a few minutes away, well-toned surfers and windsurfers challenge the waves.

Resorts, especially those near Lisbon and the Algarve, feature golf courses with views so vast they inspire equally impressive fairway drives. You can overnight along the way in a *pousada* (state-run inn). Many are restored palaces, medieval castles, or convents with modern amenities.

The Azores

Sail Away

Some say the Azores are remnants of Atlantis; others simply call them paradise. A five-hour flight from Boston, and a three-hour flight from Lisbon, each of the archipelago's nine volcanic islands has a bounty of natural splendor with a wild profusion of vivid azaleas and hydrangeas. Golfers can tee-off at São Miguel Island's eighteen-hole Furnas golf course that combines world-class features with striking island vistas.

Once a port of call for ships bearing riches from the Orient, the Marina at Faial now attracts yachtsmen from around the world. Cruisers can be rented along with captains to guide passengers from port to port. Clean blue waters invite scuba diving, sailing and parasailing, surfing and windsurfing. June through September is prime whale-watching time; August's Ocean Week features a yacht regatta and lively festival.

Madeira

As Modern As The Millennium

Closer to the mainland than the Azores, the enchanting, subtropical island of Madeira offers a vast array of healthy activities including sailing, windsurfing, waterskiing, scuba diving, deep-sea fishing, hiking, and horseback riding. Santo da Serra's eighteen-hole golf course—where fans will be impressed simultaneously by the challenge of each hole and the startling natural beauty of the surrounding landscape—is the home of the Madeira Open.

Funchal, Madeira's capital and bustling harbor, features the fifteenth-century Cathedral Sé with its original Manueline pulpit intact. North of Funchal, Monte is popular for its wicker toboggan rides down steep, cobblestone streets.

Madeira's salute (with its famous Madeira wine) to the millennium begins this December and will last until the end of January 2000. Plans call for grand concerts, street shows, and booming carillons. December 31st fireworks, an acclaimed yearly event, will light up the skies of Funchal.

Porto

Portal to the Past

Northern Portugal's Porto has been designated the European Cultural Capital for the year 2001. From its ancient cave paintings to its ravishing ornamental arts, priceless relics bring history alive here.

In addition to Porto's unique Museu de Serralves (opening next month and poised to compete with Spain's Guggenheim Bilbao), the city's pride is its hilltop Cathedral, built between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A Gothic, *azulejo*-covered cloister was added in the fourteenth century, and an adjacent chapel glows with silver and gold-encrusted ornamentation. Those who ascend the steps to the eighteenth-century Clérigos Tower are rewarded with a view of the Douro River beyond the city's red-clay tile rooftops. Cruises along the Douro offer visitors a scenic immersion in Portugal's countryside and vineyards. Few visitors leave without sampling Port, the wine made solely from Douro Valley grapes and fortified with grape brandy. Visit the wineries in Vila Nova de Gaia and debate the attributes of sweet, full-bodied Ruby versus mellow, aged Tawny.

Cover, left to right: Portal da Sé, Évora; Jerónimos Monastery, folkloric attire, detail of Basilica da Estrela. *This page, clockwise:* Império, Angra do Heroísmo; windmill on Faial Island, Madeira Island; Estoril coastline, Portuguese pottery, houses in Aveiro. *Credits:* José Manuel, João Paulo, Maurício Abreu, Portuguese Trade Commission.

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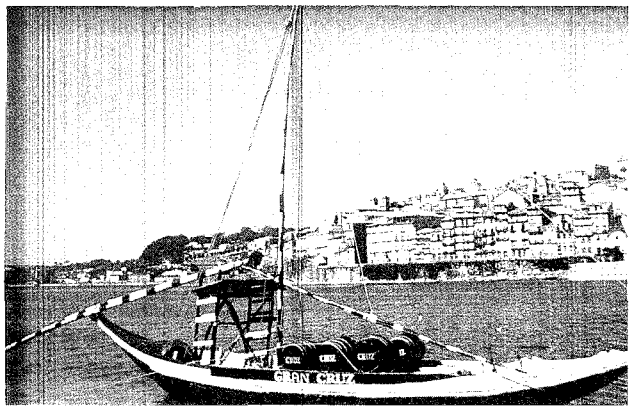

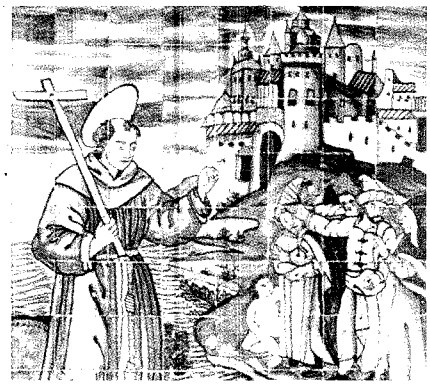

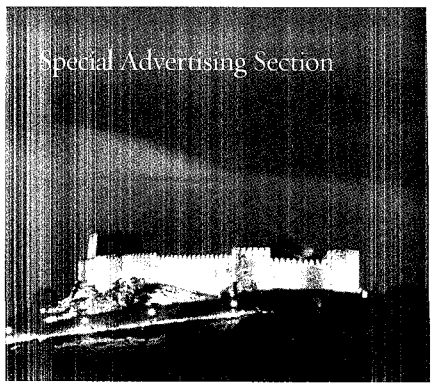

Culinary Arts

Fit for a Gourmet

Long ago, this maritime nation mastered the art of harvesting the ocean. Waist-watching epicures will find unique variations of a healthy diet based on fresh fish, olive oil, garlic, and wine.

Typical seafood entrées range from freshly grilled lobsters and sardines to *bacalhau* (salted codfish), which is the national dish and can be prepared in hundreds of ways. The myriad desserts made principally from egg yolks and sugar will dazzle any traveler. Almost every village has its own sweet specialty and takes pride in it. They include Belém custard tarts, *ovos moles* (a silky paste that originated in the convents of Aveiro), and Toucinho do Céu ("bacon from heaven").

Soul of Portugal

A Heritage of Festivals

Whenever you go to Portugal, your schedule will likely coincide with a film, music, or arts festival. Opera and ballet are frequently performed also, and attract appreciative audiences. But it is in Portugal's folkloric and religious festivals that the country's soul is revealed.

Saints' days, Carnival, and other holidays call for wildly colorful pageantry. A tribute to Our Lady of Agony in Viana do Castelo (August 20-23) includes a flower-filled parade, fireworks, and evening illumination that casts a magical glow over this fifteenth century city. The National Horse Show in Golegã, Santarém (November 6-10) attracts crowds to its equestrian processions, handicrafts exhibitions, and wine tastings.

Madeira's annual St. Peter's Festival in Ribeira Brava (June 28-29) honors the patron saint of fishermen. The Feast of Senhora do Monte in Funchal (August 14-15) pays tribute to a saint who the faithful believe banished hunger and plague from the island. The all-night event, filled with continuous entertainment, a blaze of lights, and a bounty of grilled delicacies, may make a believer out of you.

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For more information
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contact the
Portuguese National
Tourist Office
at 590 Fifth Avenue
(between 47th and 48th streets)
Fourth Floor
New York, NY 10036
212-354-4403 or
800-PORTUGAL
Fax: 212-764-6137
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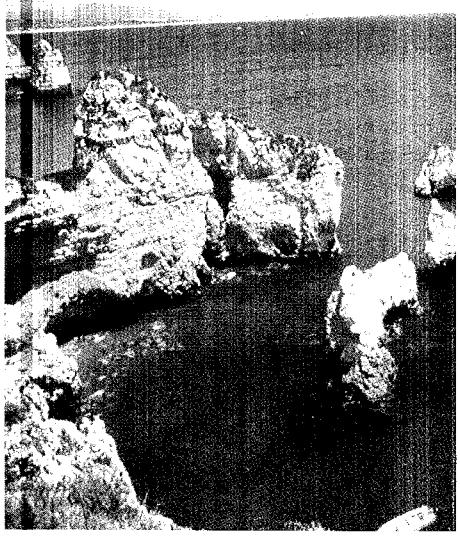
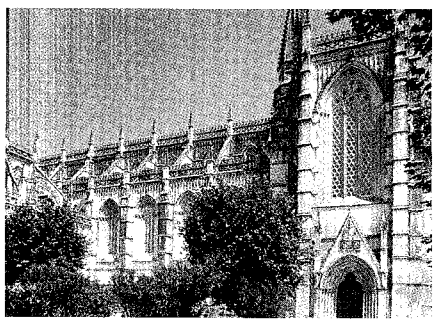
Portugal





This page, clockwise: view of Porto on the Douro River; Sintra tile from the seventeenth century; Guarda night scene; the Algarve; Batalha Monastery; Festival of the Trays in Tomar
Credits: João Paulo, José Manuel, and the Portuguese National Tourist Office.

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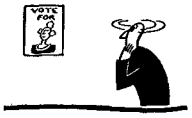
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

Six more years?

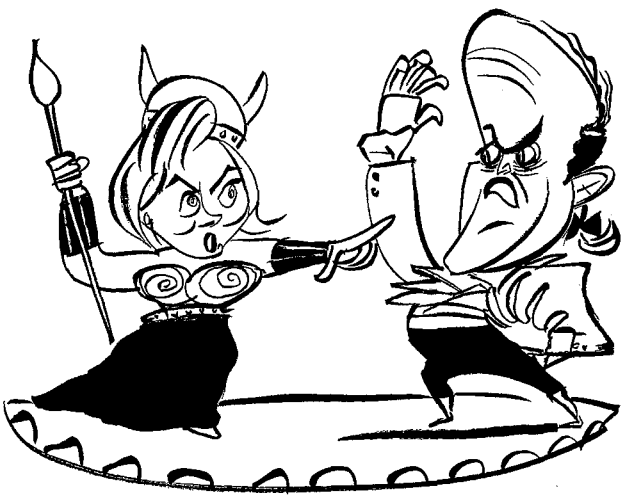


HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON'S drift toward a race for United States senator from New York in the year 2000 is at once astonishing, exhilarating, and deeply weird. Her prospective candidacy—the Washington *Post* said last week that she is all but certain to run—invites an impish, not quite sober response. It raises all sorts of naughty, nihilistic questions: Why on earth is she doing this? Why is she doing this to *us*? Is she doing it as the obvious next step in a lifetime of devoted public service or are we witnessing a particularly grisly episode in the world's most over-analyzed marital melodrama? Does it mean that *he'll* be spending a lot of time around here, too?

One can see Mrs. Clinton as a senator. She knows the issues. She speaks well. She has a senatorial sense of personal inevitability. She is probably more qualified for high office than many of the professional wrestlers and radio talk-show hosts entering the lists across America these days. (It is, by the way, far more difficult to see the operatic and peremptory Rudolph Giuliani spending six years as one tiny vote among a hundred.) But one can also wonder whether the First Lady came to this career move rationally or in a moment of ire, announcing to her husband, "Listen, Bub, I've spent the last twenty-five years going to watermelon festivals, smiling like a mummy, and making a fool of myself over you. From now on, I set the agenda. Even if I decide to do something as preposterous as—as run for the Senate from New York!"

A Clinton-Giuliani race would be delightfully gaudy and excessive, of course. Imagine the debates. Imagine the negative advertising, on both sides. Imagine the First Lady visiting the New York *Post* editorial board, or sharing a podium with Al Sharpton. The more we fantasize about this race, the more it feels like a government subsidy for wayward journalists. Consider the alternative: meandering through Iowa with Al Gore, stumping with Steve Forbes in New Hampshire? No contest.

There is also the thematically voluptuous prospect of watching Bill Clinton join Bob Dole in the humble ranks of political spouses—or perhaps not so humble. The President's back-seat-driving tendencies have already been demonstrated by his public kibbitzing, via the *Times*, in the campaign of his other life partner, the Vice-President. (He admitted to being worried that Gore had been stumbling a bit.) Dole, meanwhile, has announced, also via the *Times*, that he is tempted to contribute to one of Elizabeth Dole's opponents in the Republican Presidential campaign. Indeed, the recent interventions of Messrs. Clinton and Dole may represent a real breakthrough in public life—the liberation of the long-suffering political spouse. Donna Hanover, the semi-estranged wife of the Mayor, can now plausibly announce her intention to contribute to Mrs. Clinton's campaign, on the ground of gender solidarity.



Hillary Rodham Clinton and Rudolph Giuliani

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM BACHTELL

On the other hand, a Clinton-Giuliani Senate race might prove tiresome. The Mayor can be tiresome all by himself. The First Lady is not noted for her easy-going bonhomie. This would not be a charm-off. There is also a fair amount of Clinton Fatigue abroad in the land. In a poll last month, seventy-four per cent of the respondents said they were fed up with all the problems associated with the Clinton White House. At this point, the self-involved Clintons seem like teenagers finally going off to college. Do we really want them to stay around for six more years?

A Hillary Clinton candidacy would mean that we'd be forced to relive all the tribulations of the recent past, this time from the First Lady's point of view—and not just the requisite revisitation of her commodities-trading and billing records but also a never-ending string of embarrassing questions: Would you have keelhauled Lani Guinier? How would you have voted on welfare reform? A thirteen-hundred-page health-insurance-reform bill—what were you thinking? And the horrible, inevitable "How did you feel" questions. (Poor Al Gore. He could find himself running for President and competing with a Senate campaign that would constantly remind the public of all the things that were loathsome about the Administration in which he served.)

Perhaps the greatest challenge Mrs. Clinton will face, should she decide to run, is the fact that she seems, in the end, a pretty normal person, and New Yorkers are not overimpressed by normality. During the past decade, there has been a de-

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lightful run of elected eccentrics—Cuomos and Koches, D'Amatos and Moynihans. These are people who tend to yell back when they're yelled at; sometimes they even yell first. They are fast and funny and neurotic and contentious and—openly, publicly—vulnerable. Which is to say that they represent New York as it imagines itself to be. It will be interesting to see if Hillary Rodham Clinton can meet this perverse and endearing standard. —JOE KLEIN

INK

The most influential book never read.

SOME ninety years ago, two bright sparks from Cambridge University, Alfred North Whitehead and Bertrand Russell, delivered a two-thousand-five-hundred-page manuscript to their editors at Cambridge University Press. The monstrous tome, too heavy to be carried comfortably by one man, was entitled "Principia Mathematica," and much of it was taken up by strange squiggles, the meaning of which was known only to Whitehead and Russell. In order to carry out their chosen task—the derivation of the entire corpus of mathematics from a single set of axioms, using formal logic—the two philosophers had been forced to invent an entirely new language. "I imagine no human being will ever read it through," Russell confided to a friend. C.U.P. was equally unenthusiastic. It refused to print the book unless Russell and Whitehead paid part of the cost of publication, which prompted Russell to remark, "We thus earned minus fifty pounds each for ten years' work."

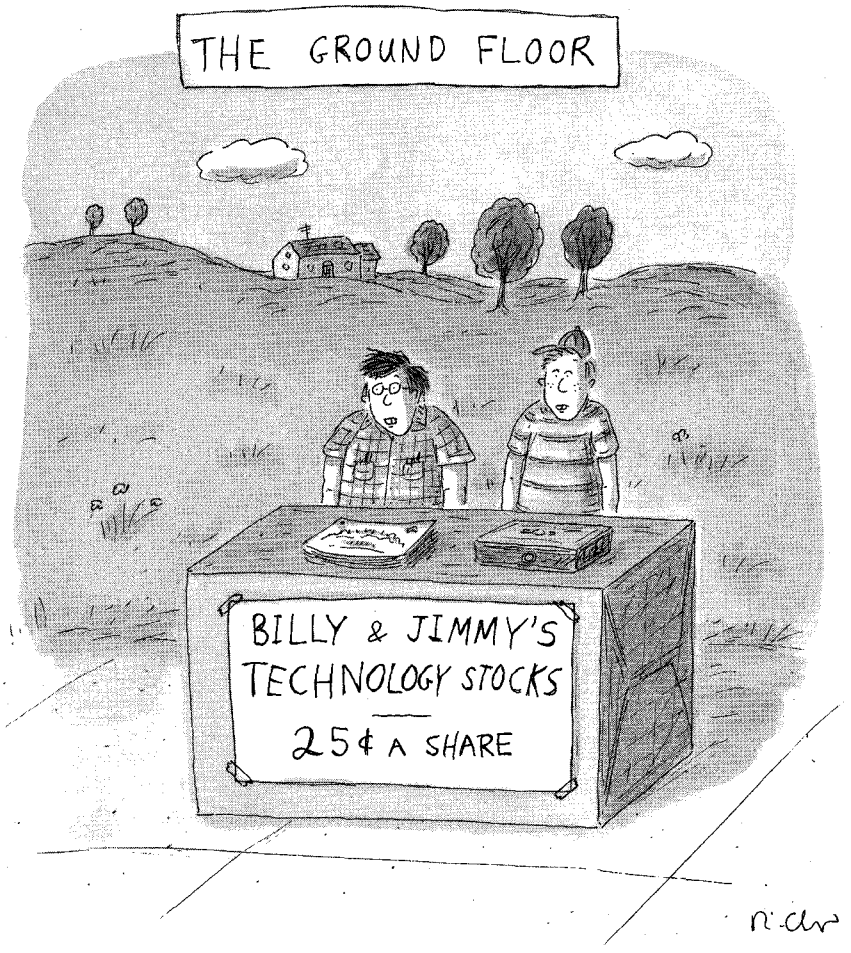
Russell's estimate of the size of his and Whitehead's potential audience proved unduly pessimistic, but just slightly. "I used to know of only six people who had read the later parts of the book," he wrote in the nineteen-fifties. "Three of them were Poles, subsequently (I believe) liquidated by Hitler. The other three were Texans." It came as something of a surprise, then, when, earlier this month, "Principia Mathematica" surfaced at No. 23 on a list of the century's hundred greatest nonfiction books, which was compiled by Modern Library, a division of Random House. Sandwiched between "An American Dilemma," by Gunnar Myrdal, and "The Mismeasure of Man," by Stephen Jay Gould, Whitehead and Russell's gargantuan work had finally achieved a status whose paradox would surely have appealed to them: a must-read book that is, for all intents and purposes, unreadable.

The last complete edition of "Principia Mathematica" was published, by C.U.P., in the early sixties, and it is hard to find. (Amazon.com offers it at five hundred and sixty-five dollars, but warns that delivery may take four to six weeks.) An abridged edition, covering Volume I of the original, is still in print, but it reaches only as far as Theorem 56; Whitehead and Russell didn't stop until they reached Theorem 375. Even professional logicians rarely work their way through the whole thing. "People don't need to read it because the important things in it have been done more clearly elsewhere," Hartry Field, a mathematical philosopher at New York University, said last week.

Some people involved with the Modern Library list were mystified by the inclusion of Russell and Whitehead. "I have no idea how 'Principia Mathematica' got on the list," Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., one of a thirteen-member panel that chose the books, said last week. "I doubt whether very many of the judges have read the three volumes." Even Stephen Jay Gould, the sole scientist on the panel, said that he had little to do with "Principia"'s selection. "I've read large parts of it, but I haven't read it all. Does anyone read it in its entirety?"

Apparently, they do. "I have the works here on my shelf," Charles Johnson, the author of "Middle Passage" and four other works of fiction, said from his office at the University of Washington, where he teaches creative writing. Johnson, who has a master's degree in philosophy, was one of the judges who championed "Principia." "It is important for the same reason that all great philosophy books are great," he added. "It is reasoning at its finest."

Not at its most durable, though. In 1931, Kurt Gödel, an Austrian mathematical genius, proved that what Russell and Whitehead had set out to do couldn't be done. Gödel's famous "incompleteness theorems," which have withstood nearly seventy years of inspection, say that within any logical system there are true statements that cannot be proved. Logic, even



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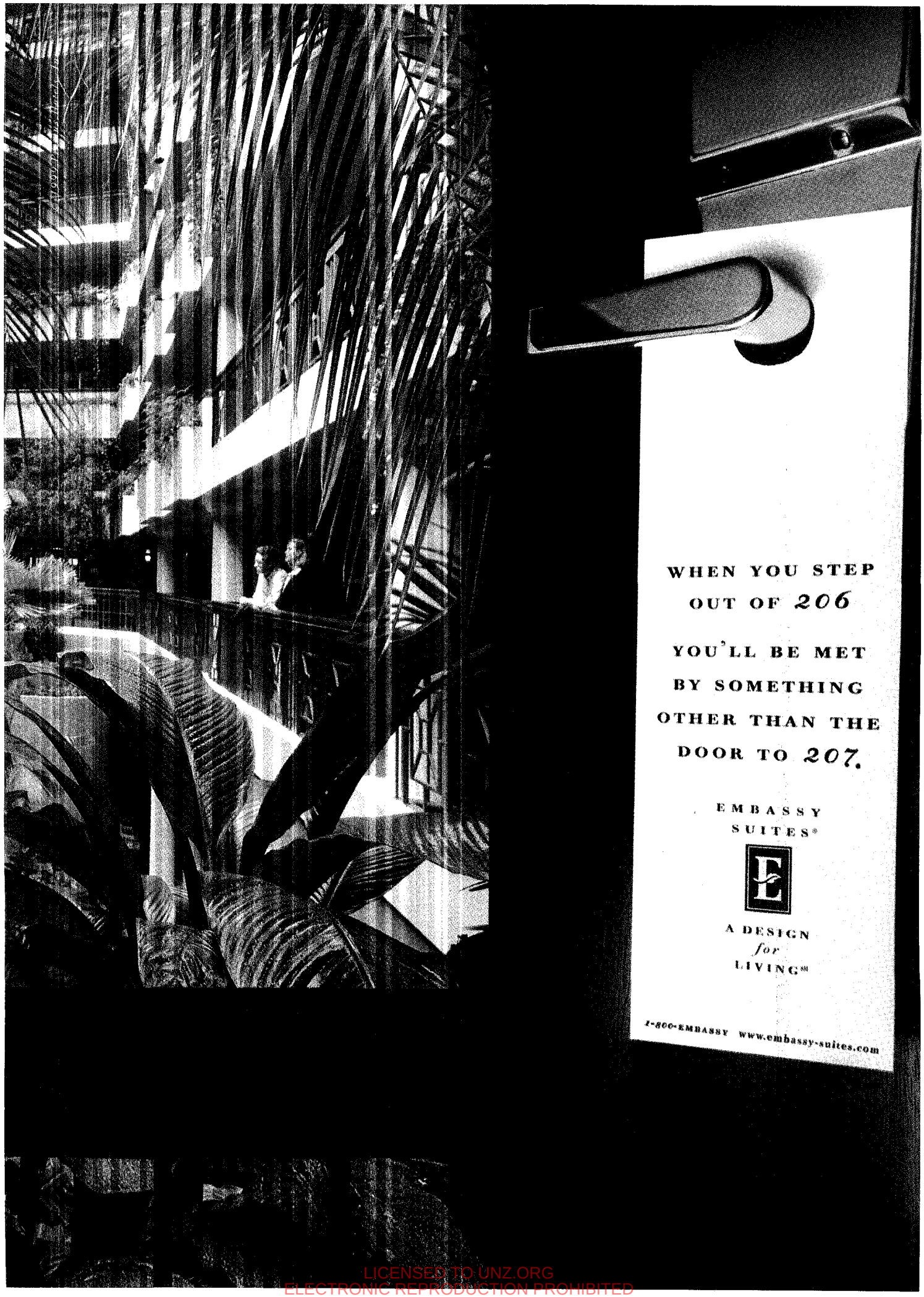

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in the hands of figures as brilliant as Whitehead and Russell, has its limits. Book marketing, it appears, doesn't. A spokeswoman for Cambridge University Press said that "more than dozens" of copies of the abridged version of "Principia Mathematica" have been sold since the list was announced. "It's quite surprising," she added. —JOHN CASSIDY

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPT.

Whither the humble dial tone?

"NEVER BEEN KISSED," the current Drew Barrymore hit, is not a film you'd recommend to fans of the actress's darker work (for example, "Doppelganger: The Evil Within," which may be the only Hollywood movie featuring a hot starlet which has a long German word in its title). But it has its charms, and Barrymore is likable as a mousy copy editor who returns to high school to report a story undercover for her newspaper. There is an odd moment, though, that prompts thoughts about the communications revolution we are all experiencing—not something you expect from a Drew Barrymore movie of any kind.

In one scene, Barrymore's character uses a cellular phone to call her editor. She is trying to convince him that she has a great story, but he disagrees, and barks at her impatiently. Poor Drew then hears a click and a dial tone—the classic Hollywood aural icon for Abrupt Hangup by Boss/Girlfriend/Kidnapper. It seems unremarkable until, after a few seconds, you begin to think, Say, cell phones don't have dial tones, do they? A call to Michael Wilhoit, the sound editor on the movie, confirmed this observation. "A lot of times we do things in movies because we've been doing them for so long and people expect it," he said. "You hear that dial tone and you get a reaction. It makes the moment."

Wilhoit has been in the business for twenty years and has been using the click-dial-tone punctuation for his entire career. Yet these sounds are unrealistic not only for cell phones but for regular phones as well. If a kidnapper hangs up on you these days, there is silence for half a minute, then a recording, then the sixteenth-note screeching that will alert even someone singing in the shower that his phone is off the hook.

The persistence of the phantom dial tone in Hollywood makes you wonder about the dial tone in real life. What is the purpose of this sound, as common and plain as a dulled penny, which we encounter dozens of times a day? Where did it come from? And where is it going?

According to Sheldon Hochheiser, who oversees A.T. & T.'s archives, the first telephone systems had no dial tone. A caller would simply pick up the phone and talk to the operator (usually named Sadie). By 1920, however, dial telephones had appeared in the United States, and with them came a tone to tell callers that they had a circuit. Hochheiser said that he has never been able to find any documents that indicate who was responsible for the dial tone or how the particular sound was settled on.

However it was arrived at, the dial tone is the very solfège of modernity. Suzanne Ciani, a composer and sound designer who created the "sparkle" tone that you hear before every A.T. & T. call, said, "The beautiful thing about the dial tone is its familiarity." Think how disorienting it is to hear a strange dial tone in a foreign country. Ciani also praised the dial tone's design. "It's right in the voice range. It's a friendly tone, although it's intended to communicate a state of neutrality." Ciani explained that the chips that generate dial tones today mimic the tones created by older technology. That must explain why, for an electronic noise, the dial tone sounds

Drew Barrymore

handmade compared with the beeps that have proliferated more recently.

As for the familiar but obsolete click-dial-tone duet, A.T. & T.'s Hochheiser suggested that moviemakers have been taking liberties for a long time, because the dial tone never recurred immediately after one party had hung up. "In the old electromechanical system," he said, "there would be a gap while the system disengaged."

According to Ray Albers, a vice-president for network architecture at Bell Atlantic, the post-hangup dial tone disappeared altogether in 1991. Albers said that the reason you get no tone at all these days after someone hangs up on you is that the phone system is conserving dial tones. It seems that the number of dial tones that can be generated at any one time is limited. "Hypothetically, if you had a lot of receivers off the hook at once, that wouldn't work," Albers said. "We'd run out of dial tones."

The dial tone may feel like part of the language, but over at A.T. & T. the voice recognition lab is cooking up a system that it hopes will bring about the return of the operator, although in digital form. So add the humble dial tone to the list of endangered sounds: the click of a token falling into a turnstile, the tiny thunderclap when a grocery clerk opens a brown paper bag. —JAMES COLLINS

DEPT. OF HOOPLA

Inside the President's greenroom.

SCENE: Rec Room in the Farley Post Office Building, done up as V.I.P. area for ceremony at which plans will be unveiled for new Penn Station. Clinton due to arrive at eleven. Unlikely. Rain, fog. Unprepossessing place to meet President. Black-tiled floor scuffed with wheel marks. Rows of orange bucket chairs, fixed to floor, face each other across tables. O.K. for bingo tournament. Large electric fan. Graffiti on wall: Wu Tang Clan Rules! Hope voiced that President recognizes as popular rap group, not tong war message. Sign in corridor indicates rest-room facility for "Staff and V.I.P. Only." Recall similar lavatory sign during Pope's visit with Clinton in St. Louis: "President or Holy Father Only."

Dignitaries begin to arrive. Charles Gargano, Governor Pataki's economic czar; Bob Peck, Commissioner of Public Buildings; Alex Washburn, president of Pennsylvania Station Redevelopment Corp.; David Childs, senior partner of

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Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, lead architects for the project; E. Virgil Conway, head of M.T.A.; Mark Green, Public Advocate. Philip Johnson, arch-architect, in long black coat, matching eyeglass frames. Phyllis George, former Miss America. Pale-blue suit. Room brightens. In yellow suède shoes, Senator Moynihan, prime mover behind project, enters with wife, Liz. Moves gingerly. Had back surgery recently. Liz whispers origin of problem was fall through hatch in Navy at nineteen. Moynihan sits in orange chair. Ruminates. Mentions stigma about public works. None for forty years. Blames Robert Moses. Wrong priorities. Lincoln Center last great endeavor. Empire State Building built in thirteen months.

Governor Pataki arrives. Tall, imposing. Leans down to chat with Philip Johnson. Johnson, known for hyperbole, calls Penn Station project most exciting and brilliant public-works proposal since the Pyramids. Pataki to David Childs of Skidmore, etc.: "How much did you pay him to say that?" General guffawing. Pataki big supporter of project—seventy-five million pledged from state. Alfonse M. D'Amato enters late. Carries black-and-white umbrella. Explains loudly about traffic jam.

No mayor. Big snub. Opened Stock Exchange this morning, was within striking distance but skipped event. Supports new station in principle, pledged twenty-five million, but common theory is that his interest lies in stadiums. No Steinbrenner, either. Murmured suggestion that the two are conferring in limo in East Side traffic jam.

Senator Schumer, of New York, not on hand. In Washington. Has proposed renaming Penn Station after Moynihan. Try it out under breath: "Catching five-fifteen from Moynihan." Will take getting used to.

President finally arrives. Doesn't seem fazed by décor. Wears curious fixed smile, mouth half open, teeth shining. Works room. Passes by Wu Tang Clan graffiti without comment. Wears bright-blue tie with corn-yellow stripe motif. Mrs. Moynihan leans in, appraises tie. "Appropriate," she says. "Classical-architecture trim."

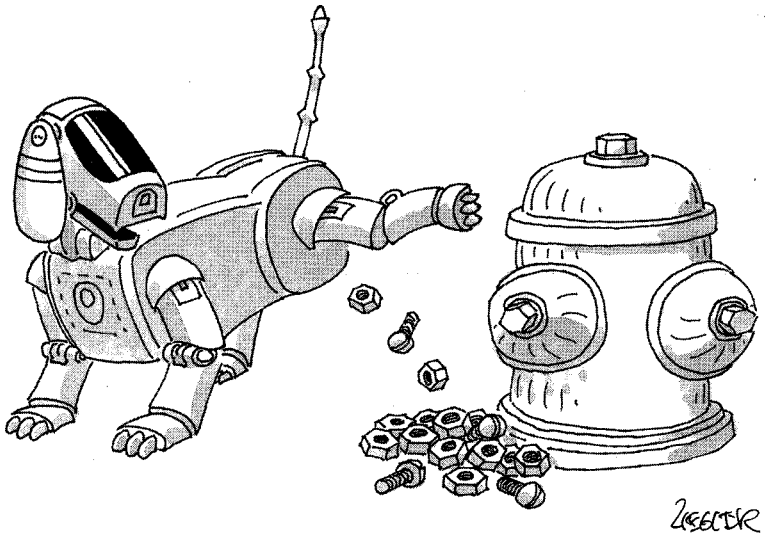
D'Amato, eyes ajar, leans in, carries on animated one-way discussion with President. Common habit of politicians to lean in, mouth to ear, as if imparting secrets of great magnitude. President receives secret of great magnitude. Grateful, nods and pats D'Amato on arm. Moves on. Shakes hand of William Ketcham, retired lawyer. Ketcham announces he has now shaken hand of every President since Calvin Coolidge. President's eyes widen. Smile remains fixed.

V.I.P.s shepherded into vast mail-sorting room cleared for occasion. TV cameras. Bright lights. Model of Penn (Moynihan?) Station onstage. At instances of applause during introductory speeches, Moynihan employs delicate handclap up by face, wouldn't crush a butterfly. Next to him, President is more traditional. Would crush a butterfly.

Time for Moynihan's speech. Audience settles back. President settles back. Senator astonishes all by speaking for less than minute. Introduces President. Long and respectful applause. At podium, Clinton notes Moynihan's brevity, quite at odds with early days, when Senator's colloquies so detailed that President learned names of workmen who dynamited the old Penn Station: "The more he gets his way, the shorter the speeches."

President looks at model. Remarks that trains have special meaning for him: as a boy he went down to the station at Hot Springs, watched the trains come in and out, wondered who was on them, where they were going. Nice touch. Listener wonders when President was last on a train.

Ceremony over. Outside post office, rain falling. Traffic immobile. Crowds behind police barricades. Taxi-driver leans out window. Old-timer. Impatient. "What's he doing in there? Mailing a letter?" —GEORGE PLIMPTON



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HAPPY ENDINGS DEPT.

Eloise's other parent gets his due.

WHEN people like Francis Ford Coppola used to telephone the author Kay Thompson, wanting to buy the film rights to her creation, Eloise, the little girl who lives at the Plaza, Thompson was ready for them. According to Hilary Knight, who illustrated the "Eloise" books, the reclusive author, who was in her eighties, wheelchair-bound, and a devotee of late-night talk radio, liked to listen to Hollywood pitches. "She'd toy with them a little, and then she'd drive them away," he said the other day.

"Eloise," which was first published in 1955, is the story of a skinny-limbed six-year-old who has a devilish spirit, much like Thompson's. She confounds the staff of the Plaza with antics such as ordering a single raisin from room service and dumping pitchers of water down the mail chute.

The book was an immediate best-seller, and Thompson and Knight soon followed it up with "Eloise in Paris," "Eloise at Christmastime," and "Eloise in Moscow." The accompanying marketing blitz was, for its time, on a par with the current "Star Wars" merchandising bonanza. There were Eloise dolls and hatboxes, a clothing line, a hit song. But Hilary Knight was, for the most part, an outsider. Shortly before "Eloise" was published, Thompson had asked him to sign a contract granting her ownership of the copyright to his drawings and seventy per cent of the royalties on any future projects. Then, in the mid-sixties, Thompson abruptly took all the books but the origi-

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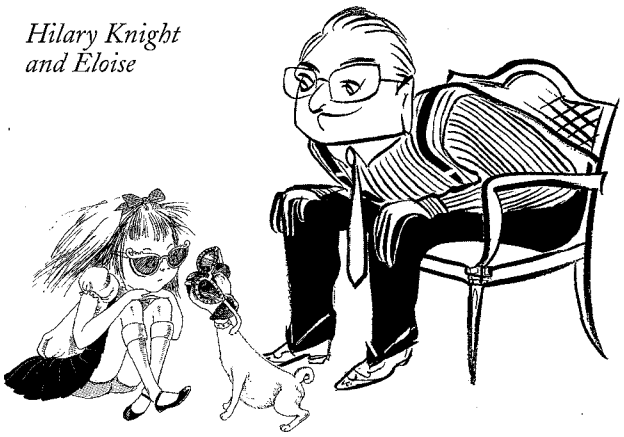
nal off the market. She was tired of sharing Eloise with the world, she said.

Now, nearly a year after Thompson's death, Simon & Schuster has begun reissuing all four "Eloise" books, and there is a feeling within publishing circles that Knight, a trim, thoughtful man of seventy-three, is finally getting his due. "I don't want to give the impression that I've been moping around for the past forty years," he said, settled on a red sofa in the living room that adjoins his Beekman Hill studio.

"I was never thwarted by Kay," he insisted. "Yes, it was a wicked contract, but, you have to understand, I adored her. I had always been attracted to exotic people. The two people who fascinated me most as a child were Carmen Miranda and Lena Horne."



Hilary Knight and Eloise

Knight said that his collaboration with Thompson began to sour only after they began their fifth book, "Eloise Takes a Bawth." "We worked on it for four long years," he said. "But the relationship had worn itself out. I would give her drawings in the evening and come back to her studio the next day, and the place would look like a war zone. She would have taken pieces of paper and glued them over everything I'd done. She was trying to blot out what I'd invented. She didn't want to give me credit for anything. It bothered me a lot, but I always consoled myself with the thought that the books stood on their own. One reason I think the reissued books will be so successful is that they were withdrawn. Kay did a good thing, in a way. She made people *want* these books."

Hollywood has once again been clamoring for Eloise. A number of movie studios (Knight does not want to say which ones) are in a bidding war for the property. "We went to California and talked to ten different executives," Knight said, "and almost every one of them had a different idea of how to approach the story."

The Plaza has aligned itself with a New York-based production group that is also vying for the rights to "Eloise." Rose Ganguzza, a spokesperson for the hotel, said recently, "She doesn't belong on Sunset Boulevard. We feel very strongly about that. We've nurtured and cared for Eloise like a foster child for forty-five years."

Hearing this assertion, Knight rolled his eyes. "If I hear the word 'nurture' one more time . . ." he said. "The West Coast people kept throwing it around, too, and they've been familiar with Eloise for all of five minutes. If that.

"Kay and I were like parents to Eloise," he went on. "We decided that we'd never make her older than six, and that we'd always keep the parents in the background. When you really study the book, you see that Eloise is somewhat wistful. And I guess my job now is to continue to do what Kay might have thought she was doing when she pulled the books in the first place—to protect Eloise."

—LAUREN MACINTYRE

THE POLITICAL LIFE

A pollster conquers the world.

AMONG the "War Room" crowd who helped elect Bill Clinton in 1992, almost no one is still carrying a White House pass. Some have gone on to sign TV contracts and command huge speaking fees, others to write best-sellers and command even huger speaking fees. Stan Greenberg, for his part, has been quietly pursuing world domination.

In the years since he signed on with Clinton, Greenberg has played a shaping role in the election of no fewer than three other major world leaders, conducting polls for President Nelson Mandela's winning campaign, in South Africa, Prime Minister Tony Blair's, in Britain, and Chancellor Gerhard Schröder's, in Germany. When the Israelis elected Ehud Barak to lead their government last week, one could have described it as a stunning upset for the country's Labor Party or as just another Greenberg client taking his place as the head of state.

Speaking by phone the other day from Tel Aviv, Greenberg insisted that he did not have any particular formula for turning ordinary politicians into presidents and prime ministers. Indeed, one of the strengths he believes he brings to foreign campaigns is that he enters the race without a lot of preconceptions; often, he said, the native politicians "are so caught up in events" that they have stopped listening to voters.

Still, no matter what language the focus groups are conducted in, a Greenberg campaign tends to have certain recognizable features. The candidate is usually the representative of a once mighty but now struggling left-of-center party. One of his major challenges is to convince voters that this old party has learned its lesson and has become a new party. To accomplish this, he has to reassure them that the party will not—and here the order of priority varies by country—raise taxes, coddle unions, or compromise national security. In the Barak campaign, television commercials relentlessly reminded voters of the candidate's military exploits, showing him receiving a medal and storming a hijacked Sabena jet in 1972, since Greenberg's research demonstrated that this was the best way to neutralize the charge that the Labor Party would be soft on terrorism. This tactic was especially important for recent Russian immigrants, who knew little of Barak's life.

Greenberg's recent string of international successes is all the more striking and, presumably, gratifying because not too many years ago he was being written off as a has-been. After the Democrats were routed in the 1994 midterm elections, Clinton lost faith in Greenberg and fired him. Congressional Democrats, too, began to avoid him. "I think he got knocked down, but not out," says James Carville, whom Greenberg recruited to work on the Barak campaign. "He's a pretty determined fellow."

Greenberg maintains that he has actually come to prefer working on foreign campaigns; the stakes are higher, he says, and the electorate is generally more engaged. Plus, there is the exhilaration that comes from a behind-the-scenes form of world hegemony. "It's an unbelievably thrilling experience," he said. "I pinch myself all the time."

—ELIZABETH KOLBERT

ELOISE BY HILARY KNIGHT © 1955 BY KAY THOMPSON

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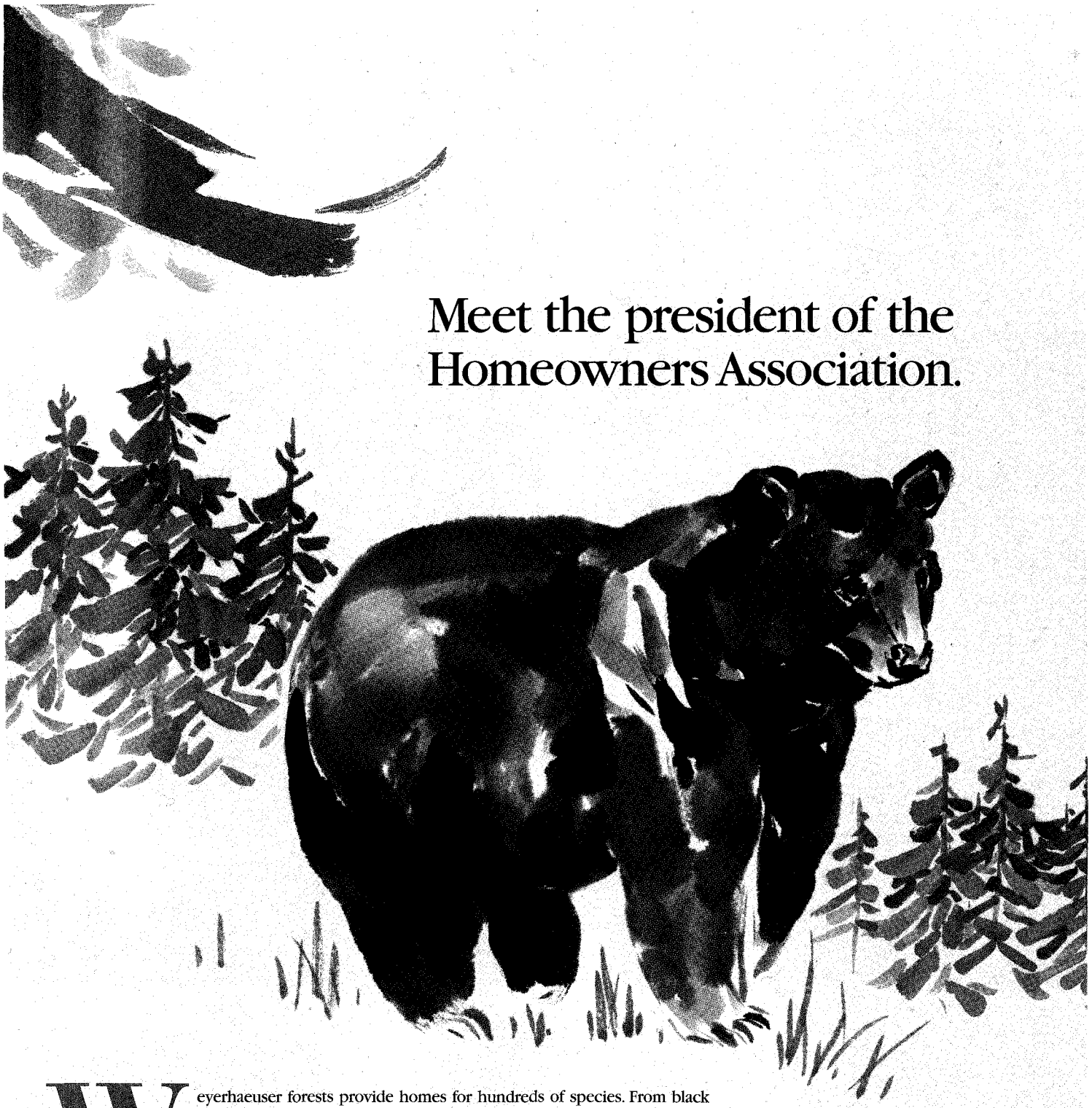

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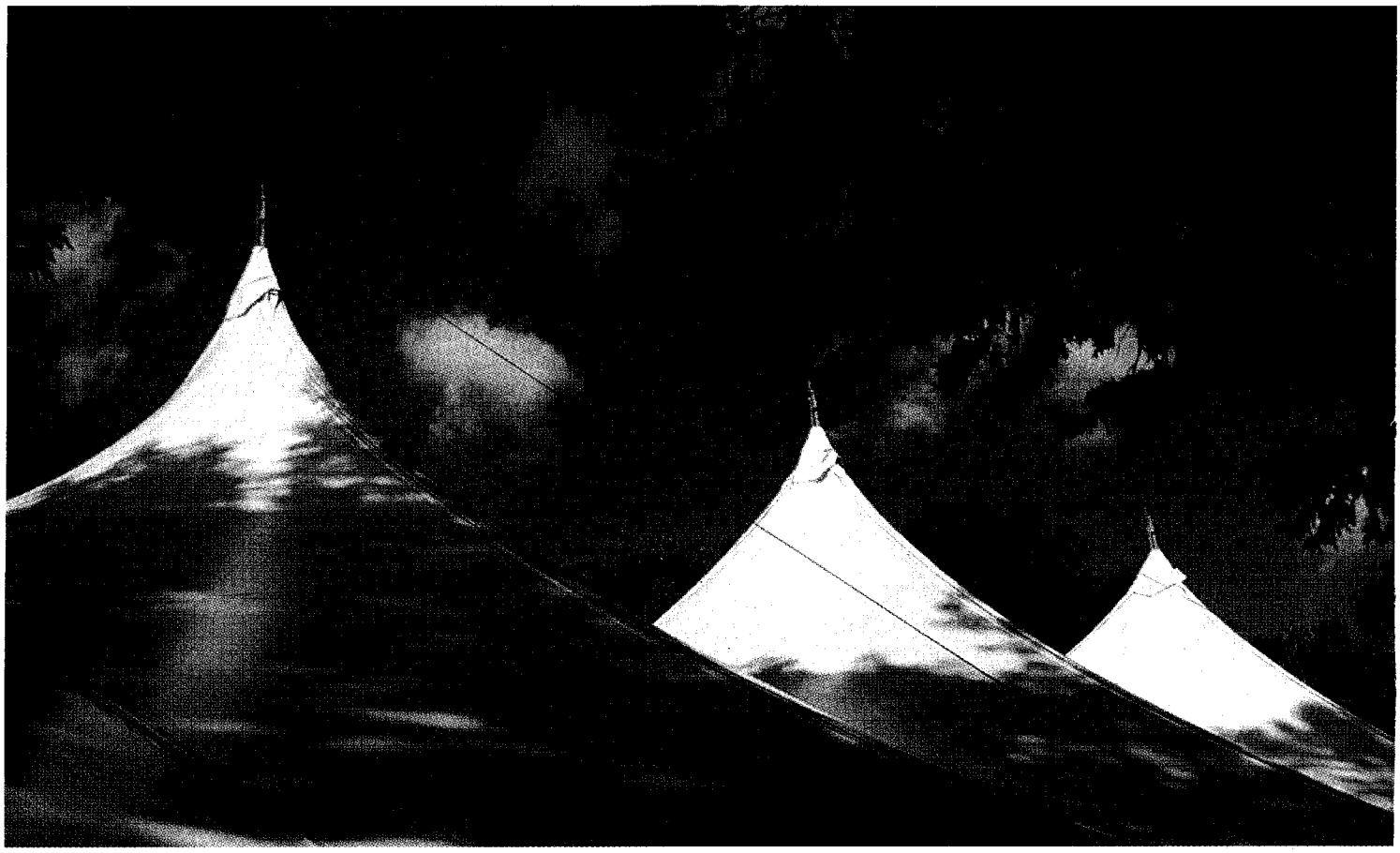
FÊTE ACCOMPLI

Reveling in Summer Culture



"Say, what abridgment have you for this evening? What masque? What music? How shall we beguile the lazy time, if not with some delight?"

SHAKESPEARE, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Summer ignites an explosion of culture which, like food, tastes better alfresco. From the open-air Delacorte amphitheater in Central Park—where audiences can "beguile the lazy time" with free performances of Shakespeare and Molière—to the voluptuous Monterey Jazz Festival, summer is brimming with concerts and theatrical performances that go hand-in-hand with lazy picnics on the lawn.

by Dan Ouellette

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Alpine Shangri-La

Winter in the Colorado Rockies lasts a long time. But in June the wildflowers run riot, the sky turns cobalt, the temperature creeps into the seventies, and outdoor music festivals abound. In fact, in recent years the state of Colorado—with its Red Rocks pop concerts, its bluegrass bashes at Telluride, and its other classical and popular music events—has earned bragging rights as the foremost state in the country for open-air music.

© A. Gaudioso

B.B. King and company rounded out the Saturday night festivities at last year's Janus Jazz Aspen bash.

"In the last ten years, there's been a proliferation of summer events coinciding with a population boom in Colorado," says Jim Horowitz, founder and executive producer of Janus Jazz Aspen at Snowmass. Two world-class jazz and popular music festivals—one in mid-June, the other on the Labor Day weekend—are held in Snowmass Town Park with the Rockies as a backdrop. "There's an adage about Aspen," says Horowitz. "People come for the winter and stay for the summer. Winter is spectacular, but summer is off the chart."

To take advantage of Aspen's golden twilight, Horowitz has scheduled his June concerts from 6 P.M.–9 P.M. Headliners Roberta Flack, Diana Krall, Ray Charles, and Bruce Hornsby will perform under a canopy-like tent that seats three thousand people, with an additional 2,500 lawn seats available.

"At our festivals, music is the central component, but definitely not the only one," says Horowitz, who likens Aspen to an alpine Shangri-la. "People come to 'retreat.' They attend concerts as well as theatre, dance, and film events in the evenings, but during the day they're hiking, biking, and golfing."

Tanglewood Tales

Tanglewood, nestled in the rolling green hills of the Berkshires in western Massachusetts, is an idyllic setting for a classical concert. The spacious lawns, formal gardens, and awe-inspiring view of Lake Mahkeenac all complement the superb music—be it Beethoven or Bartók, a Baroque opera or a contemporary première. What started as a modest concert series during the thirties bloomed into what is today one of summer's preëminent classical music festivals.

"The sense of informality and relaxation is a major part of the Tanglewood experience," says Anthony Fogg, artistic administrator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has made its summer home at Tanglewood for more than sixty years. Named after "Tanglewood Tales," a collection of children's stories by nineteenth-century author Nathaniel Hawthorne, the venue also hosts the Boston Pops and the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra. This year the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra joins the Boston Symphony in a Duke Ellington tribute. Tanglewood will also present a sampling of pop with James Taylor for two evenings on the weekend of July 4th.

Be it Bartók, Basie or Beck, outdoor festivals bring out the best in summer entertainment.

In The Grove Groove

While most cultural events come with a price tag, there are a scattering of summer freebies. One of the most prestigious series of gratis concerts takes place in San Francisco's Sigmund Stern Grove. In this urban forest of towering eucalyptus trees, world-class artists hold forth every Sunday afternoon from June through August. Founded when the country was still reeling from the Depression, the festival celebrates its sixty-second year this summer with opera,

© David Allen

Preservation Hall Jazz Band makes its thirtieth annual appearance at the Grove this summer.

ballet, orchestral concerts, Latin music, jazz, Afro-pop, and the Stern Grove debut of one of the Bay Area's most esteemed pop institutions, Tower of Power.

For much of the festival's existence, the lineup was dominated by classical-music, performances. However, under chairman Douglas Goldman's leadership, popular music has made inroads as well. "We're pushing the envelope more, booking acts that attract a new audience," says Goldman. This summer's lineup includes Malian female vocalist Oumou Sangare and Cuban jazz pianist Chucho Valdés.

Cover photo: Caramoor's Venetian Theater © Harrison Edwards Inc.

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Festivals Far & Wide

With such a plenitude of cultural fare for the taking, it's not surprising that TV ratings plummet in the heat of summer. The days are long, the evenings seductive, and the spirit yearns to revel outdoors.

MAY 5-JUNE 13
Bell Atlantic Jazz Festival
Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Boston, New York
(212) 343-8805; www.jazfest.com

MAY 28-SEPTEMBER 19
Wolf Trap Vienna, VA
(703) 255-1900; www.wolf-trap.org

JUNE 12-13
Playboy Jazz Festival Hollywood Bowl
Los Angeles, CA
(310) 314-4484; www.festivalproductions.net

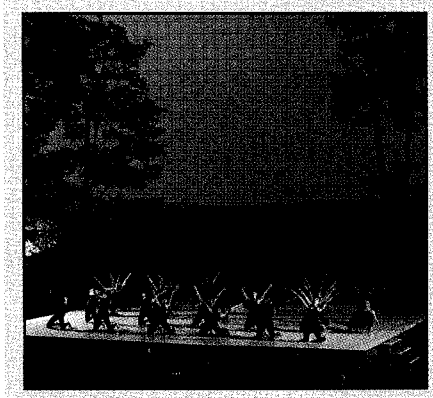
JUNE 13-AUGUST 15
Stern Grove Festival San Francisco, CA
(415) 252-6252; www.sterngrove.org

JUNE 14-27
JVC Jazz Festival New York NY
(212) 501-1390; www.festivalproductions.net

JUNE 17-SEPTEMBER 5
The Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park
New York, NY
(212) 539-8750; www.publictheater.org

JUNE 17-20
Janus Jazz Aspen at Snowmass
Aspen, CO
(970) 920-4996; www.jazzaspen.com

JUNE 18-SEPTEMBER 5
Tanglewood Lenox, MA
(617) 266-1492,
(413) 637-5165 (after 6/23);
www.bso.org


Jacob's Pillow © Skip Brown

Ray Brown at Park City © Clayton Chase Photography

JUNE 19-AUGUST 14
Caramoor International Music Festival Katonah, NY
(914) 232-1252; www.caramoor.com

JUNE 23-AUGUST 29
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival Becket, MA
(413) 243-0745; www.jacobspillow.org

JULY 2-AUGUST 28
The Santa Fe Opera Santa Fe, NM
(800) 280-4654; www.santafeopera.org

JULY 23-25
Woodstock '99 Griffiss Park, Rome, NY
(212) 397-7474; www.woodstock.com

AUGUST 12-SEPTEMBER 4
Kennedy Center Africa Fête '99
National Tour
(212) 506-5800; www.africafete99.com

AUGUST 13-15
JVC Jazz Festival Newport RI
(401) 847-3700; www.festivalproductions.net

AUGUST 27-29
Fidelity Investments Park City International Jazz Festival
Park City, UT
(800) 453-1360; www.parkcityjazz.com

SEPTEMBER 3-6
Janus Jazz Aspen at Snowmass Labor Day Aspen, CO
(970) 920-4996; www.jazzaspen.com

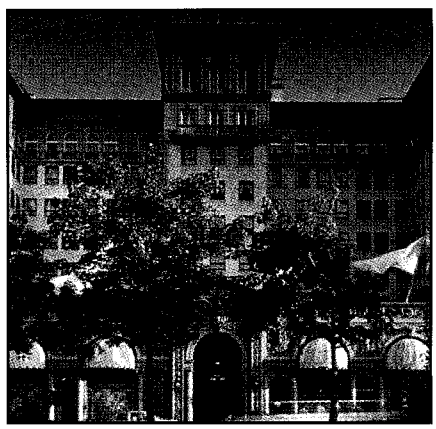
SEPTEMBER 17-19
Monterey Jazz Festival Presented by MCI WorldCom Monterey, CA
(925) 275-9255; www.montereyjazzfestival.org

L.A.'s Premier Tony Haven

The cultural currents in Los Angeles run deep, offering everything from open-air concerts to a diverse array of museums. And in the heart of the activity is the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel. This Four Seasons, Beverly Hills hotel is within easy walking distance of dozens of art galleries, and only a short drive from L.A.'s premier arts institutions.

Enjoy a respite at the Getty Museum (which also features a sculpture garden), the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (where a Diego Rivera exhibit opens May 30th), the Norton Simon Museum in Pasadena, and the nearby Huntington Botanical Gardens. The Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel offers a resource list of art historians for museum-bound visitors.

This summer, the legendary Greek Theater features a full schedule of pop including R.E.M., Boz Scaggs, and The Allman Brothers Band; blues with Robert Cray and John Lee Hooker; and jazz with David Sanborn and Joe Sample. The Hollywood Bowl will host the Playboy Jazz Festival and a Bob Dylan/Paul Simon event, as well as theme-oriented concerts featuring tango, African, and Cuban music. The concierge at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel handles last-minute ticket requests, and can even score a sporty convertible for that after-the-show seaside drive.


The Regent Beverly Wilshire

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Half a World Away...

Southeast Asia will attract visitors this summer with its extraordinary sights and bazaar opportunities.

June in Bangkok offers substantial discounts at the "Amazing Thailand Grand Sale," where sensuous Thai silks, leather goods, teak handicrafts, and the finest of jewelry await discriminating buyers.

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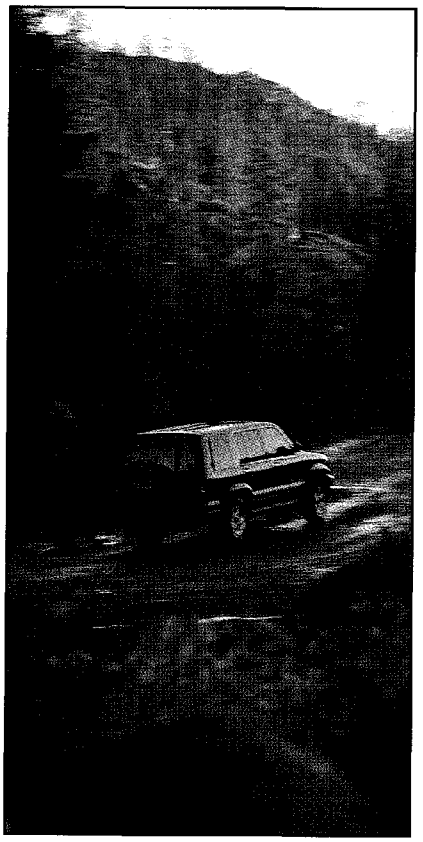
Don't miss Singapore's "Volume and Form," an impressive show of Asia-Pacific creativity where some 230 sculptures from twenty countries will be on display in more than seventy-five outdoor locations (through September 5th).



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ANNALS OF DISSENT

TIANANMEN, INC.

The controversy surrounding the Chinese firebrands of 1989 who became upwardly mobile Americans.

BY IAN BURUMA

THE story of Chai Ling could be read as an American success or as a Chinese failure. Either way, she has got up people's noses. Chai became famous exactly ten years ago, as the most visible leader of the Chinese student rebellion in Tiananmen Square. She was seen on television all over the world almost every day for nearly a month: a small, frail girl in a grubby white T-shirt and jeans, admonishing, cajoling, entertaining, and hectoring the crowds through a megaphone that often seemed to hide her entire face. Her image was as emblematic of 1989 as the short film clip of a young man trying to defy a tank on Chang'an Avenue. From the middle of May until the bloody dispersal of the demonstrators on June 4th, Chai Ling, who was a twenty-three-year-old graduate student in psychology at Beijing Normal University, was the so-called chief commander on the square.

Chai seemed to have appeared from nowhere. She was married to another student, Feng Congde, who was actively involved in student politics, and she simply followed her husband. That, at any rate, is how she recalls it. In fact, Chai displayed a remarkable capacity for making men follow her. It was one of the main reasons that other student leaders set her up as a figure to rally around on the square. Her oddly affecting physical presence—the ready smile, the quick tears, the appealing eyes—and her gift for oratory held together a disparate, fractious movement. Chai's speech on May 12th moved hundreds of people to go on a hunger strike when the government ignored the students' demands for "dialogue," and she galvanized the support of many thousands of others. "We, the children," she said, her reedy voice breaking, "are ready to die. We, the children, are ready to use our lives to pursue the truth. We, the children, are willing to sacrifice ourselves." Who could resist such purity, such innocence?

That is the Chai Ling who is revered. But she is also remembered for another speech, recorded two weeks later in a Beijing hotel room by an American reporter named Philip Cunningham. This speech became the centerpiece of a 1995 documentary film about Tiananmen, "The Gate of Heavenly Peace." The film is harshly critical of the student leaders, and particularly of Chai. In the scene in the hotel room, she is semi-hysterical. Government troops have moved into Beijing. Factions within the student movement are quarrelling about tactics, aims, pecking orders, and money. Chai is overwrought: "My students keep asking me, 'What should we do next? What can we accomplish?' I feel so sad, because how can I tell them that what we actually are hoping for is bloodshed, the moment when the government is ready to butcher the people brazenly? Only when the square is awash with blood will the people of China open their eyes. Only then will they really be united. But how can I explain any of this to my fellow-students?"

The demonstrators had reached this point in the course of about six weeks. On April 15th, Hu Yaobang, the "liberal" former Party General Secretary, had died, and students mourning his death demanded to "talk about democracy" with Prime Minister Li Peng. They organized several marches to Tiananmen Square. Further demonstrations were forbidden, but the students marched anyway, and on April 26th the *People's Daily* called them troublemakers and warned of chaos. Deeply insulted, the students insisted that they were patriots.

Patriotism is a volatile and much indulged attitude among Chinese students, and the government often uses it to stir up xenophobia, as it did most recently after NATO bombed the Chinese embassy in Belgrade on the night of

MARK ULRIKSEN

Chai Ling, the most charismatic student leader in Tiananmen Square, is accused of building her successful career in the United States "on the blood of other students."

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"I am the Lady of the Lake, and because thou hast defiled my crystal waters I must hence smite thee. That or penalize thee a stroke. Your call."

• •

May 7th. In 1989, however, the protesters had turned their patriotic fervor against the Chinese authorities. On May 18th, the Party General Secretary, Zhao Ziyang, who had shown sympathy for the students, was ousted from his job. On May 19th, the government declared martial law, after secretly moving troops toward the capital. By then, some students wanted to leave the square. On May 27th, Chai Ling voted to retreat, then changed her mind. The situation she faced was tricky: almost all the people who remained in the square, most of them workers and provincial students, refused to leave. And her deputy commander, Li Lu, a radicalized student from the provinces, didn't want to leave, either. So Chai broke down in tears and elected to stay.

On May 29th, a forty-foot-high statue of the Goddess of Democracy was erected in the square. On June 2nd, the students held a rock concert, and soldiers moved in. Around midnight on June 4th, the shooting and killing began, and at 4 A.M. the lights went out. The students, including Chai Ling, voted again on whether to give up. Finally, at 5 A.M., they filed out of the square, silent and exhausted, but with dignity. The Goddess of Democracy was knocked down by a tank.

Compared to the famines caused by Chairman Mao's Great Leap Forward (more than thirty million dead), or the regular purges of "rightists," "revisionists," and other "counter-revolutionary elements" during the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Tiananmen had a modest death toll. But never before had the People's Liberation Army so publicly aimed its guns at unarmed Chinese citizens with the intention of murdering them, and not just in the capital but in more than two hundred cities all over China. Nobody knows exactly how many people were killed in Beijing—shot in the head by snipers, overrun by tanks, caught in volleys of automatic gunfire, or simply clubbed to death. The Chinese government figure is around three hundred. Other estimates range from twenty-seven hundred to many more. Most of the victims were not students but ordinary residents of Beijing, for whom the student rebellion was an occasion to vent their frustrations against an oppressive, corrupt regime. The P.L.A. had done to its own people what Soviet tanks had done decades before in Budapest and Prague. And that is something that the Chinese will be slow to forget. Much of the criticism of Chai Ling is fuelled by the belief that her recklessness provoked the bloodbath and destroyed the chances of political reform. This is what makes her one of the most controversial figures in the Chinese political diaspora.

I FIRST met Chai Ling three years ago, when we were both visiting Taiwan for the presidential elections. She was there as a political celebrity, making the rounds of talk shows and dinners. She was divorced from her Chinese husband, and her English was almost flawless. One conversation with her sticks in my mind. Over breakfast in our hotel, we got into a stupid argument with two Chinese-Americans from Florida. They said that the Taiwanese didn't understand democracy, and still needed official guidance. Chai had all the rhetoric of American liberalism at her fingertips: "dignity of free choice," "constitutional limits of power," and so on. When the smug Chinese-Americans became too tiresome, Chai smoothed her chic maroon blazer, stood up, and said, "David, Gloria, I want you to know I really respect your opinions and enjoyed a real fruitful discussion. Have a nice day." It was hard to imagine her talking about blood sacrifice a few years before in Beijing.

The circumstances of Chai's escape from China are mysterious. She has never talked about what happened, perhaps to protect those who helped her, but there are stories about how she got out concealed in a wooden crate. All most people know is that she suddenly emerged in Hong Kong in April of 1990. From there she went to Paris, and then to the United States. While she was on the run in China, supporters of the democracy movement had her nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Earlier this year, I met Chai at an outdoor café in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she has been living since 1996, when she enrolled at Harvard Business School. Once again, I was struck by her eagerness to charm, her coquettishness, and the steeliness disguised by a small and cuddly frame. Occasionally, she would reveal a flash of suspicion—"Who told you that?"—but such outbursts were followed by a smile and a disarming assurance that "of course, I trust you."

Chai is now the C.E.O. of an Internet company backed by executives from Reebok and Microsoft. She talked

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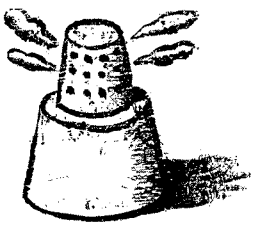
about America as a land of opportunity, and about how she wants to "create an environment where people can interact creatively." In more concrete terms, she wants to sell Internet technology to American universities and colleges. Her partner is Joseph Malone, a solid Republican and the former State Treasurer of Massachusetts. Robert Maginn, a senior partner in Bain & Co., a "global strategy consultancy firm" in Boston which had employed Chai Ling, is one of her advisers. Maginn and Chai are to be married.

Chai talks about using the Internet to free China, and she is not shy about using her celebrity as a former student leader to get attention, but she is oddly reluctant to discuss the past. When I asked her to go over some of the events of 1989, she asked why I wanted to know "about that old stuff, all that garbage." She told me that she wanted "closure" for Tiananmen. I felt the chilly presence of Henry Ford's ghost hovering over our cappuccinos in that nice outdoor café in Cambridge. From being an icon of history, Chai has moved into a world where all history is bunk.

PERHAPS it is the ease with which Chai slips into new roles that provokes such fierce antagonism from other Chinese living abroad. Both she and her deputy, Li Lu, have been exceptionally good students of Western capitalism. Li Lu was always a master networker. In 1989, when he arrived in Beijing from Nanjing, his first move was to go from campus to campus to meet the most prominent leaders of the student protests. Within a few days, he had managed to get Chai Ling's attention. She needed political counsel, and as an obscure provincial, he needed a patron. Later, when Li Lu got to the United States, it didn't take him long to impress such people as Cyrus Vance and get invited to address the Bohemian Club. He now manages a hedge fund in Manhattan. Like Chai, he is full of boosterish talk about the blessings of American free enterprise. He has a law degree and an M.B.A. from Columbia, and is given to such rhetorical fancies as a comparison of the current U.S. bull market with a woman's multiple orgasms.



A phrase I've heard often is that Chai Ling and Li Lu built their careers "on the blood of other students." They are seen as "extremists." Extremism is, of course, a variable concept, as is liberalism. Those who criticize the students for their behavior in 1989 include many people who favor incremental political reform rather than radical change. During the late nineteen-eighties, the so-called reformists inside the Communist Party clustered around Zhao Ziyang. Like their boss, many of them were economic liberals but political "neo-authoritarians." Their aim was to promote greater prosperity in China by giving people more economic freedom while keeping politics under strict control. Democracy as a long-term goal was generally regarded as a fine thing, but most reformists were afraid that too much of it too soon would cause chaos in an underdeveloped country like China. That is why a prolonged confrontation with the government over the expansion of political liberties struck them as extreme. This line was taken not only by reformists inside the Party but also, to varying degrees, by intellectuals with no official affiliations.

The behavior of the student leaders immediately after they reached the West is another thing that turned many Chinese against them. In China, the students' moral concerns and their sincerity had been applauded, but in the West they appeared to be shallow and selfish. The temptations were too heady to resist. The students were in their early twenties, had never been outside China, and suddenly found themselves given an audience by the French President and invited to the White House. They had dinner with Senator Edward Kennedy, were interviewed by Ted Koppel, offered movie deals in Hollywood, and handed large amounts of cash that came from Taiwan and Hong Kong and from sympathetic private and government sources in the United States. The stories of excess are legion, and no doubt often exaggerated. There were drunken dinners, unpaid phone bills, boorish interviews, casual sex—the usual rock-star stuff. Wu'er Kaixi, the most flamboyant of the student leaders, told me that during those first three or four years after Tiananmen

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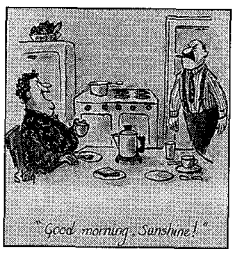

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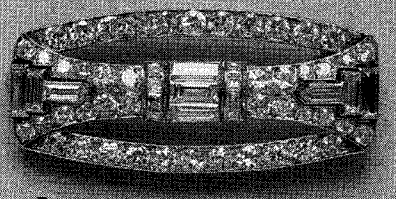

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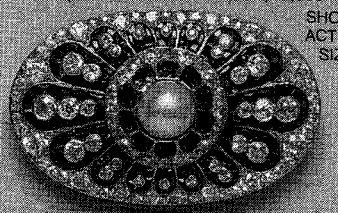

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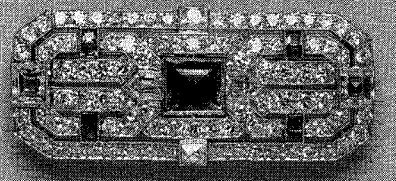

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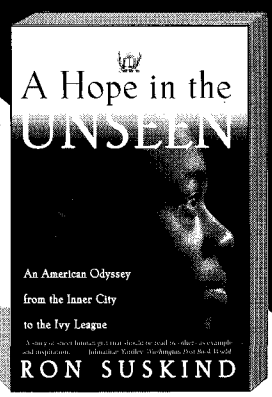

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he should have been "locked up in a mental institution. I couldn't think straight. I was overwhelmed by the difficulties of being in exile, by the expectations of us. I needed at least three years to calm down, just to think properly."

When Chai first got to the United States, she joined other Chinese dissidents at Princeton. She was miserable, she says, a lonely refugee with no money or friends, wanting only to be left alone "to heal the wounds and get on with a new life." In fact, she is being somewhat disingenuous, for the students never lacked material comforts, and Chai Ling was initially prepared to go along with any delusions of grandeur that others provided for her. She was always a willing icon, in Tiananmen Square, and in the United States, where she posed in 1992 as the Goddess of Democracy down the street from the United Nations, to protest a visit by Prime Minister Li Peng. The promotional packet for her new company includes an article from the Harvard Business School *Bulletin* that praises her "leadership skills" in the square. But self-promotion, after all, is the American way, and it isn't really odd behavior in someone who grew up during the years when Deng Xiaoping was opening China to the outside world under the slogan "To Get Rich Is Glorious."

The daughter of doctors in Shandong province, Chai Ling had a hard but not atypical childhood for the period. She was frequently left alone to take care of her brother and sister when her parents were ordered to tend to peasants in remote villages. It is not surprising that she developed an aversion to politics, for politics meant being forced to take part in campaigns that were often brutal, sometimes plainly mad, and almost always humiliating. But life became easier after the death of Mao Zedong, which also happens to be Chai's earliest political memory. She remembers the Chairman's death in 1976 as a moment of liberation. Her teachers told her to cry, but she felt like laughing instead.

As an undergraduate, Chai went to Beijing University, where, she says, "we all had the American dream." What did that consist of? "The America of cowboy movies, where people work their butts off and succeed. I always wanted to come to America. I was applying for a place at an American school in 1989 when the demonstrations began." She didn't see the Tiananmen demonstrations, or even the hunger strikes, as being inspired by politics. It was all about love, and enjoying life. "We loved life so much that we were willing to give it up for others," she says. "It was totally sincere. We wanted to overcome politics."

It is hard to tell how much of this touchy-feely language is due to Chai's years in America. But it is true that 1989 was for many young Chinese what 1968 was for young Europeans and Americans. There was an element of *l'imagination au pouvoir*, of rock-and-roll politics, of sheer individualistic bravado. No doubt much of the pop Americanism was skin deep and meretricious. But the thirst for individual freedom and the distrust of any authority, and even the plain desire to have fun, so easy to sneer at by those who already enjoy such liberties, can become deadly serious under an authoritarian regime. (Think of Vaclav Havel's praise of Lou Reed and Frank Zappa.) Mixed up with the Americana were more Chinese patterns of behavior, too. "We were very arrogant," Wu'er Kaixi said to me. "All Chinese students are. We thought we would save China and solve the problems of Chinese culture."

It is galling for older dissidents, who spent years in jail and are now living in often shabby obscurity in Queens or Long Island, to see the likes of Chai Ling and Li Lu celebrated as freedom fighters, and getting rich in the bargain. To them, American success looks like a kind of betrayal. It seems to go against the students' own claims of patriotism. The venerable journalist Liu Binyan is one of the Chinese who have been sheltered in Princeton. In the wintry twilight of his living room, amid a clutter of newspaper clippings and small exile publications, he talked to me about his disappointment with the students. Liu was once the most famous critic of government abuses in China. He was frequently arrested, bullied, and banished to remote villages, and was finally purged from the Party. "The students thought they were the first democrats in China," he said. "But their greatest

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failure was their desire for personal power. Western influence on the Chinese is usually negative: materialism, sexual liberation, and so on. Self-centeredness is the worst Western influence. The students know nothing about modern Chinese history: the Cultural Revolution, the Great Leap Forward, and all that." His disgust is partly rooted in a deep disappointment. Liu, who is now in his seventies, never completely shed his Marxist ideals. After 1989, he had expected the Chinese regime to crumble, in which case he could have gone home to build a better kind of socialism. He never wanted to be an American success. His dream is still to return to China and be welcomed back by the Communist Party that caused him so much grief. It is as if he blamed the students for the fact that this hasn't happened.

I have a friend in Washington, D.C., named Gong Xiaoxia. She is about ten years older than Chai Ling. That is to say, she suffered during the Cultural Revolution, saw her parents turn against her, was thrown in jail for joining a protest group in the nineteen-seventies, and worked for years in a candy factory before being allowed to study at Beijing University. She now works for Radio Free Asia, broadcasting news to China in the Cantonese dialect. Gong blames the students for not realizing what they were up against, for provoking a government that is "like a mad beast." She calls the students naïve and "Goddamned sentimental." Her contempt for Chai Ling is further inflamed by a particular feminist perspective: "Why is she always crying? Every time she cried, I thought, God damn it! Stand up for yourself. Don't beg for sympathy. I hate that way of inviting men's cheap sympathy!"

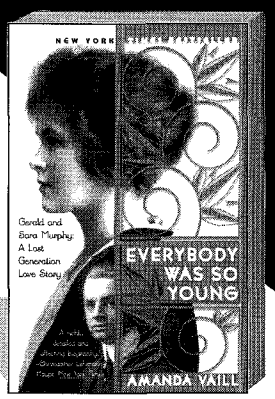
Unlike Liu Binyan, Gong has no nostalgia for China and no dreams of going back. In fact, like Chai Ling, she talks about the U.S. with the deep appreciation of the recent immigrant. Her resentment of the generation of 1989 is not disapproval of Western influence. It is, rather, a resentment of people who, in her view, have had it too easy, first in China and now here. Although she has been in America longer, they took to its culture more naturally. Talking about people of her own age, she says, "We didn't know about material things. We had no understanding of life styles or careers. We had no such information." Gong is a survivor, but not a go-getter. She is a tough-talking woman in sensible trousers and sturdy shoes. After ten years in America, her manner still bears the marks of mainland China. Chai Ling might as well have been born in L.A.

Gong Xiaoxia was a graduate student at Harvard when the Tiananmen demonstrations began. She watched the events on television with sympathy and a degree of ambivalence. "Any political action that breaks the control of the government thrills me," she says. "But I lived in China for thirty-one years, and I know how deep the problems are. So sudden change bothers me." She thinks the students should have left the square after April 27th, when they marched in defiance of the government ban. They had made their point. They should have gone back to their universities and concentrated on student politics. That way, they might at least have broken government's control over campus life, if nothing else. You have to start somewhere. But what is needed is moderation and evolution.

In fact, neither Chai Ling nor any other student leader in 1989 demanded a revolution. It is true that amid the slogans and the rock and roll there were calls for Li Peng and Deng Xiaoping, the paramount Chinese leader at the time, to step down. But the students' demands were not extreme. All they asked for was the right to free speech and to be recognized as patriots, not troublemakers. The call for a "dialogue" about democracy with government officials was naïve, perhaps even arrogant, but what else can people do to hold their rulers to account, when they have neither the right to criticize nor the right to elect them? Breaking the government was never really on the agenda. On the contrary, the students were so keen to avoid any semblance of disorder that they handed over to the police three people who had flung ink at the giant portrait of Mao in Tiananmen Square. All three are still in jail today. One is rumored to have lost his mind.

Wang Dan, the mildest figure among the student leaders, now believes that the demonstrations should have been called off after the hunger strike in May, for at least then no one would

"I never dreamed I'd find someone whom the same things and words delight,' she told Gerald, wonderingly. 'You are in my inmost heart & mind & soul...We are each other.'"



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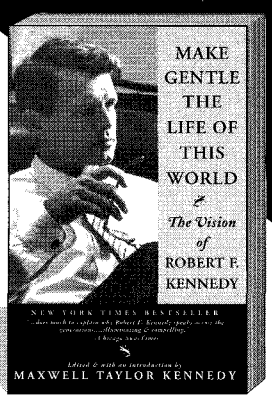

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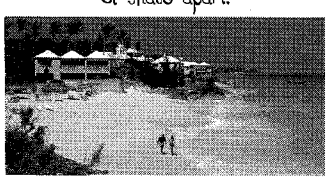

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Black bruise an inch
below my knee; white bone, my
kneecap wrenched askew—

knee a blind eye, bruise
a shiner, the pair of them two
goggle eyes, bridged by

a shiny, half-moon scar.
A battered aviatrix? She
flies above a dream island.

At three I fell from
a knee-high curb. *Mind yourself,*
I hear the voices say

when decades later,
in the bath, my knee, drowned
face, knucklehead, rises

above the water table,
volcano with its violet flame.
Bedpost? Doorjamb?

The hour last week
turned to glass? And if asked
to swear to it, say

what's to blame?
The mind trolls, reels back,
and begins, and begins

again to prove how if
I'd only done that one thing—
but there are so many.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

have been killed. But that is speaking in hindsight. The students might have feared a brutal crackdown, but none of them, including Wang Dan, expected one. Earlier demonstrations on Tiananmen Square, in 1976 and 1987, had been broken up with baton charges and tear gas, never with tanks. Chai Ling, despite her hysterical rhetoric, didn't know that would happen. In any case, by mid-May the movement had gone way beyond campus politics. Political-liaison groups, trade unionists, newspaper editors, government intermediaries, and famous intellectuals were trying to influence the students, even direct them. One reason the student leaders were later resented is that they often refused to listen to the counsel of their elders—a sign, perhaps, of Americanized, or at least un-Chinese, behavior. By the middle of May, Tiananmen Square was beyond the control of any student leader. And so the character flaws of individual students are, strictly speaking, irrelevant.

When people say, as some still do, that Chai Ling was an irresponsible general who led her troops into slaughter, they forget that neither Chai nor any other student was a general. Nobody was forced to follow orders. When people say that Chai, or Li Lu, or Wu'er Kaixi had an imperfect understanding of

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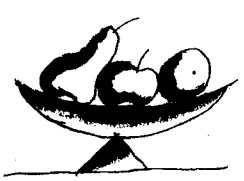
democracy, they forget that Tiananmen Square was not a democracy but a protest movement. It is in the nature of mass protest movements that, regardless of their initial goals, they can result in sudden change, and even, sometimes, in democracy. That is what happened in South Korea in 1986, and it could conceivably have happened in China. It was not the likeliest outcome, but that was no reason for the students to give up. The bloodbath on June 4th was not inevitable. The protests could have split the Party wide open and, in the best case, produced a government led by reformists who would have prepared the way for multi-party elections. But this could have happened only if the reformists had joined the protesters, instead of sending them vague and contradictory signals. When the Party General Secretary, Zhao Ziyang, came to the square after midnight on May 19th and told the students with tears in his eyes that it was all "too late," he knew his career was over. He also knew that his brand of reformism had ended in failure. He was the one who came too late.

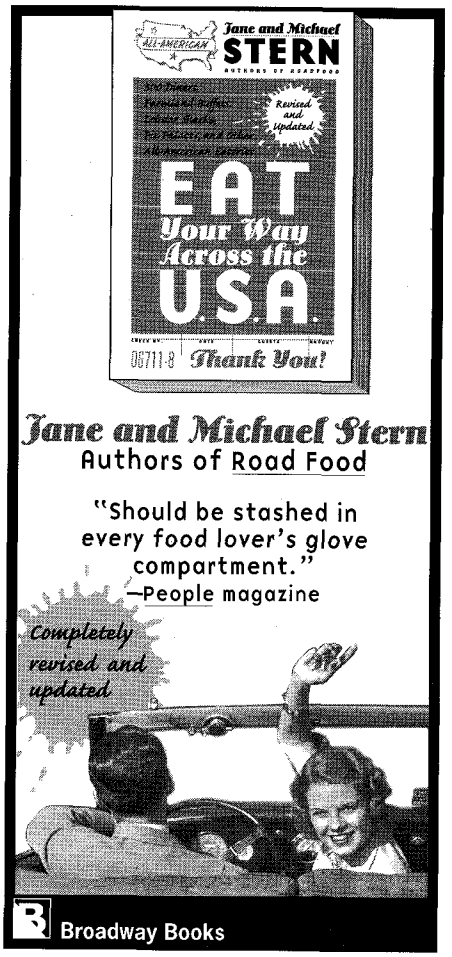
One of the great illusions of 1989, to which some people still cling, as if to justify their own actions at the time, is that the students' "extremism" brought Zhao and his reformists down. I asked Cheng Xiaonong, a man who was close to Zhao Ziyang in the nineteen-eighties, whether he thought there would have been a peaceful evolution toward political liberalism if the students had compromised. Before leaving China, in 1988, Cheng Xiaonong worked for a reformist think tank in Beijing, where he observed Zhao from close quarters. He is now a graduate student in sociology at Princeton. Cheng considered my question and shook his head. There was no chance, he said, of compromising, because Zhao had lost much of his authority in the government and was an isolated and largely impotent figure. In other words, he said, "Chai Ling was right to think that a withdrawal would not have given the students a better option."



So why do so many Chinese intellectuals, even those who consider themselves to be liberal critics of the Communist regime, continue to blame the students' extremism for the setbacks to political reform? The answer lies in a deeper kind of compromise, which exists in any authoritarian system. One of the fiercest critics of Chai Ling and Li Lu is a famous Chinese journalist named Dai Qing. A combative, fast-talking woman in her late fifties, she is a visiting fellow at the Woodrow Wilson Center, in Washington. Her home is in China, and although her writings have been banned there since 1989, she is permitted to accept scholarships abroad. Dai doesn't like being called a dissident. Much of her sardonic wit is aimed at Chinese activists who dream of saving China from their comfortable posts in Princeton or New York. Still, dissident or not, she is critical of Chinese government policies, especially on environmental matters. Dai Qing has spoken out about the potentially catastrophic results of the current plans to build the giant Three Gorges dam on the Yangtze River. Those plans happen to have come from the same man who is widely held to be responsible for crushing the demonstrators in Tiananmen Square, the former Prime Minister, Li Peng.

Dai Qing was arrested after the crackdown in China in 1989 because Party hard-liners blamed her and other so-called liberals for expressing too many critical opinions over the years and thus encouraging the student revolt. In fact, despite her sympathy for the students' youthful idealism Dai Qing had advised them to leave the square and avoid a confrontation with the government. But some of the student leaders were, in her view, as fanatically uncompromising and self-righteous as Red Guards. Like most Chinese who went through the Cultural Revolution, she tends to equate radical behavior with Maoism. She calls the loudest student leaders "Chairman Mao's best students."

Dai Qing is in many ways a more remarkable woman than Chai Ling. She was born in 1941, the daughter of highly educated Communists. Her father was killed by the Japanese when Dai was a child, and she was raised by one of the top Communist leaders. She entered the aristocracy of the People's Republic of China, attended the best schools, and was trained to be an engineer of ballistic missiles. After the Cultural Revolution, she was briefly re-



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cruited as an intelligence agent by the Army, and was instructed to make foreign contacts by posing as a writer. Up to that point she had a perfect, if somewhat sinister, Communist career. But the writerly pose turned into something more substantial. She became an increasingly critical reporter, and began to expose socioeconomic problems that Party leaders preferred to keep hidden.

Dai was a Communist, less out of conviction than convenience, but she was also a traditional Chinese intellectual. Old-fashioned Confucian scholar-officials saw themselves as moral educators of the common people and critical advisers to their rulers. Dai Qing's independent attitudes irritated many officials, but she looks back fondly to the eighties, when intellectuals were listened to by powerful reformers inside the Party. There was room for think tanks, intellectual journals, seminars, and advisory groups around reform-minded political patrons. Under Deng Xiaoping, intellectuals were taken seriously for the first time since 1949. Under Mao, they had been persecuted, marginalized, humiliated, and often murdered. Deng gave them back their traditional role. But there was a trade-off: they had to remain loyal to the system. You could be a critic, but never a rebel. Tiananmen put an end to that cozy arrangement. The advisory groups were dismantled, liberal intellectuals purged. After her arrest in 1989, Dai Qing resigned from the Party. But she blames the students as much as she blames Deng, for, while Deng delivered China from Maoism, the students sounded to her like Red Guards.

In fact, "Mao's best students" often sounded as élitist as their intellectual elders, in their snobbish, metropolitan disdain for workers and provincials. But they were different from the traditional intellectuals in one important respect: the Tiananmen rebellion was driven by students, workers, and intellectuals who were outside the Party, and who deliberately refused to be patronized by this Party boss or that. In May, 1989, there was the glimmering of a nascent civil society, perhaps even, eventually, an opposition party. And the bloodshed of June 4th didn't erase it. Tiananmen has had one interesting and important effect: even though in 1989 the government cracked down hard on the think tanks and reformist intellectuals, the Party has withdrawn from most areas of ordinary people's lives.

Intellectual debate, in private and in select journals, is still lively in China, although the options for Chinese intellectuals who are not complete toadies are limited and never ideal. They can try to organize an underground political movement, which is extremely dangerous. They might find a way to move to Europe or the U.S., where they can be independent but will be cut off from events in China. Or they can do what Dai Qing did, and what she describes quite simply: "I decided to stay, so I compromise." This means that she will avoid a direct confrontation with the Chinese government, both at home and abroad. Yet she expresses contempt for those who have chosen to live outside China and promote Chinese democracy from far away. It is as if their independence were an affront to her need to compromise, just as the students' refusal to compromise in 1989 was an affront to those who did.

The real tragedy of China is that unelected rulers have, through intimidation, split the ranks of people who should be on the same side. Both Dai Qing and Chai Ling would like to see the end of one-party dictatorship in China, even though they might disagree on the timing. Mass demonstrations will not be enough to bring this about, but neither will seminars, campus politics, or secret meetings between favored intellectuals and Party reformers. Political freedom can be won only when all these elements converge, when pressure from the bottom finds support among the reformers at the top. This failed to happen in 1989. China today is a country of many small rebellions: workers striking for better conditions in the northeast, peasants protesting against corrupt officials in Sichuan or Hunan, and religious cults gathering in surprising numbers. There is no coördinated political movement yet. And most urban intellectuals are too fearful of sudden change to encourage such a thing. But until common cause is found many of China's brightest people will continue to move away and become successful Americans; China will continue to be ruled by autocrats; nationalist emotions will remain a dangerous substitute for public debate; and there will be no "closure" for Tiananmen. ♦

"An olive or a twist?"

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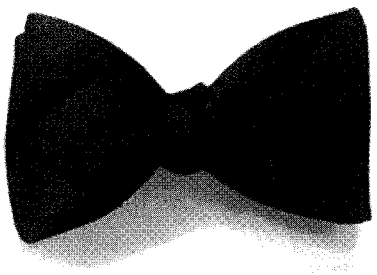

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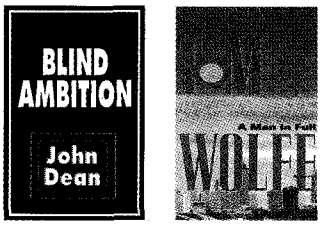

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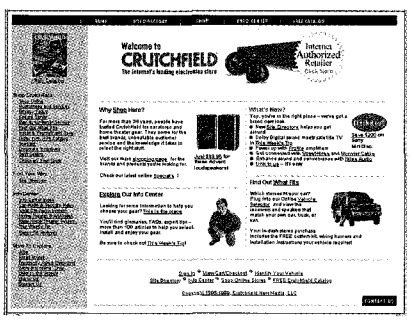

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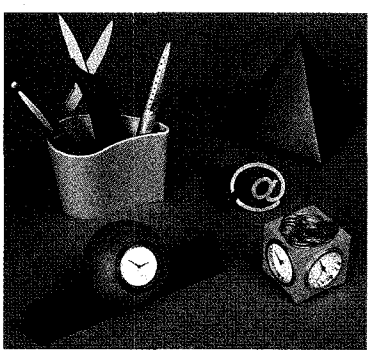

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THE EARLY NOTEBOOKS

BY ANDY BOROWITZ

(Editor's Note: Last year, while doing research at the Center for English Studies at the University of Missouri, I stumbled across a storage box labelled "Unimportant Papers." My curiosity piqued, I opened the box and came upon one of the most startling literary discoveries of the decade: the early notebooks of Cornell Thompson [1898–1974], one of the titans of the modern American theatre. While Thompson would go on to create such masterpieces as the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Rhymes with Orange" [1950], these early notebooks introduce us to the Cornell Thompson of the nineteen-thirties: a budding playwright who was still grappling with issues of style, dramatic structure, and spelling. Though some of the material is, to be sure, raw and unpolished, the following excerpts offer clear glimpses of the towering genius that Cornell Thompson was to become.)

PETER CAMPBELL

JANUARY 21, 1932
It occurs to me that people are often different from what they appear to be. For instance, sometimes people say things that, inside, they don't really mean. In other words, there can be a difference between "appearance" and "reality." Explore.

FEBRUARY 2, 1932
Overheard at the Stockard Hotel dining room: "Oh, shut up, you moron."

APRIL 19, 1932
Note: Characters can sound folksier if you drop the "g" from the end of words, as in, "I'm goin' to the corner to fetch a soda." Also, use "fetch."

MAY 4, 1932
People in families are often nasty to each other. Play idea?

MAY 8, 1932
(Act I, Scene 1, Mabel's place. Mabel and Jack are there.)
Mabel: Jack, you've just been sittin' and thinkin' and doin' nothin'.
Jack: Shut up and fetch me somethin'.

DECEMBER 8, 1932
In the theatre, it's always funny when a character falls down on his butt. Also, the word "butt" is always funny.

JANUARY 23, 1933
Overheard at the Excelsior Room: "You stepped on my damn toe, you chowderhead."

FEBRUARY 14, 1933
To the theatre, to see "Hamlet." Couldn't make heads or tails of the play, but at intermission there were excellent

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treats and candys [*sic*]. Actress who played the loon a real looker.

FEBRUARY 22, 1933

Characters should change. In other words, if they're happy at the beginning of the play they should be sad at the end of the play. If they're mean at the beginning of the play, they should be nice at the end. The things characters do are actions; the things they say are dialogue. It's impossible to have a play without actions or dialogue, because nobody would be saying or doing anything. At least, I'm pretty sure.

MARCH 16, 1933

Cornell Thompson
Cornell Missouri Thompson
Cornell Tennessee Thompson
Tennessee Thompson
Tennessee Tuxedo

APRIL 2, 1933

APPEARANCE—REALITY
NOT THE SAME!!!!

APRIL 3, 1933

When all is said and done, there's nothing like a good lamb chop.

A character who likes lamb chops.

Play idea?

JULY 16, 1933

My landlady keeps asking me to pay her. When pigs fly, you smelly old bich [*sic*].

NOVEMBER 9, 1933

Play idea: A guy says something to another guy that isn't true, which, in Act II, causes problems for the first guy (who said the thing).

FEBRUARY 12, 1934

(*Act II, Scene 3. Mabel's place. Jack has just eaten Mabel's lamb chop.*)

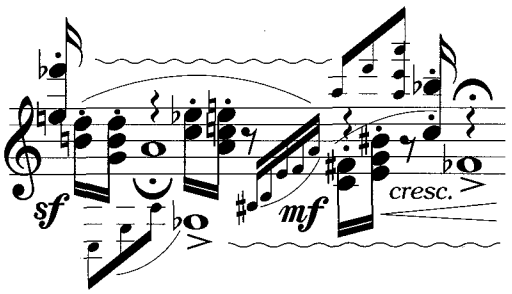
Mabel: Why I oughta—

(She takes a swing at him. Jack ducks. He falls down on his butt.)

Jack: You made me fall down on my butt!

MARCH 23, 1934

Overheard in men's room: What the hell you writin' in that notebook, you sneaky little basterd [*sic*]? ♦



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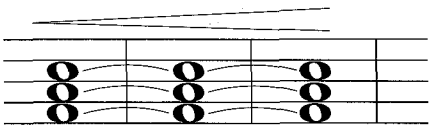

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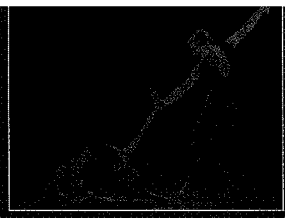
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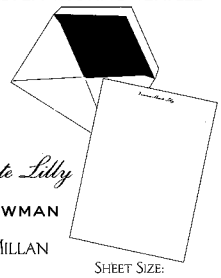

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THE PEOPLE'S GAME

The education of a soccer fan.

BY SALMAN RUSHDIE

I—WE ARE THE WORLD

IN 1994, when the soccer World Cup was about to be played across the length and breadth of a largely indifferent America, perhaps the main concern of those few U.S. citizens who knew it was happening was that the alien phenomenon of soccer hooliganism might be about to arrive in the States. Fortunately, the England team failed to make the finals, and so the feared English hooligans stayed home. Fortunately for the hooligans, I suspect, since, as I heard an American comedian explaining on British television, the World Cup matches were to be played in some of the toughest neighborhoods of some of the toughest cities in the world. "I tell you what," he suggested. "Why don't you bring your hooligans, and we'll bring ours."

Four years later, the World Cup was staged in, and won by, France, and as it happened I watched the entire tournament in America, on ABC, ESPN, and the Spanish-language Univision. The dullness of the ABC and ESPN coverage, with their commentators desperately misapplying the terminology of America's ballgames to soccer, suggested that America's sports media still hadn't discovered the world's favorite game. Even when the U.S.A. team was defeated by Iran—Iran!—there was no more than a brief blip of attention before the Yankees, McGwire, and Sosa regained center stage. (Over on Univison, however—"*Goooooooooo!!!!!*"—things were very different.)

The poor performances of the U.S.A. team could be ascribed, in part, to the fact that it seemed to be made up of college kids. Soccer is not a college sport. Soccer is a people's game, played with empty tin cans in the backstreets of Brazilian cities. Soccer is working-class self-expression. If the United States is to have a first-rate soccer team, it must look away from the colleges and into the heart of the minorities who could be found crowding round their televisions, sharing in the excitement felt everywhere else for the world championship of what is known as *O Jogo Bonito*—the Beautiful Game.

How to convey the idea of beauty as applied to a ballgame that America cares so little about? How to explain the links between soccer teams and national character? All soccer fans know what it means to play like Brazilians (with flair, flamboyance, and intoxicating rhythm), or like Germans (with discipline, unwavering physical strength, and iron determination), or like Italians (defensively, but with bursts of devastating counterattacks). How to describe not the arcana of the game but a condition that crosses all sporting boundaries—that of being a fan?

I could start with a rainy Sunday afternoon in March, when I set out for Wembley Stadium, in northwest London, to watch my favorite team, Tottenham Hotspur, take on Leicester City in the final of the Worthington Cup. Wembley is the hallowed heart of the English game, the turf on which the national team won its only World Cup, way back in 1966. I've been a Spurs fan since the early nineteen-sixties, but I've never made it to Wembley to watch them in a final until now.

What's more, the nineties have been lean years for this once great soccer club. But now we were in a Cup Final. A win might herald the beginning of a new golden era. I made my way to the stadium, full of hope.

II—FIRST LOVE

I CAME to London in January, 1961, as a boy of thirteen and a half, on my way to boarding school, and accompanied by my father. It was a cold month, with blue skies by day and green fogs by night. We stayed at a huge barracks of a hotel, the Cumberland, at Marble Arch, and after we set-

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tled in my father asked if I would like to see a professional soccer game. (In Bombay, where I had grown up, there was no soccer to speak of; the local sports were cricket and field hockey.)

The first game my father took me to see was what I would later learn is called a "friendly" (because the result doesn't count toward anything) between a North London team called the Arsenal and the champions of Spain, Real Madrid. I did not know that the visitors were rated as perhaps the greatest team ever. Or that they had just won the European Cup five years running. (The European Cup is an annual tournament held to determine the champion of all Europe's national champions.) Or that among their players were two of the game's all-time immortals, both foreigners: a Hungarian named Ferenc Puskas, "the little general," and an Argentine, Alfredo di Stefano.

This is the way I remember the game: in the first half, Real Madrid tore the Arsenal apart. The London team was renowned for its tough defensive style of play—"Boring Arsenal" is a label it was stuck with for years—but Real Madrid went through the Arsenal's defense almost at will, and at halftime led 3–0. Then, because this was, after all, just a friendly game, Real took off its star players and replaced them with a bunch of kids. Arsenal stubbornly kept all its first-team players on the field, and the game ended up tied, 3–3; but not even the most diehard Arsenal fans could pretend that the result accurately reflected the quality of the two teams.

On the way back to the hotel, my father asked me for my views. "Well, I didn't think much of that English team," I told him. "But I liked that Spanish side. Can you find out if there's an English team that plays like Real Madrid?" Unknown to me, I had asked for the near impossible; as if, in Michael Jordan's airborne heyday, I had asked, "Can you find out if there's a team that plays like the Chicago Bulls?" My father, almost as much an innocent in these matters as myself, said, "I'll ask at the front desk." What he learned from that long-forgotten hotel clerk changed my life, because a few days later we went to watch the other famous team of North London, Tottenham Hotspur, and I lost my heart.

There were still many things I didn't know. I didn't know that between Tottenham and Arsenal, the Spurs and the Gunners, there was a long rivalry and a deep mutual loathing. (The Spurs' name comes from English history via William Shakespeare; it's taken from Henry Percy, a.k.a. Hotspur, the fiery fourteenth-century rebel who crops up in both "Richard II" and "Henry IV." Arsenal's name has more prosaic origins. The team was originally based near Woolwich Arsenal, in South London. When it moved north, to Highbury, it lost the Woolwich; the Gunners nickname stuck.) I didn't know that the Spurs' tradition was of brilliant offense and eccentrically unreliable defense, and that, if Arsenal was jeered for its negativity (it was said that its fans would sing in celebration of a

What does it mean to be a fan? Enduring decades of disillusionment. It's pathetic. It's monogamous, till-death-us-do-part love.

DAVID MODELL/IPG/MATRIX

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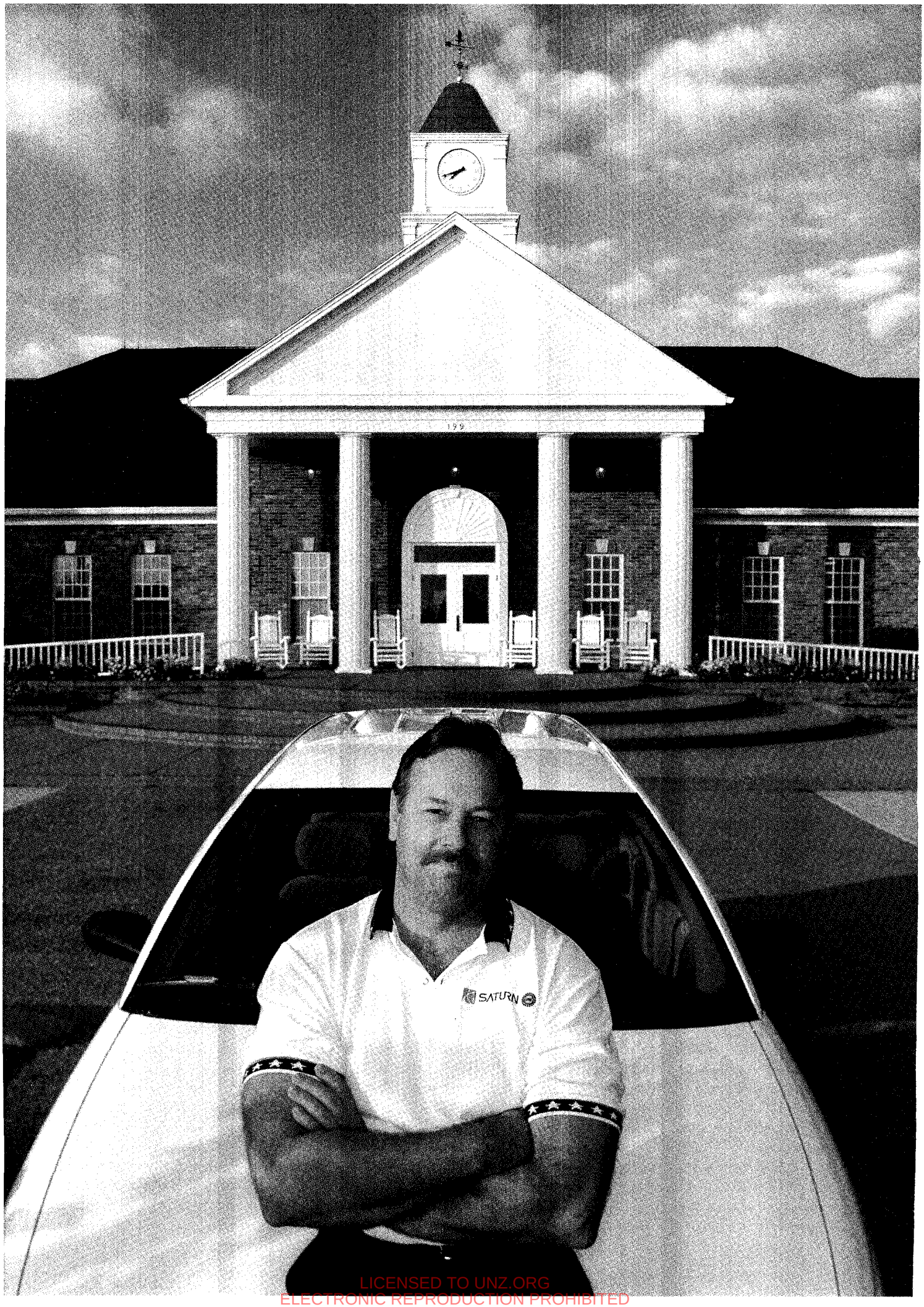

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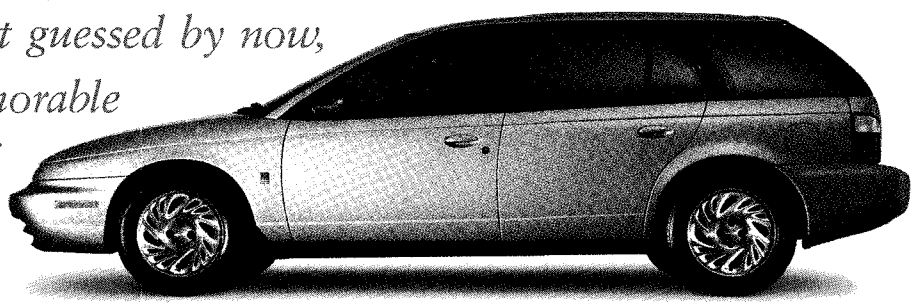
If you haven't guessed by now, Ron Hankins, the Honorable Ron Hankins, mayor of Spring Hill, Tennessee, is a Saturn team member.



And like Ron, all 9,767 of us here are firm believers in the notion that anything is possible. Why, we just spent the better part of two years conceiving and building the world's first three-door coupe.

Meanwhile, in his spare time, Ron says he had a few thoughts about tax reform, as well. Hmmm. President Hankins? Like we said, anything's possible, right? We'll keep you posted.

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scoreless draw), then the leaky Spurs defense was also regularly a butt of ridicule. I didn't even know the words to the Spurs' version of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." ("Poor old Arsenal lies a-mouldering in the grave / while the Spurs go marching on! On! On!") Most of all, I didn't know that under its Scottish coach, Bill (Billy Nick) Nicholson, and its loquacious Irish captain, Danny Blanchflower, Tottenham had become the greatest team to emerge in Britain since the Busby Babes. The Busby Babes were the teen-age and twenty-something stars of a legendary Manchester United team, whose airplane crashed on a snowy night in 1958 in Munich, killing eight players, plus the manager, the trainer, and several journalists.

The hotel clerk had been right. Tottenham could have given Real Madrid a fright. This was the Super Spurs in its greatest year, on its way to capturing British football's Holy Grail, the League and Cup Double; that is to say, a victory, in a single season, in both the Football League and the country's premier knockout competition, the F.A. Cup. In those days, the top division in football contained twenty-two teams, and during a season they all played one another twice, home and away. But in the F.A. Cup—"F.A." stands for nothing more poetic than Football Association—teams were simply drawn to play each other at random, in a series of elimination rounds, until the last two teams left standing contested the Cup Final.

I don't remember the team Spurs thrashed that day, but I recall understanding that I had in some profound way been changed by my visit to this bleak northern borough of a city in which I was still a stranger. The boy who left the Spurs' stadium, on White Hart Lane, after the final whistle was no longer a spectator. He had become a fan.

Bill Brown, Peter Baker, Ron Henry, Danny Blanchflower, Maurice Norman, Dave Mackay, Cliff Jones, John White, Bobby Smith, Les Allen, Terry Dyson. To this day, I can recite the names of the first team. I can even do most of the reserves. Johnny Hollowbread, Mel Hopkins, Tony Marchi, Terry Medwin, Eddie Clayton, Frank Saul . . . Sorry. Sorry. I'll stop.

I can remember, too, the horror with which I greeted the series of mishaps that broke the team up. I felt them as personal tragedies: Blanchflower injured his knee, Norman broke his leg, Mackay broke the same leg twice, and, above all, there was the death of John White, killed by lightning while sheltering under a tree on a golf course. White's nickname at Spurs had been the Ghost.

After winning the Double in the 1960-61 season, Spurs narrowly missed repeating the feat the next year, and in the following thirty-seven years often had what is called in Britain a "good Cup side," winning British and European knockout trophies but never winning a League championship again. This is what it means to be a fan: to wait, enduring decades of disillusion, and yet to have no choice in the matter of allegiance. Each weekend, I turn to the sports pages, and my eye automatically seeks out the Spurs result. If the team has won, the weekend feels richer. If the team has lost, a black cloud settles. It's pathetic. It's an addiction. It's monogamous, till-death-us-do-part love.

In that glorious 1960-61 season, however, Tottenham did, just that once, take the championship by storm. Then the team went down the road to Wembley for the Cup Final, the Double's second leg, and won the game 2–0, even though the team didn't play well on the day, as even its manager Bill Nicholson now admits. It was, in fact, a little lucky to win.

The team it beat was Leicester City.

III—GOALKEEPERS

UNLIKE most American sports, soccer almost always has some kind of knockout competition being played somewhere. At the top of the pile is the World Cup. After an initial round, every game is do-or-die: you win, you go to the next round; you lose, you go home. Next is the European Cup, the one that Real Madrid dominated for so long, in which again, after an initial round, it's do-or-die. And then, in Britain, there's the ancient and glamorous F.A. Cup. This is the premier domestic knockout competition, and the Final is played the week after the season ends, usually the third weekend of May. At the bottom of the pile is the Johnny-come-lately, cheap-and-cheerful League Cup, which has successively metamorphosed, in this era of sponsorship, into the Milk Cup, the Coca-Cola Cup, and now the Worthington Cup. Worthington is a brewery, but at least beer, milk, and Coke are things you can pour into cups. Cricket, also a much-sponsored sport, has had its Cups sponsored by the manufacturers of cigarettes and razor blades.

The Final turned out to be a tale of two goalkeepers. The Spurs goalie, Ian Walker, had only recently regained his place in the starting lineup after a slump in form, and many of us still wondered if he was up to the task. Leicester, on the other hand, had Kasey Keller. Keller had been the goalkeeper for the United States during the 1998 World Cup. He is one of the few Americans to find a place on a starting lineup of an English team. (John Harkes and Cobi Jones are two others.) On the day, Walker and Keller made one bad mistake apiece at crucial moments of the match. One of them got away with it. The other's fumble decided the game.

Goalkeepers aren't like other players, perhaps because they are allowed to handle the ball within the delineated confines of the penalty area, or perhaps because they are the last line of their team's defense, but mainly because, for goalkeepers, there is no middle register of performance: each time they play, they know they will come off the field either as heroes or as clowns. A good goalkeeper must be brave enough to dive at the feet of an opponent arriving at speed. He must exude an air of swift decisiveness. He must know when to catch the ball and when to punch it, and, if he can, when to rise above the throng of players and make the ball his own. In 1961, the goalkeeper on the Super Spurs team was the Scottish Bill Brown. He was dour and gaunt and unsmiling and brilliant, and had an old-fashioned short-back-and-sides haircut. One day in the mid-sixties, however, Billy Nick splashed out thirty thousand pounds, then a world record for a goalkeeper, to bring a huge raw Irish kid the short distance from a little football team in suburban Watford to the mighty

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Spurs. His name was Pat Jennings, and he wore his hair fashionably long and wavy, with sideburns. The Spurs faithful distrusted him at once.

He did his time in the reserve side, the English equivalent of a triple-A team in baseball, but soon enough he got his turn in goal. The home fans gave him a hard time, but at a crucial moment he flew across his goal mouth to save a shot that was heading at high velocity for the far top corner, and not only made the save but caught the flying ball cleanly in a single outstretched hand. We looked at one another, aghast, with the same question in all our eyes: exactly how big are this guy's paws? After that save, Jennings had no more trouble with the Spurs crowd, who took him to their hearts, until, many seasons later, the management did an unthinkable thing. Deciding that Pat was over the hill—our by now beloved Pat, regularly rated as the finest in the world!—they transferred him to Arsenal.

To Arsenal, of all clubs, where he went on to enjoy year after year of triumph! Even now, it's hard to put into words the outrage I felt. The outrage I still feel. I can only say what Spurs fans said to one another in those days, furiously, mirthlessly, often adding, as intensifiers, a series of unrepeatable expletives. "It's a joke." (By which we meant, of course, that it was beyond a joke.)

IV—THE SOUNDTRACK

Ossie's going to Wembley
His knees have gone all trembly
Come on, you Spurs.
Come on, you Spurs.

SOCCER is a sung game, lustily and thoroughly sung. Teams have their individual anthems, often, oddly, of American origin—"Glory, glory, hallelujah" for Spurs, Rodgers and Hammerstein's "You'll Never Walk Alone" for Liverpool—and a collection of other, so to speak, patriotic songs. The Ossie in this song, who is going to Wembley with knees that have gone all trembly, was Osvaldo Ardiles, a member of the Argentine team that won the World Cup in 1978. He came to Spurs immediately after the victory and endeared himself to the supporters both by the neat brilliance of his play and by his inability to master the sound of the English language. ("Tottingham," he called his chosen club, or, alternatively, "the Spoors.")

In 1981, Ossie was on the Spurs team that once again reached the F.A. Cup Final. By then, he had been joined by another Argentine, Ricardo (Ricky) Villa. The game, against Manchester City, was a draw. In those days, if the game ended in a tie, everyone had to come back the following Tuesday for a replay. In the replay, Ricky Villa scored one of the most inspired goals of modern times, jinking and twisting past the opposing defense before burying the ball in the net. Thus Ossie's final became Villa's triumph. Ricky won the Cup for "Tottingham," but Ossie still has the song.

Then there's the music of the roars. In the middle nineteen-eighties, I lived for a time at one end of Highbury Hill; at the other end is the Arsenal sta-

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dium. Match days, when the crowd surged past our house, were often a little wild. (Once, somebody stuck a flayed pig's head on the iron railings of my front yard. Why? The pig didn't say.) I could always work out how the game was going by the way the crowd roared. One kind of roar—uninhibited, chest beating, triumphant—invariably followed a goal by the home team. Another, groanier noise indicated a near miss. A shrieky third informed me of a near miss by the opposition. And a dull grunt, a flayed pig's head of a grunt, followed a goal by the visitors.

There are also the chants. I once took the Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas Llosa to White Hart Lane, and he was bewildered and delighted when he realized that the fans' cry of "One team in Europe! There's only one team in Europe!" was being chanted to, more or less, the tune of "Guantanamera."

Or this (all together now): "We all agree . . . Arsenal are rubbish!" Or, when your team is winning: "Are you watching, are you watching, are you watching, Arsenal?" Or, in the same circumstances, but more ambitiously: "At last they're gonna believe us, at last they're gonna believe us, at last they're gonna believe us!!! . . . we're going to win the League" (or, when appropriate, Cup). Or this, after your team has taken the lead (done vindictively while pointing at the visiting team's supporters): "You're not singing, you're not singing, you're not singing anymore!"

V—DAVID AND THE GENT

In a game played the week before the Worthington Cup Final, Tottenham's French superstar, the gifted David Ginola, scored a goal that was almost a replay of Ricky Villa's famous Cup-winning masterpiece: a labyrinthine solo run past most members of the opposing defense, then an unstoppable shot. Ginola has movie-star good looks and Pat Jennings's hair: tresses long and silky enough to win him a featured role in a L'Oréal-shampoo television commercial. Ginola's skills are even more lustrous than his locks. Ginola can shimmy like your sister Kate. His balance, his feinting, his control of the ball at high speed, his ability to score from thirty yards out, all make him a defender's nightmare. But ever since his early days with Newcastle United, the English team he played for before he came south to Tottenham, two criticisms have been made of him.

First, that he is a "luxury player." No term in the football lexicon is more damning, a phrase freighted with the profound British mistrust of the artist (and, implicitly, the equally profound British admiration for the artisan). A "luxury player" has great gifts, but he's lazy. He doesn't run enough, or tackle enough. He's selfish and narcissistic and vain and ought to be taken down a peg or two and reminded that, as the cliché goes, no player is bigger than the game.

Second, that he dives. Diving is a form of gamesmanship, and to appreciate the skill involved you have to understand the fundamental rule of soccer: you're meant to play the ball, not the man. Play the man—trip up his legs, take him out at the ankles, slam him across the knees—and it's a foul. A diver pretends to be fouled when he hasn't been. A great diver is like a salmon leaping, twisting, falling. A great dive can last almost as long as the dying of a swan. And it can, of course, influence the referee; it can earn free kicks or penalty kicks; it can get an opponent thrown out of the game. The course of the 1999 Worthington Cup Final between Spurs and Leicester would be greatly altered by a dive.

An earlier Spurs star, the great German goal scorer Jürgen Klinsmann, also used to be accused of diving. England fans had booed and howled at Klinsmann when he plunged to the ground during the 1990 World Cup while playing for Germany. But once Klinsmann was traded to Spurs—he was the star of the pre-Ginola era—then the fans understood that this noble spirit was more sinned against than sinning. A similar change of attitude followed Ginola's arrival from Newcastle. Oh, now we saw the subtle pushes with which cynical defenders knocked him off balance, the surreptitious little trips and ankle taps in whose existence we had so vocally disbelieved. Now we understood the tragedy of genius, we saw how grievously Ginola—like Klinsmann before him—had been wronged. Was this just our self-serving fickleness? Certainly not. Reader, it was because the scales fell from our eyes.

As for the other criticism, that Ginola was lazy: that all changed when, midway through the season, Spurs hired a new coach (or what the English call a manager). His name is George Graham, known, when he was an elegant player, as Gentleman George. As a manager, he has acquired a less cultured image, as the hardest of hard men, whose teams are built on

"We didn't have time to pick up a bottle of wine, but this is what we would have spent."

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the granite of an impregnable defense.

What would a grim fellow like George Graham make of the blessed butterfly Ginola? It was widely believed that the L'Oréal model would be the first player Graham unloaded after taking charge. Instead, Ginola has blossomed into greatness. The manager has inspired the player to work hard, and the player has, well, inspired the manager the way he inspires us all. "Do something extraordinary," Graham now tells Ginola before each game, and it's astonishing how often Ginola obliges.

Oh, there's one more thing about George Graham. First as a player and then as a manager, he made his name, and won a shelf of trophies, at Highbury. Spurs had hired the former manager of its archenemy, Arsenal.

VI—DECLINE AND FALL

How could our old archenemy be given control of the Spurs team? The answer lies in the long, depressing tale of Spurs' decline. Boardroom incompetence during the late eighties had landed the team in financial trouble, and in 1991 its star player—England's moron-genius, the child-man Paul Gascoigne, as famous for bursting into tears during a World Cup game as for his exceptional talent—had to be traded to Lazio, in Rome, to help pay off the club's debts. The "sale" was a traumatic event for the fans. Gascoigne was what we thought of as a true Spurs player, fabulously gifted, a "flair player," an artist. The low point was reached last year, when the team's owner, a computer-industry millionaire named Alan Sugar, appointed a Swiss manager. He was named, alas, Christian Gross. Commanding little respect and unable to attract first-rate players, he came close to letting Spurs slip into last place and lose its élite status. Gross was duly sacked. But then Sugar turned to an ex-Gunner, Gentleman George.

George Graham had taken some hard knocks of his own. For while Graham, as the manager of Arsenal, had led the Gunners to two League Championships and four other major honors in nine years, he had faced accusations of wrongdoing. In 1995, he was found guilty by the Football Association of receiving "bungs"—under-the-counter

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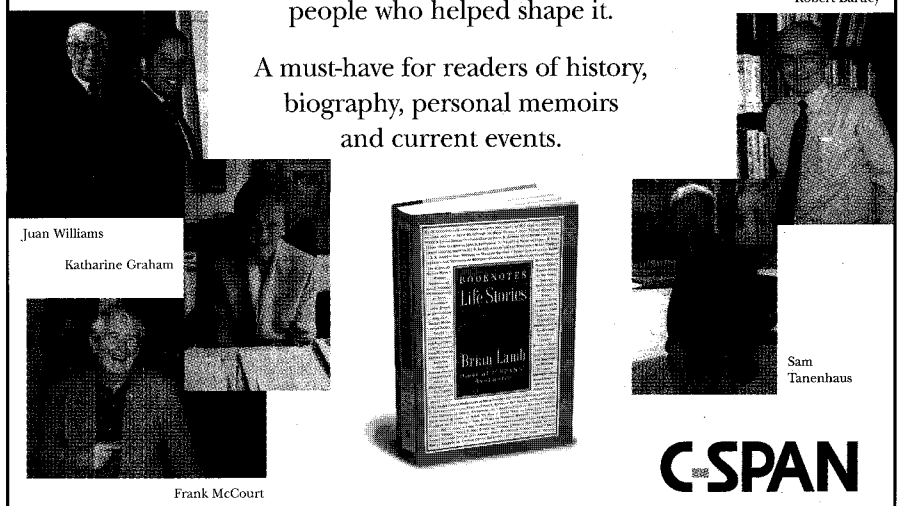

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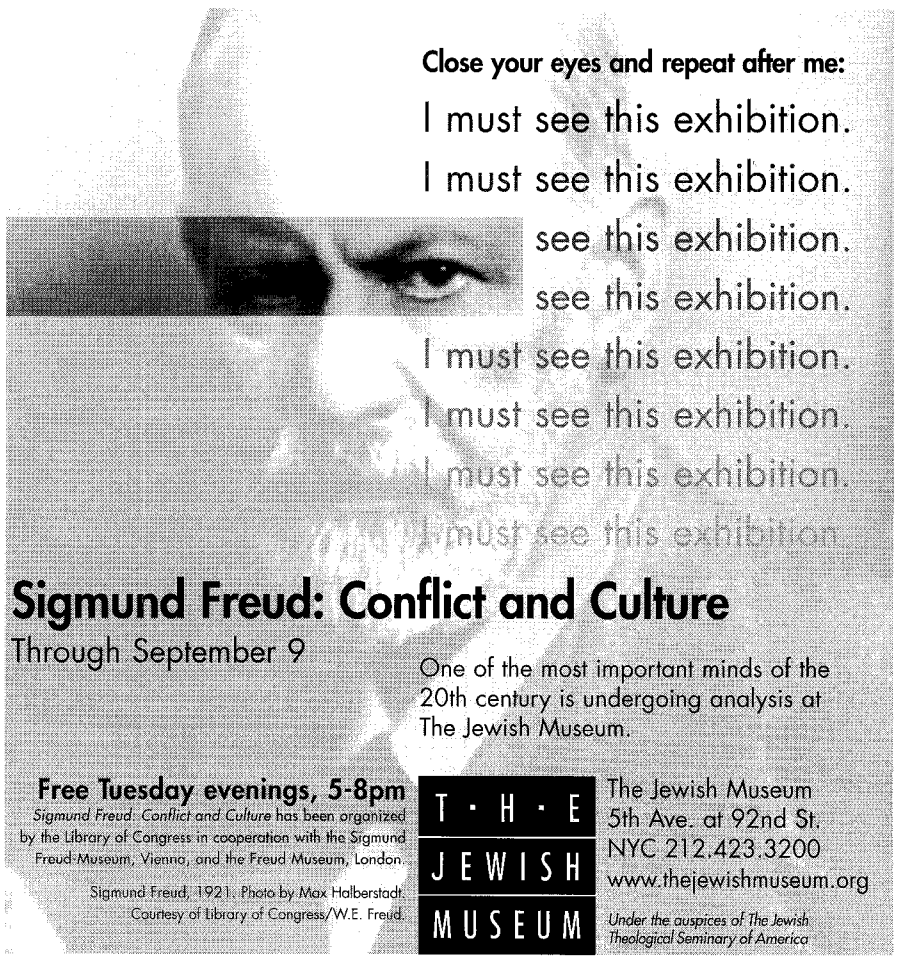

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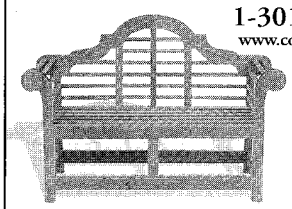

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cash payments of more than seven hundred thousand dollars, made as "sweeteners" during big-money trades of big-name players. Gentleman George lost his job.

But if some Spurs fans mistrusted Graham—and who can blame them?—the speed of the team's improvement shut them up. Tottenham still doesn't have a great team, but getting to Wembley is the most glamorous event in a club footballer's life. George Graham must take the credit for bringing a little of the glamour back to depressed old White Hart Lane.

VII—A RESULT TEAM

OBSERVED on the way to the big game: a man, passing a pub near the stadium, grimacing at the sidewalk, which was ankle deep in plastic beer glasses and empty cans. "That's why the game will never catch on in the States, right there," he said, a little shamefacedly. A second man chimed in, "That, and the food," he said. "The meat pies, the fucking burgers." The first man was still shaking his head at the garbage. "Americans would never leave this mess," he sighed. "They wouldn't stand for it."

A third man, passing, recognized the first, and greeted him gaily, "You're like bleeding dogshit, mate—you're everywhere, you are."

The three men went off happily toward Wembley.

Inside the stadium, the field was covered in two giant shirts and a pair of giant footballs. As the teams arrived, great flocks of blue and white balloons were released—something plainly learned from studying American sporting occasions. Even so, you'd have to be made of stone not to be affected by the communal excitement of standing together against the world—or against an opposing team, anyhow. The chanting swelled and surged from one end of the grand old stadium to the other. Next year, Wembley is to be demolished and a new, third-millennium super-stadium built in its place. This was almost the old lady's last hurrah.

The game began, and it was evident that it wasn't going to be a classic. Leicester looked distinctly second-rate, and although Spurs settled first into a rhythm, the team didn't inspire confidence. In the twenty-first minute, its captain and star defender, Sol Campbell, completely missed a crucial tackle, and Leicester almost scored. My heart was in my mouth, but Ginola gave me things to enjoy: a fast, swerving run past three Leicester players unable to stop him, and a moment of breathtaking ball control; he pulled down an awkwardly high ball with one touch of the outside of his right boot, and passed it away almost instantly—speed, artistry, danger.

No goals in the first half.

In the second, however, high drama. In the sixty-third minute, Tottenham's Justin Edinburgh was crudely brought down by Leicester's blond-thatched Robbie Savage. Irritated by the clumsiness of the tackle, Edinburgh reached out with an open hand and smacked Savage somewhere on the head. Blond hair flew. Then, after an absurdly long pause, Savage suddenly feigned a serious injury. He executed a perfect backflip and collapsed, writhing, on the ground. In other words, he took a dive.

The referee, having been fooled, promptly showed Edinburgh the dreaded red card. Once a player is shown a red card, not only is he expelled from the game but he can't be substituted, and, with Edinburgh now sent off, Spurs were down to ten men against Leicester's eleven."Cheat, cheat," chanted the Spurs fans, and then they booed. The noise made by thirty-five thousand fans booing in unison was unearthly, monstrous; but in our hearts we feared that the day might be lost. And for the next several minutes, as Leicester City charged forward, our fears seemed justified.

The play was one-sided—all Leicester City—but slowly Tottenham regained its confidence. The Tottenham right-back Stephen Carr started making more and more penetrating runs. Darren Anderton (once nicknamed Sicknote because he got injured so often, but fit at last these days) was also beginning to play well, with his trademark long-legged stride and his dangerous floating crosses. And even though Ginola appeared to be having a quiet game, he was forcing Leicester to use two or even three players to stop him. This meant that in spite of being a man down Spurs started acting like

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the team with the extra player. The fans sang a rousing chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah."

Meanwhile, Leicester's Savage, clearly rattled by the boos that filled the stadium whenever he touched the ball, was involved in another bit of rough stuff, but got away with it. The game was into its last five minutes. If there was no result after ninety minutes' play, there would be half an hour of extra time, and if the score was still level the game would be decided by penalty kicks. (Soccer fans hate the arbitrariness of the sudden-death penalty shoot-out.)

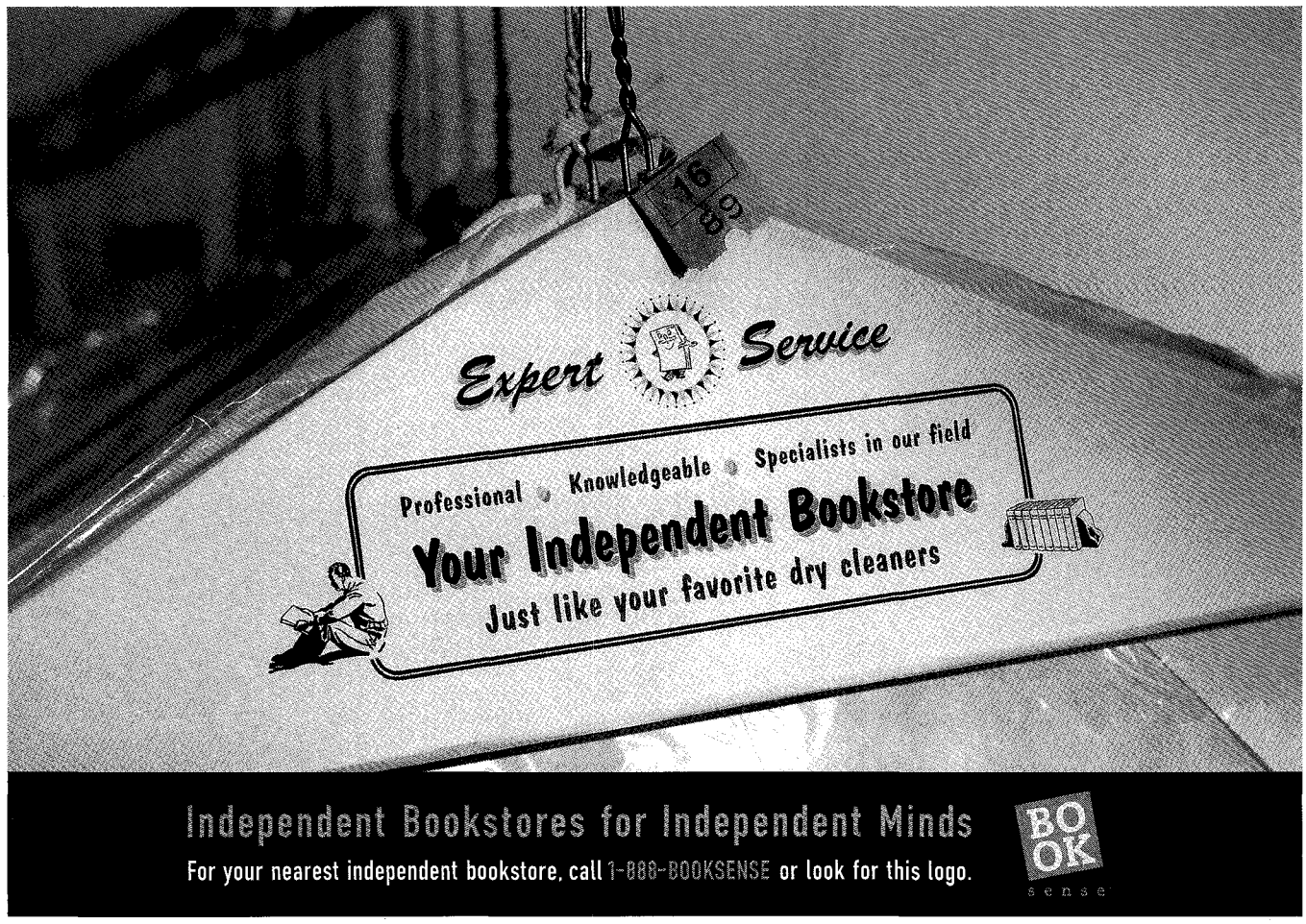
Four minutes before the end of regulation time, Tottenham's goalkeeper, Ian Walker, ran over to pick up a loose ball and slipped! He missed the ball completely. Amazingly, after Leicester's Tony Cottee rushed over and knocked the ball toward the now undefended Tottenham goal, there wasn't a single Leicester player there to tap it into the net. The first of two terrible goalkeeping mistakes, and Tottenham's moment of danger had passed.

And then, in the last minute, lightning struck. Leicester, settling in for extra time, was caught unprepared by a sudden whipped pass from Les Ferdinand, in midfield, to Steffen Iversen, who was sprinting down the right side of the field before anyone realized what had happened. He cut in toward goal and shot. It wasn't a great shot: it was on target but weak. Somehow, the American goalkeeper, Kasey Keller, failed to hold the ball, and palmed it feebly toward the charging Allan Nielsen. Boom! As the Univision commentators would say, "*Goooooooooo!!!!!*"

It was over in an instant, and Tottenham won 1–0. There were the celebrations—the losers' consolation medals were given to Leicester, the winners' medals and the Cup itself to Spurs—and, of course, the jeering: "You're not singing, you're not singing, you're not singing anymore." The oddly three-handled Worthington Cup was lovingly kissed and triumphantly held high by each Tottenham player in turn. In victory, the players suddenly stopped looking like rich, pampered superstar athletes and became, instead, innocent young men bright with the realization that they were experiencing a great moment in their lives. Never mind the scrappiness of the game. It's the result that counts.

George Graham is famous as a manager of "result teams," teams that will somehow grind out what they need without bothering too much about providing entertainment along the way. I can't remember when the term was last applied to a Spurs lineup. It's an Arsenal kind of concept. "Boring Arsenal" was also "Lucky Arsenal," because of its habit of stealing games like this one. Well, who's boring and lucky now?

As I left the ground, beaming foolishly, a fellow Spurs fan recognized me and waved cheerily in my direction. "Gawd bless yer, Salman," he yelled. I waved back, but I didn't say what I wanted to say: Nah, not Gawd, mate, he doesn't play for our team. Besides, who needs him when you've already got George Graham and David Ginola; when you're leaving Wembley Stadium with a win? ♦



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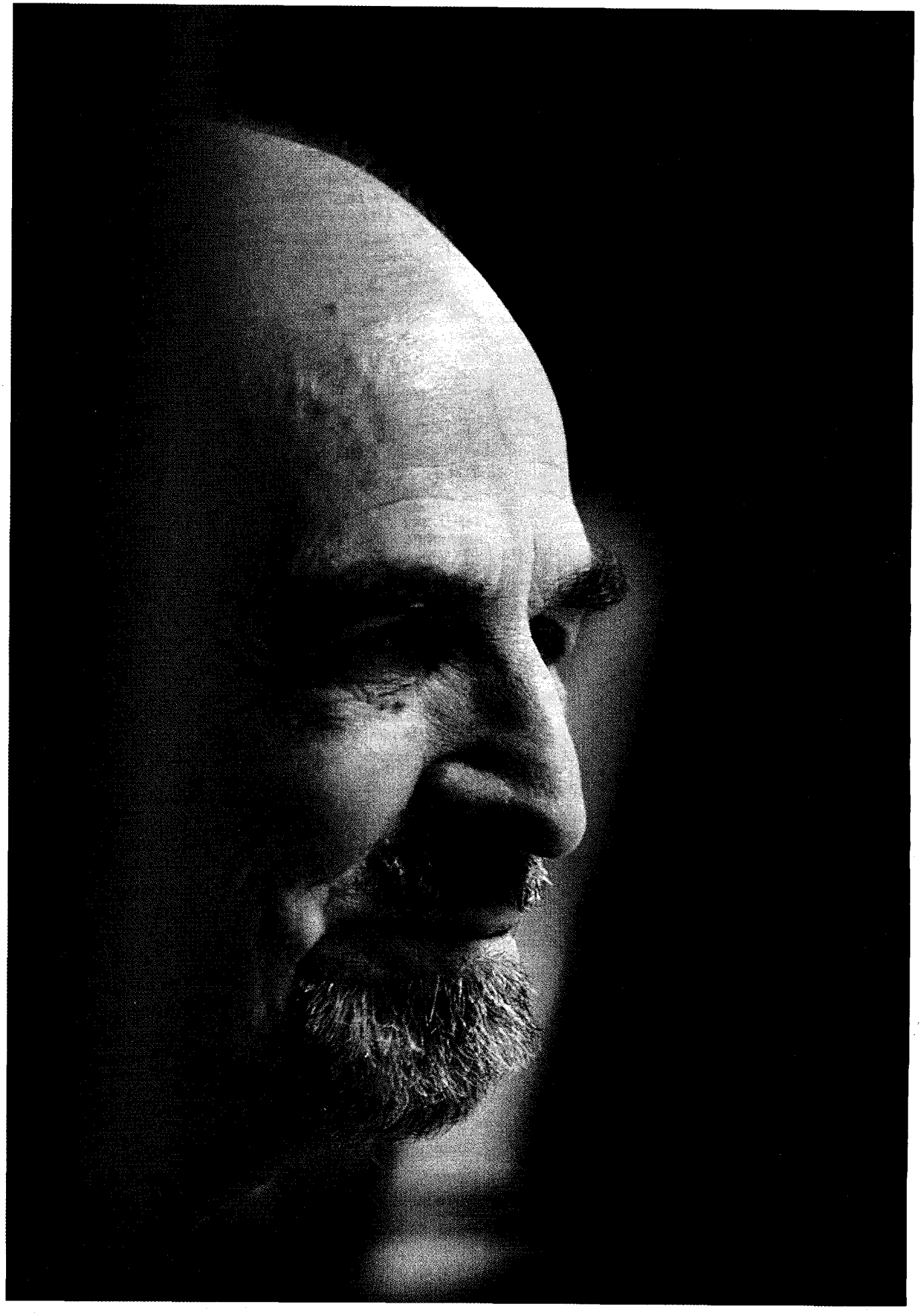

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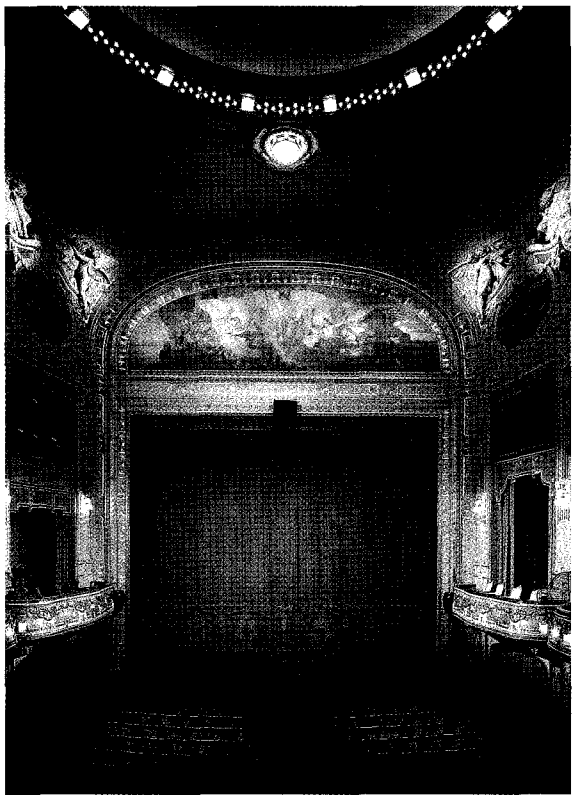
PROFILE

THE DEMON-LOVER

After six decades in film and theatre, Ingmar Bergman talks about his family secrets and the invention of psychological cinema.

BY JOHN LAHR

IN "The Hour of the Wolf," a film that is probably the darkest of Ingmar Bergman's journeys into his shadowy interior, the protagonist, an artist beset by night sweats, is fishing off a craggy promontory on an island where he has come to live. A pesky young boy materializes and by degrees invades the artist's tranquillity. They grapple; the boy scrambles onto the artist's back, tearing at his neck and trying to devour him. The artist smashes the boy against the cliff, then beats his head in with a rock, and finally, with a curious gentleness, lowers the vanquished demon of childhood into the sea. The scene, in its choreographed ferocity, is an allegory for Bergman's lifelong struggle to fend off the ghosts of his past, which he is determined to defeat, but with reverence.



The flat, windswept island in "The Hour of the Wolf" (1968) recalls Fårö, in the Baltic Sea, where Bergman, now eighty, spends most of his time. His single-story gray-brown house, which he built in 1966 for himself and Liv Ullmann, who was then his partner, sits unobtrusively on the island's isolated southeastern edge, hidden by a forest of scrub pines and overlooking shale beaches and the empty sea. The island—a two-hour hop by plane and ferry from Stockholm, where Bergman now ventures only in order to work—also provides the brooding setting for "The Passion of Anna" (1969), and its extremes match Bergman's roiling temperament. "I have such difficulty calming down—my stomach, my head, reality, everything. That is the reason I live in Fårö," he said this March, in Stockholm. "I have a feeling of complete balance. The sea, the house, the loneliness, the light. Everything is clearer. Much more precise. I have the feeling that I am living on a limit, and I'm crossing that limit sometimes." We were sitting in his small, soundproofed office at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, known as the Dramaten, where he was rerehearsing Per Olov Enquist's "The Image Makers" for its American début. The play, which will appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music next week, is a fictional account of the first screening of Victor Sjöström's silent film "The Phantom Carriage," for the Nobel Prize-winning Swedish novelist Selma Lagerlöf; her book about her alcoholic but idealized father was the basis for Sjöström's screenplay.

Bergman, who watches "The Phantom Carriage" once a year on Fårö, and who cast Sjöström memorably as the aging professor in "Wild Strawberries" (1957), also revisits his family in his work, but his method is the opposite of Lagerlöf's idealization. His films, which amount to a singular courageous act of emotional autobiography, explore ancient humiliations; his gift lies in his access to dark feelings and in his ability to call them out into the open, where they can be seen and acknowledged and finally understood. And though most of the Western world knows Bergman only as a filmmaker, his work in the theatre—from Shakespeare to Mishima—is of similar stature. With Enquist's play about Sjöström and Lagerlöf he dramatizes the struggle of all artists to impose their particular spirit on their material: in the act of reimagining their lives they somehow preserve and redeem both the inadequate parent and the memory of pain. This aesthetic transformation—the play calls it "resurrection"—is a game in which Bergman is without peer. While most people spend a lifetime building up defenses against the hurts of childhood, Bergman's defense is to embrace them. "I have always had the ability to attach my demons to my chariot," he writes in his 1990 book, "Images: My Life in Film." "And they

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENGT WANSELIUS

Bergman (left) and the main stage at Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theatre. Anxiety, the director says, is "my life's faithful companion, inherited from both my parents, placed in the very center of my identity—my demon and my friend spurring me on."

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have been forced to make themselves useful. At the same time they have still managed to keep on tormenting and embarrassing me in my private life."

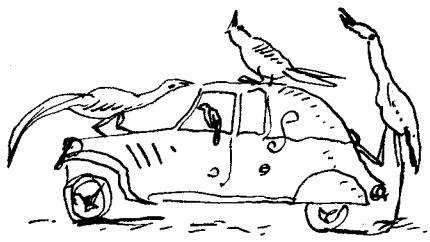
WHEN Bergman and I had last met, in 1996, during the opening in Stockholm of "The Bacchae," Bergman compared his theatre work to carpentry, and said he was eager to lay down his tools. He thought the play would be his farewell to the theatre. (He had bid adieu to filmmaking more than ten years earlier, after his Academy Award-winning "Fanny and Alexander.") He was looking forward to Fårö's solitude. He does not like noise—"Quiet" signs are posted around the Dramaten when he's at work. He does not like lateness: he positions himself outside the rehearsal hall at ten each morning in case the cast wants to fraternize, and rehearsals begin promptly at ten-thirty; lunch is at twelve-forty-five; work finishes at three-thirty. He does not like meeting new people or people in large groups. He does not like surprises of any kind. "When I'm in Stockholm, I'm longing every day for that island—for the sea, for nature," he told me. "To listen to music. To write. To write without deadlines. When he was my age, my father—he was a clergyman—relearned Hebrew with a friend. They read Hebrew and wrote to each other in Hebrew. There are so many books I want to read. Difficult books. That's what I intend to do and what I'm longing for."

Bergman's retirement didn't last. "If I don't create, I don't exist," he told the Swedish press in 1976, when charges of tax fraud (from which he was completely exonerated in 1979) sent him into voluntary exile in Germany, where he stayed for several years. Since he was young, Bergman says, he has "created reality around me the way I wanted." He began as a boy, with puppets and magic-lantern shows, and has since contrived to be in rehearsal almost all his life. "Through my playing, I want to master my anxiety, relieve tension, and triumph over my deterioration," he writes in "Images." "I want to depict, finally, the joy that I carry within me in spite of everything, and which I so seldom and so feebly have given attention to in my work."

Indeed, when we think of Bergman's films, joy is not the first word that comes to mind: for most viewers, they call up an atmosphere of agitation, a tense balance between scrutiny and unknowing, a sense of the silence that rustles underneath personality. Yet through this mist of unhappiness another kind of joy is discernible—in the audacity of Bergman's camera, in the vigor of his argument against evasions of all kinds, and in the ruthless (and sometimes humorous) penetration into the contradictory drives of human nature. Before Bergman, film was mostly about what could be seen and depicted in the external world. Very little of important cinema was psychological: it was wars, chases, situation comedy. Bergman was the first filmmaker to build a whole œuvre through the exploration of the internal world—to make visible the invisible drama of the self. For future generations of filmmakers, he was a kind of bushwhacker, who found a way of embracing the Freudian legacy in cinematic terms and cut a path deep into the psyche—"the soul's battlefield," as Woody Allen calls Bergman's cinematic terrain.

In a career of nearly sixty years, Bergman has written some sixty films, most of which he directed; by the end of this year, he will have added another, "Faithless"—an account of his involvement in a love triangle, which Liv Ullmann is to direct. He has also mounted more than seventy plays; next February he will stage a new production of August Strindberg's "Ghost Sonata" at the Dramaten. When Bergman is in Stockholm, he lives in an apartment built on the spot where Strindberg lived, and the connection is more than spiritual: as Sweden's most expert storyteller, Bergman is Strindberg's heir. And anyone wishing to map the geography of Bergman's genius will find clues in the streets of Stockholm, where he grew up.

THE Hedveg Eleanora Church is a high-domed ochre building on the fashionable east side of the city, where Bergman's father, Erik, served as minister for two decades, beginning in the mid-thirties, when Bergman was a teen-ager. The church stands just two blocks north of the Dramaten, where Bergman would eventually set up a kind of alternative ministry—first as the artistic director, for a few years in the mid-sixties, and later as a staff director and resident genius. It's startling that the church of Bergman's youth and the theatre of his adulthood should be so close together: a metaphor for the twinned inconsolability and solace with which his rebellious work always contends. Hedveg Eleanora is austere, monumental, and calm in the watery northern daylight; the Dramaten is an Art Nouveau promise of sumptuous pleasure: warm, noisy, bustling, bright.



But it was in Hedveg Eleanora that Bergman got his first extended lesson in masquerade. In the canopied gilt Baroque pulpit, which is thirty feet high and looms above the teal pews, Pastor Bergman, who was tall and handsome, cut an imposing figure; the young Bergman "never dared go to sleep when my father was preaching." "It was some sort of theatre," he recalls. "Fascinating and boring. The room had a magic, you know. It was always sold out. My father was a marvellous actor." Erik's performance of a righteous, receptive minister in public was entirely at odds with what the young Bergman saw at home—a "lamentable terrified wretch" full of "compressed hatred." The contradiction was the basis of Bergman's confounding sense of insecurity. "Offstage he was nervous, irritable, and depressive," Bergman writes of his father in his autobiography, "The Magic Lantern." "He worried about being inadequate, he agonized over his public appearances, kept writing and rewriting his sermons." Bergman adds, "He was always fretting and given to violent outbursts."

In the limestone solemnity of the church, Bergman senior spoke of good and evil and the promise of eternal life; his son was fascinated by something else. "Death was always present, because under the floor in the church there were graves," Bergman says. "I thought of the skeletons and the dead. Always in contact with the dead." It was not just the actual dead but the emotionally dead parts of his parents which Bergman was obsessed with. "You can't escape me," the ghost of the humorless, punitive

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Bishop says to his stepson Alexander, tripping the boy on his face at the end of "Fanny and Alexander" (1982). And Bergman never could escape. At nineteen, he had a sensational falling-out with his father. "The mountain of aggressions between us was so heavy and so terrible, I had to go my own way," he says. "I said to my father, 'If you hit me, I'll hit you.' He did, and I did it. I can still remember his face." The estrangement lasted some thirty years. "I look at him and think I ought to forget, but I don't forget," Bergman writes of his father in the autobiographical novel "Sunday's Children." "No, in fact, that's not true. I *wish* I could forget him." After Bergman's mother, Karin, died, in 1966, Bergman, then forty-eight, began visiting his eighty-three-year-old father every Saturday at four o'clock. "It was good to sit there with him," Bergman says. "We didn't talk about complicated things or the past. I think it was some sort of therapy for us both. When he died, we were friends."

"Right now I'm between drinks."

• •

Ingmar Bergman was interested not in saving souls but in baring them. Pastor Bergman invoked the Holy Spirit; his son made a spectacle of spirit and of his own version of the mysteries—what he called "the administration of the unspeakable." In his films and stage productions, Bergman always leaves room for the unknown, the intuitive, the invisible; he may have lost his faith in God but not his sense of the miraculous. He likes to recall a time when he and his father went to church, and the pastor, who was sick that day, told his parishioners that there would be no Communion. Erik Bergman went back to the sacristy, reëmerged in vestments, and assisted the pastor by offering Communion. Bergman used the moment as the ending of "Winter Light" (1963); it also provided him with, as he writes, "the codification of a rule I have always followed and was to follow from then on: *irrespective of everything, you will hold your communion.*" The theatre's communion is an altogether different kind; there are no sacraments, but in Bergman's profound dissection of character and feeling there is a sense of the sacramental.

The Dramaten is probably the best repertory theatre in the world. It currently employs three hundred and six people, including fifty actors, and this year, for the cost of about three Broadway musicals ($25 million), it mounted thirty-two productions, eighteen of which were new shows. Bergman saw his first play there in 1928, when he was ten. From the outset, it was a stimulating holiday from the deadly silence, evasions, and disciplined repressions of his family. "For me, the stage was a free zone, where everything was allowed," Bergman told me one afternoon as he took me to seat 675, in the second row of the upper circle, which is where he sat that first day, and where he still occasionally comes to sit and think about things after rehearsals or before an appointment. Dressed in his usual rehearsal mufti (a cardigan sweater, brown corduroy slacks, cashmere socks, white Reebok sneakers with a piece of black masking tape over the left toe), he eased his rangy, slightly stooped frame into the seat as stagehands loaded his production of Witold Gombrowicz's "Princess Ivona" onto the main stage.

"Oh my God, I love this house," he said, and immediately flashed back to his first visit. "I was alone. It was a matinée. A Sunday in March. My God, I'll never forget it. I was so excited I got a fever. So I had the enormous advantage of being ill on Monday, when there was some sort of math test at school. My mother had been a hospital nurse. You could never bluff her. I had a real fever, so I could stay at home. I was in bed the whole day. Not talking to anybody. Lying under the covers. Thinking of what I'd seen the day before."

EARLY in the the film version of "Sunday's Children" (1992), Bergman's towheaded proxy, Pu, sits with his playmates in the upstairs room of the blacksmith's house, where the blacksmith's bovine wife suckles a boy of five as well as her own infant. "Can I taste?" the dour Pu asks. The other children laugh. The woman says, "I don't mind, Pu, but you'll have to ask your grandmama or mum first." The easy access to emotion, attentiveness, embrace—all the coherence and pleasure that the breast symbolizes for a child—was never certain for Bergman.

"I was quite sure I had been an un-

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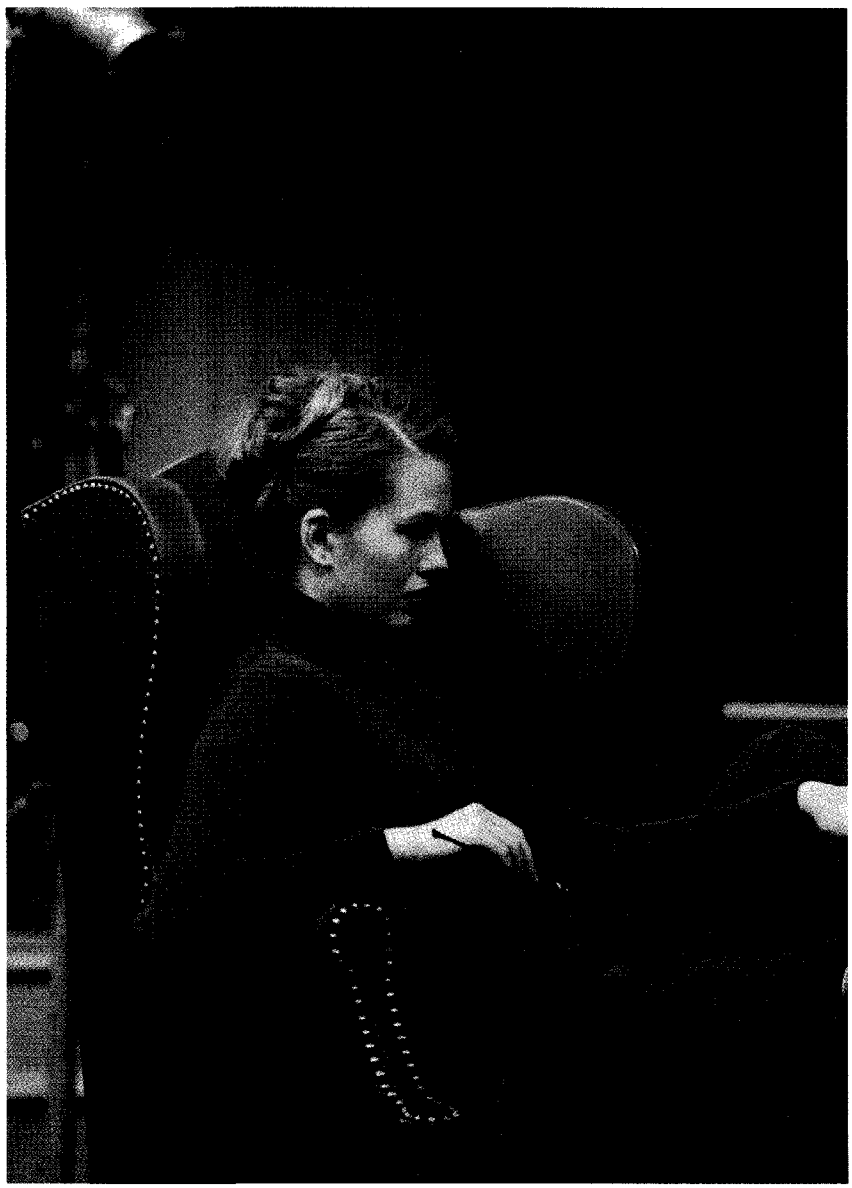
wanted child, growing up out of a cold womb," Bergman writes. When Karin's account of her more than fifty-year marriage was found in a safe after her death, it left her husband devastated and Bergman vindicated in his childhood hunch about his mother's ambivalence toward him. Bergman ends his autobiography with an entry from his mother's diary written shortly after his birth, in 1918. She'd been married five years.

> Our son was born on Sunday morning on 14 July. He immediately contracted a high temperature and severe diarrhea. He looks like a tiny skeleton with a big fiery red nose. He stubbornly refuses to open his eyes. I had no milk after a few days because of my illness. Then he was baptized in an emergency here at the hospital. He is called Ernst Ingmar. Ma has taken him to Väroms, where she found a wet nurse. Ma is bitter about Erik's inability to solve our practical problems. Erik resents Ma's interference in our private life. I lie here helpless and miserable. Sometimes when I am alone, I cry. If the boy dies, Ma says she will look after Dag, and I am to take up my profession again. She wants Erik and me to separate as soon as possible. . . . I don't think I have the right to leave Erik. . . . I pray to God with no confidence. One will probably have to manage alone as best one can.

Ingmar was sandwiched between his bullying older brother, Dag, whose bed he once tried to set on fire, and his sister Margareta. Besides the children, Karin was saddled with her agitated husband and a full parish workload: she didn't have the emotional reserves to satisfy Ingmar's hectoring neediness. "Her reactions to me were incomprehensible," Bergman says. "She could be very warm and tender to me and very standoffish and cold."

Ingmar was frequently punished. When he wet his bed, which he did chronically, he was forced to wear a red skirt for the entire day; minor infractions of family rules meant that the child was temporarily "frozen out," meaning that "no one spoke or replied to you"; serious misdemeanors were met with thrashings, which were carried out with a carpetbeater in his father's study. "When the punishment quota had been established, a hard green cushion was fetched, trousers and underpants taken down, you prostrated yourself over the cushion, someone held firmly onto your neck and the strokes were administered," Bergman writes. "After the strokes had been administered, you had to kiss Father's hand, at which forgiveness was declared and the burden of sin fell away, deliverance and grace ensued."



The actress Elin Klinga in Bergman's production of Per Olov Enquist's "The Image Makers," which will have its New York début next week.

Inevitably, in an environment ruled by caprice and control, Bergman became a showoff and a wily fabulist. "I was a talented liar," Bergman says. In "Fanny and Alexander" he repeats the true story of telling his school class that his mother had sold him to the circus. For the young Bergman, the unmooring anxiety was that he couldn't seem to hold his parents' attention—a distance emphasized by the fact that he was never allowed to address them with the intimate *du*. The excruciating frustration of not quite being able to reach a parent is a powerful mood in many of his films. In "The Silence" (1963) a boy languishes outside a hotel room where his mother has gone to bed with a stranger; in "Fanny and Alexander" brother and sister are locked away from the warmth of their mother in a drab room of the Bishop's house. These are chilling traces of Karin's iciness, which burned and numbed him at the same time.

"Already as a little boy, I had to figure out how to get my mother warm," Bergman recalls. "When I was five, I started to train myself to read my mother, her way of thinking and reacting. Then it went from my mother to the people surrounding me." This childhood maneuver became his greatest directorial asset. "He's a camera," the grande dame of the Swedish theatre, Anita Björk, says. "He looks at you and sees everything." Bergman's uncanny, prolonged cinematic scrutiny of the face—"No one draws so close to it as Berg-

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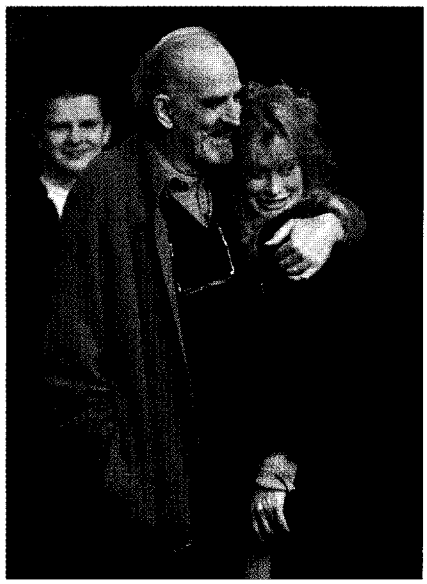
man does," François Truffaut said—originates in a desire to get under Karin's skin.

FROM an early age, Bergman re-created in himself a kind of alternative mother—giving himself, in his fantasy-obsessed play, his own form of undivided attention. Bergman's puppets, toy theatres, and magic-lantern shows were worlds that he totally controlled and that were all-embracing reflections of him. In his films the consoling embrace is an iconic motif: in "Cries and Whispers" (1973), in which two sisters and a maid circle each other in a deathwatch over a third sister, the maid bares her breast and holds the dying Agnes to her; in "Sunday's Children," as Pu and his father find shelter from a rainstorm during a bicycle trip, the father wraps his jacket around his son's shivering shoulders.

These images resonate with Bergman's defining longing for what he calls "contact in the belly." "I wanted to touch," he says. "I had a very strong longing to touch other human beings. Still do." Bergman's hectic emotional life (he has had five wives, nine children, and mistresses in almost epic numbers) has been dominated by this ancient, unslakable emptiness and avidity. "He sought the mother," Liv Ullmann, who had a daughter with Bergman, writes about their five-year relationship in her own memoir, "Changing." "Arms that would open to him, warm and without complications."

Only Bergman's upper-class maternal grandmother, Anna Åkerblom, who had been a teacher, offered him unconditional acceptance. "To her I was not a child, I was a human being," Bergman says, recalling summers at her house in the country. "Every evening we'd sit down together on the same green sofa, perhaps for half an hour. We'd sit holding hands and we'd discuss things. Or she'd read something to me." Together, they went to the movies, they invented ghost stories, and, as he writes in "The Magic Lantern," they created their own crude cinematic scenarios: "One of us started by drawing a picture, then the other continued with the next picture, and thus the action developed. We drew 'actions' for several days. They could amount to forty or fifty pictures, and in between the pictures we wrote explanatory texts."



Clockwise from top left: Bergman and Lena Endre; Harriet Andersson in "Sawdust and Tinsel"; and the director on the set of "Fanny and Alexander."

CLOCKWISE: BENGT WANSELIUS; PHOTOFEST; LESTER GLASSNER/NEAL PETERS COLLECTION; OPPOSITE: BENGT WANSELIUS

Bergman was the beneficiary of a focus that his grandmother had not been able to lavish on Karin, and that Karin, in turn, could not provide for her son. "Were we given masks instead of faces?" Bergman asks his mother in "The Magic Lantern." He answers his own question in "Persona" (1966), whose title has its root in the Latin for "mask." He separates the dead and the caring parts of his mother into two warring characters, who in the course of the drama merge, in a weird symbiosis, into one face. In the dreamlike prologue a bookish boy tries to touch the large fading image of a woman who looms and recedes at the same time; this turns out to be Alma (Bibi Andersson), who is a nurse, as Karin was—the bright, duty-bound, positive side of the mother. In the course of the film, Alma is infiltrated by the negativity of her patient, an actress called Elisabeth Vogler (Liv Ullmann), who rejects both speech and motherhood, and even goes as far as to rip up a picture of her son. "It's amusing to study her," Elisabeth writes in a letter about Alma, who has opened up to her over time, and who intercepts the letter. She feels betrayed, and her humiliation becomes an articulate, almost visionary energy, which she projects into the mute Elisabeth, conjuring her voice and speaking her story, which echoes the story of Karin and Ingmar:

> The child was sick. It cried unceasingly, day and night, I hated it, I was afraid, I had a bad conscience. . . . The little body had an incredible, violent love for his mother. I protect myself, defend myself desperately, because I know I cannot repay it. . . . And so I

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try and try. But it leads only to clumsy, cruel encounters between me and the boy. I can't, I can't, I'm cold and indifferent, and he looks at me and loves me and is so soft I want to hit him, because he won't leave me alone.

"Persona" puts the audience where the child in Bergman sits: full of contradictory feelings and images that are imminences of the betrayal of love and its even graver consequence, the loss of meaning. "The picture grows white, grey, the face is wiped out. Is transformed into Alma's face, starts to move, assumes strange contours," read the stage directions for the end of the film, which was originally called "Cinematography." "The words become meaningless, running and jumping, finally vanishing altogether. The projector stops, the arc lamp is extinguished."

From the moment when the ten-year-old Bergman cranked his first projector and ran his first three-metre film loop through a magic lantern—lit by a paraffin lamp and throwing a trembly brown image on the whitewashed wall of his nursery wardrobe—the shadows on the wall, he says, "wanted to tell me something." He goes on, "It was a girl, a beautiful girl. She woke up. Stretched her arms out. Danced just one circle and went out. How I concentrated on this girl! Then I could move it the other way, so she came back!" The apparatus of film could retrieve or reverse the past; it could make the inert come to life; it could penetrate the senses and speak soul to soul with or without words. It was—and remains—a miraculous hedge against loss. Bergman says, "I still have the same feeling of fascination. It hasn't changed."

"ALMOST from the beginning, Ingmar knew exactly what he wanted," says Bergman's best friend, Erland Josephson, who starred in "Scenes from a Marriage" (1973), among many other Bergman projects. His performing partnership with the director dates from his student days, when the twenty-one-year-old Bergman cast him as Antonio in a university production of "The Merchant of Venice." "He was very strict and honest with the text, and very practical," Josephson says, adding, "He always knew that this is a profession for experienced people, and that he had to get experience as fast as possible." The Swedish painter Ann Romyn, who knew Bergman in his early professional years and found his energy "menacing," says, "He was a sort of sorcerer. He had powers, I would say. Imaginative powers. He could influence people."

"All I'm getting out of him is a lot of profanity."

In 1941, at the age of twenty-three, Bergman undertook for the first time to write uninterruptedly. The result in that first year was twelve stage plays and a libretto. One of the plays, "Kasper's Death," got him a job in the script department of Svensk Filmindustri, and there, from nine to five every day, he joined a "half-dozen slaves" trying to make screenplays from novels, stories, and scripts in need of doctoring. Soon the company was producing one of Bergman's original screenplays, "Torment" (1944)—an anguished Expressionist tale about a student who falls in love with a woman and finds out that he shares her with his sadistic, crypto-Nazi Latin instructor. The film's director was Alf Sjöberg, a grandee of the Dramaten, whose reputation for excellence would be surpassed in his life-time only by Bergman's own; he adopted the young author as a kind of protégé. When Sjöberg was otherwise engaged, Bergman even got to shoot the film's final exteriors, which represent his first professional footage. "I was more excited than I can describe," he wrote later. "The small film crew threatened to walk off the set and go home. I screamed and swore so loudly that people woke up and looked out their windows. It was four o'clock in the morning."

Over the next few years, Bergman made "Crisis" (1946), "It Rains on Our Love" (1946), "Port of Call" (1948), "Music in Darkness" (1948), "Prison" (1949), and "Thirst" (1949), all of which telegraphed in their titles a rebellious pessimism that shocked the Swedes. Except for "Music in Darkness," a story about a pianist blinded in military service, which was a box-office success, the films were generally not well received. "Bergman was treated like a subversive, blasphemous, and irritating schoolboy," Truffaut wrote in *Cahiers du Cinéma* in 1958. Nevertheless, Bergman was gathering support from the Swedish film industry. The producer Carl Anders Dymling allowed him to start from scratch on "Crisis" after three weeks of disastrous dailies. Victor Sjöström, then the artistic director of Svensk Filmindustri, taught him "about the power of the naked face and to be simple, direct, and tell a story," Bergman says.

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Sjöström also offered advice about the politics of persuasion both onscreen and off. "Don't keep having rows with everyone," he told Bergman. "They simply get angry and do a less good job. Don't turn everything into primary issues. The audience just groans." The film editor Oscar Rosander revealed "a fundamental truth—that editing occurs during filming itself, the rhythm created in the script." Several of Bergman's early scripts were co-authored, but increasingly he relied on his own narrative skills; he often writes his scripts in novel form before breaking them down into screenplays. "Ingmar had to do his own scripts simply because there were no novelists or playwrights who were any good in Sweden," Michael Meyer, the British translator and biographer of Strindberg and Ibsen, says. "They didn't have a Graham Greene."

At the same time that Bergman was directing films, he headed up a series of civic theatre companies—first at the Helsingborg City Theatre, where his appointment as artistic director, at twenty-six, made him the youngest in the nation's history. He continued this double duty throughout his career, and many of his early masterpieces ("Wild Strawberries," "The Seventh Seal," "Smiles of a Summer Night") were engineered in part to keep his theatre company together and working. By the early fifties, he had assimilated his influences (Cocteau, Anouilh, Hitchcock, classical theatre), and his films took an introspective turn: they moved from posing social problems to analyzing personal ones. When Bergman tried to dramatize the happiness of Swedish youth—in "Summer Interlude" (1951), "Summer with Monika" (1953), and, even tangentially, in the masterly "Wild Strawberries"—the films were strained, and Bergman understood why. "I myself never felt young, only immature," he wrote in "Images." "As a child, I never associated with other young people. I isolated myself from my peers and became a loner. When I had to formulate dialogue for my young characters, I reached for literary clichés and adopted a coquettish silliness."

Bergman was better at dramatizing his demons—what he calls the "heavy inheritance of universal terror" which permeated everything in his life. Liv Ullmann remembers a trip they took to Rome together, when he was "nervous of the plane and of everything." They stopped off in Copenhagen, and he needed to wash his hands, which meant leaving her, "the safe person," and taking the elevator down to the men's room. "After about ten minutes, I saw him come out of the lift. He had a proud little smile. He had done it!" She adds, "I still think of that little smile, which seemed to say 'Do you know what I've done all by myself?' He'd mastered his fear—and his fears are so everyday."

By his mid-thirties, Bergman had fresh anguish to add to his childhood material. His philandering was legendary: one revue song of the period went "I don't mind being wild and free /As long as Ingmar Bergman fancies me." Bibi Andersson, who took up with Bergman in the mid-fifties for a few years, says, "He was considered a rebel and a genius and brave and a little dangerous. He walked around with this beard and beret and boots. Too thin, too energetic, but wild. I thought he was the sexiest thing the world had created." She adds, "When he asked me to be with him, I thought to myself, I don't give a shit if I'm in love or not. I just want to be around this mind. I want to hear things. I want to learn things. My mother kicked me out." Andersson, who remains a close friend of Bergman's, sees him as "a very hysterical personality."

But Bergman was beginning to make something of his hysteria—something that, unlike his artless childhood outbursts, forced thoughtfulness from his audience about his mortified inner life. It was with "Sawdust and Tinsel" (1953) that he took his initial step into murky autobiographical terrain, and his soul-searching and his cinematic language brilliantly coalesced for the first time. In the character of Albert Johansson—a circus owner caught between his longing for a settled existence with the wife he has abandoned and his vagabond life with a circus bareback rider—Bergman created "a walking chaos of conflicting emotions" who was a simulacrum of his own erotic confusions. He had found his cinematic vein.

" 'Sawdust and Tinsel' was my first true picture," Bergman says. "You know, my lying went on for a long time. Suddenly I understood that I had to stop. I saw that the lies were some sort of filth on my pictures. . . . I had the conscious feeling 'Now, Ingmar, you must tell the truth every minute.' Then, in 1955, before 'Smiles of a Summer Night,' I was together with a girl. We were very much in love. I had to tell her the truth, and I did. 'I'm not going to marry you. I don't love you that way. I want to fuck you.' That was the beginning. Poor girl."

Bergman's art now squarely acted out his anxiety, which he calls "my life's most faithful companion, inherited from both my parents, placed in the very center of my identity—my demon and my friend spurring me on." Erland Josephson says, "He is inconsolable, and he wants to be that—to be close to his own hurt parts." Out of this brokenness, Bergman generated a plethora of unsettling images: the clock with no hands ("Wild Strawberries"), the spectral dance of death ("The Seventh Seal"), the cuckolded clown bearing his naked wife over a rocky shore ("Sawdust and Tinsel"), and always the mysterious, protean illuminations of the human face.

BERGMAN'S God-haunted stories gave an uncompromising form to the existentialist angst that was the intellectual vogue of nineteen-fifties Europe, sounding the rumble of loss under everything: love, sex, faith, identity. The films created a seismic disturbance when they were first shown, and nowhere more than in America, which embraced Bergman with an enthusiasm that Sweden never matched, perhaps in reaction to the insipidity of American entertainment in the postwar boom. Bergman was the antidote to the fluffy world of Doris Day, George Axelrod, and William Inge. " 'The Seventh Seal' and 'Wild Strawberries' came to New York," Woody Allen recalls. "I was stupefied. I was on the edge of my seat. They could've burned down the theatre, I wouldn't have known." Allen continues, "He's a great entertainer. This is what finally makes him great. It's not homework to go to his movies."

Not homework, perhaps, but sometimes hard work: "The Rite" (1969), about a trio of players being investigated by a judge, is, to all intents and

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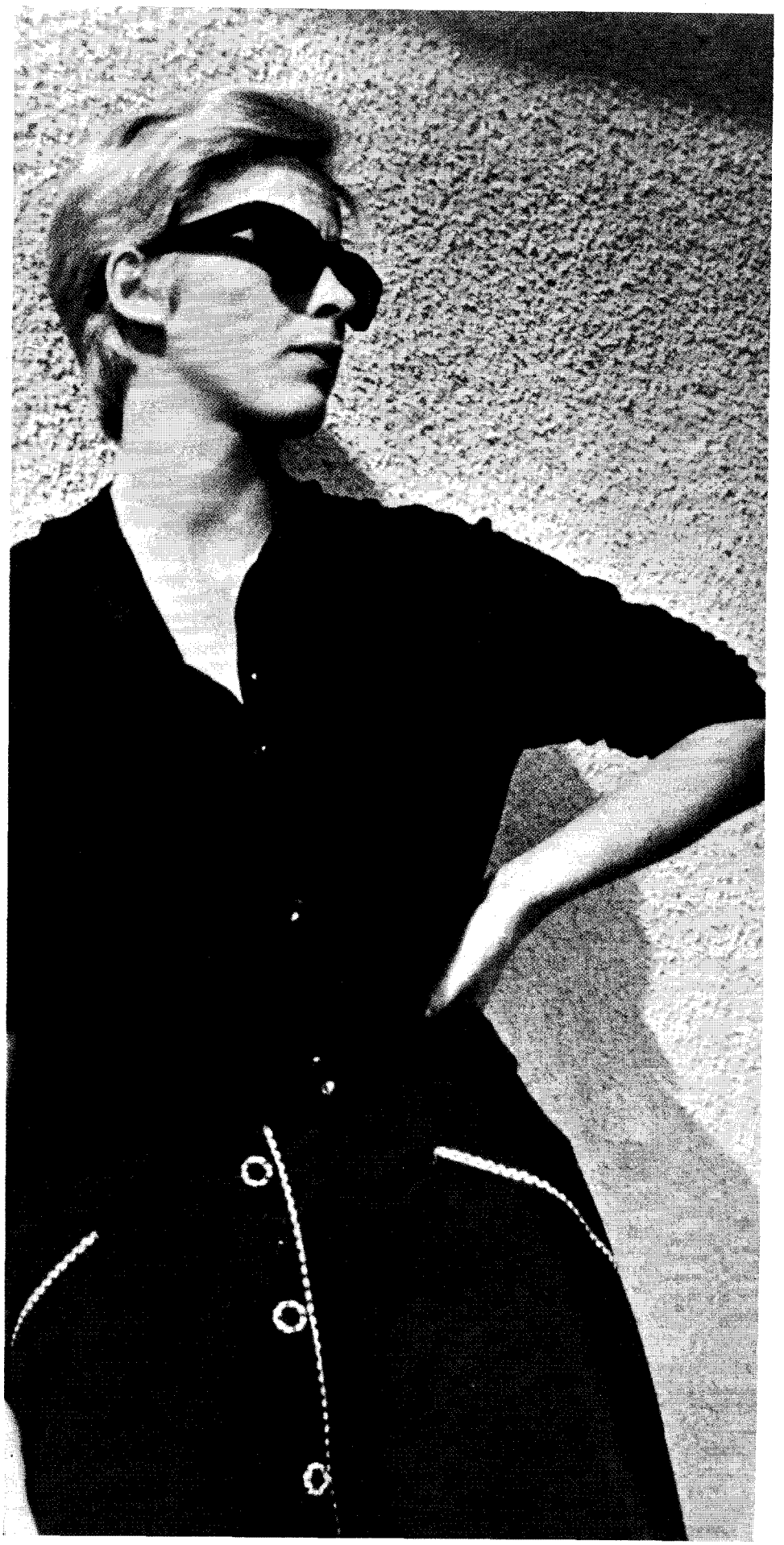
purposes, incomprehensible. Occasionally, Bergman's stories collapse under the weight of their ambition to be at once in the avant-garde of cinema and of suffering. The suggestion of incest between sisters in "The Silence" seems arid; the schizophrenia in "Through a Glass Darkly" (1961) feels pat; the pessimism in "The Serpent's Egg" (1977), Bergman's study of twenties Berlin, verges on self-parody.

And Bergman, as the éminence grise of the art house, whose images are iconic and at times pretentious, is an easy target for parody. In "The Seventh Seal," for instance, Death arrives, in all his medieval regalia (white face, hooded cloak, scythe), and plays chess with the Knight. Woody Allen adored the scene, and sent up the figure in both film ("Love and Death") and fiction: in a piece called "Death Knocks," the Grim Reaper reappears for a game of gin rummy with a schlepper. Bergman himself is not above laughing at the solemnity of his cinematic idiom. For example, in "The Magician" (1958), when the ghost of an actor returns to haunt the mute impresario of a travelling magic show, he says, "I'm a ghost already. Actually better as such. I have become convincing, which I never was as an actor." Then there's the subversive joy of Bergman's Uncle Carl, his mother's soft-headed inventor brother, who turns up as a character in "Fanny and Alexander" and astonishes the kids by blowing out candles with his farts.

Although his movies are complex, Bergman usually manages to make his ideas clear and exciting for an audience. His startling dramatic fillips reveal a story's pulse—as, for instance, in "Cries and Whispers," where Agnes dies twice, to allow Bergman to expose her sisters' cold hearts. "If you find the rhythm, the heartbeat of the play, or if you can make it in the film, it is much easier for an audience to live with the story and accept it," he says. "The wonderful thing about Ibsen or Strindberg or Shakespeare or Euripides is there is a drive, a rhythm. You feel, My God, I can listen to this. It's a fantastic feeling. It's breathing."

THE oxygen of Bergman's own seductive intelligence is most apparent in his work with actors. He is very selective about whom he collaborates with, and careful about choosing roles



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Masks instead of faces: In "Persona," Bergman separates the cold and the caring parts of his

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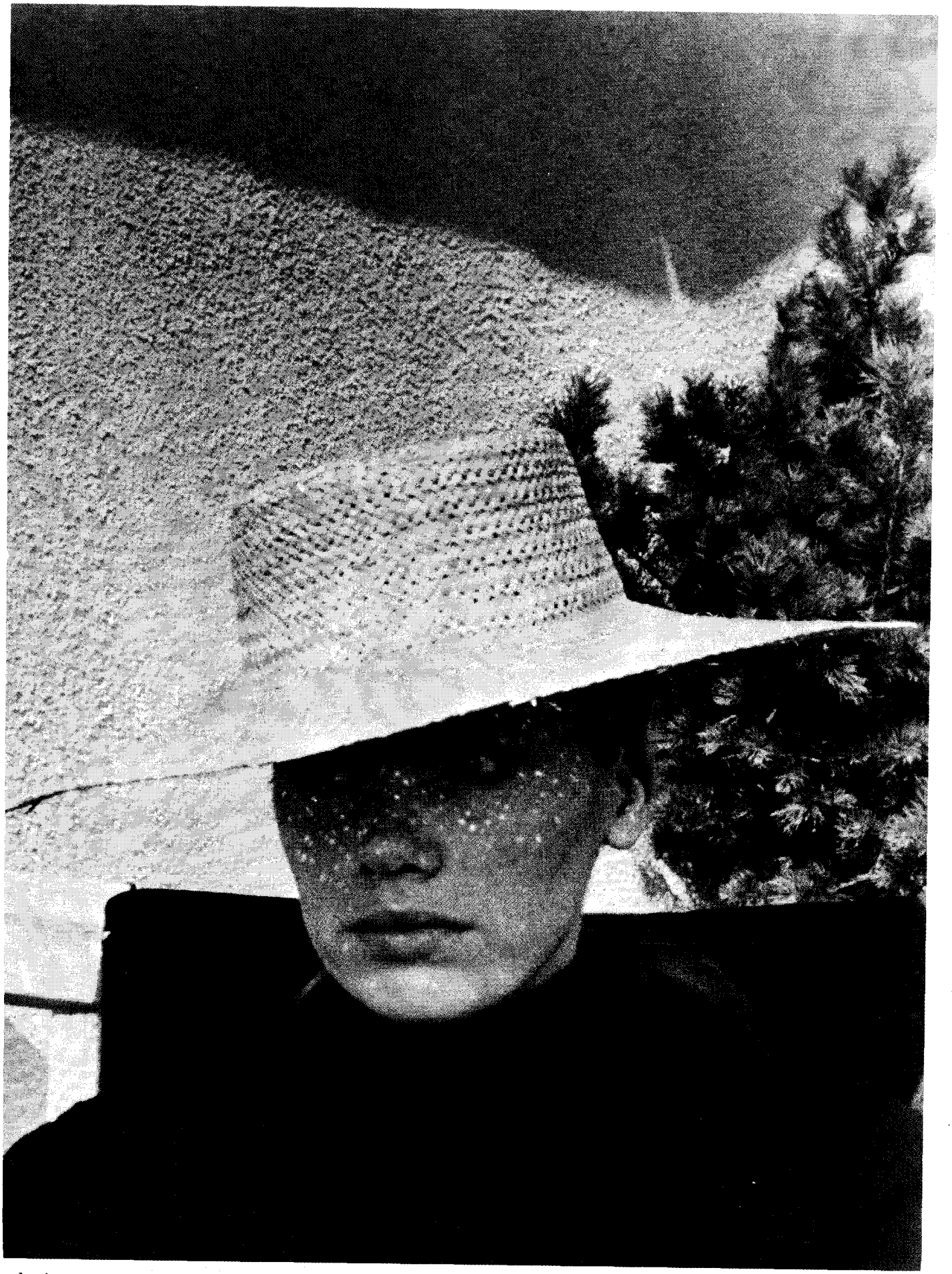

other into two warring characters, Alma, a nurse, played by Bibi Andersson (left), and Elisabeth, an actress, played by Liv Ullmann.

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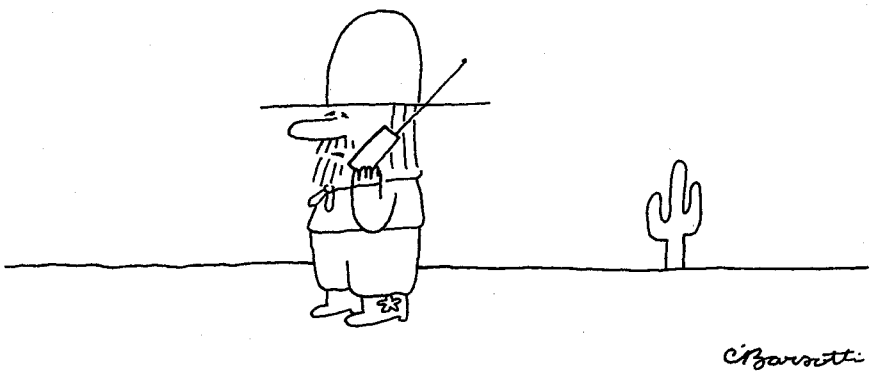

"Yeah, I'm alone."

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that will exploit an actor's particular qualities. "Without that actor, he's not interested," says the choreographer Donya Feuer, who has worked with Bergman since 1964. Bergman's explosive intensity and his acute attentiveness put actors in a powerful creative force field. "It's very much in the way he looks at you," Feuer says. "There's something so naked, so exposed, so vulnerable, so available to him all the time, no matter what he's doing, and that availability, I think, is part of his talent. . . . He really listens. He's not listening to what he wants to hear. He's listening to what he's hearing, and understanding it, not criticizing it."

Bergman, who is deaf in his left ear but claims that with his right ear he can "hear like a three-year-old child," explains, "If I listen to them, they not only listen to themselves, they also listen to each other. And, if I do speak, it's important to say the precise word and not to start a discussion. That is the worst thing you can do as a director. Don't discuss. Just say the right word at the right moment. If it's planned, it will be unspontaneous and make the actors suspicious. That was a great difficulty when I worked in Germany for six years. I had to translate. My intuition told me the right thing in Swedish, but in the time it took to translate the word the moment had passed."

When Bergman walks into a rehearsal, he is meticulously prepared. "I read and reread and reread the play," he says. "The writing and the blocking take me four pages a day, every day except Sundays." On the rehearsal floor, Bergman works very close to his actors. "He's sitting on your shoulder all the time," Elin Klinga, one of Bergman's recent acting discoveries, says. He can be seen consistently right up under his actors' chins in a television documentary about the making of "In the Presence of a Clown," Bergman's superb TV play, in which Uncle Carl leaves a sanitarium to take his newest brainstorm—a "living talking picture" about the last days of Schubert—on the road. At one point, Bergman smooths Erland Josephson's furrowed brow. "Don't wrinkle so much," he says. In the theatre, Bergman doesn't sit and watch from the auditorium until it's time for technical rehearsals. According to his son Mats, an actor at the Dramaten (he was a memorably lubricious fop in Bergman's version of "The Misanthrope"), when his father is displeased with what he's watching "he looks at you but not very long, a very short glimpse, and then he looks at something else." It's easier to tell when he's pleased. "He's shouting, screaming, laughing 'Good!' Like a cheerleader."

Sometimes, in the hubbub of blocking and in order to cut through conversation, Bergman will grab actors and walk them through a particular movement to show what he has in mind. "When he grabs your arm to lead you around, it's very frustrating," Bibi Andersson says. "You feel how he trembles. If you feel your arm resist in any way, he feels that. It's like taking your pulse. He takes you literally by the wrist." She continues, "I bridled at that until I realized that he doesn't do it to be in charge of me—he does it to sense if I'm with him."

"When I work, it's not important what I'm saying, it's the contact," Bergman says, and he recalls that the talented, taciturn Ingrid Thulin once said, "Ingmar, when you talk to me I never understand what you say. But when you don't talk to me I understand completely what you mean." Bergman goes on, "A good actor is very physical. I can talk to his body, and I know before he knows if his body-mind accepts or doesn't accept what I want. I feel it in my body." He adds, "To force an actor to do something is silly. You can convince him, you can talk to him. Then we have the opening, and he makes what you want him to make. Then, five days after the opening, he starts to change a little of what I've said to him. Then suddenly there are ten actors who start to change a little of what the director has told them. There is no rhythm anymore. There is no performance anymore. . . . So it's a good idea to have the actor feel good about the blocking, the thinking, the rhythm. Then we will make a common creation."

Bergman has a special empathy for his actresses, from whom he's been able to coax, in Truffaut's words, "dormant genius": Maj-Britt Nilsson, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnel Lindblom, Ingrid Thulin, Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullmann. (To this film list should be added Bergman's stage collaborations with Lena Endre, Marie Richardson, Pernilla August, and Elin Klinga.) Bibi Andersson compares him to Strindberg, who "needed women to feed him. When they couldn't inspire him, it was over. That's similar to Bergman. In his younger years, he had women. Now he has actresses. He still loves to create around an actress." And the actresses all have to grapple with Bergman's desire to decipher and to possess them. "He wants to be the only one for you," Klinga says. "He told Anita Björk and me when we were working with another director, 'I'm very jealous.' And he was. We hugged him and said, 'We're yours.' That's like a twelve-year-old boy again." As Bibi Andersson puts it, "He really wants to get under your skin." She adds, "He also feels penetrated." In this exchange of energy, there is a significant erotic charge. The reciprocated gaze—the thing that so bedevilled Bergman as a child—is what gives him his power as a director. "You feel absolutely recognized," Ullmann says. "I have the feeling of finally being seen, and because I'm being seen I blush more. I come out with words in a way I never knew I

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would. I dare to laugh, which I always thought was very difficult. I dare to cry."

FOR Bergman, rehearsals impose an exacting discipline, not only on the actors but on his own explosive emotions. It's a situation in which, as Erland Josephson has written, Bergman is "overpoweringly self-assured in his efforts to overpower insecurity; full of empathy in order to keep his impatience under control; full of impatience in order to keep his empathy under control." Bergman says, "If I'm in the rehearsal in my own private turmoil—either fury or love—then I can't hear the actors, I can only hear myself. When I go into the rehearsal room or into the film studio, I must switch. I am the director."

As much as possible, Bergman leaves nothing to chance. "Everything must be predictable and predicted," Josephson says. "The only thing allowed to surprise Bergman and others is Bergman himself." He hates "tumult, aggression, or emotional outbursts," but he has been prone to all three. "No one could be as angry as Ingmar," Ullmann writes in "Changing." Once, on Fårö, she remembers questioning something he did. Bergman flew into a rage. "He ran after me. I knew I was going to die," Ullmann says. "I went into the bathroom. I locked myself in. Then suddenly he kicked right through the door. His slippers landed on me. He started to laugh. I came out because he thought it was so comical. We made it up immediately." She adds, "If you disagree, he feels he's not loved. I think he feels that to be loved he must be loved unconditionally." In his early days as a director, Bergman threw chairs as easily as tantrums; even now he still believes in the occasional well-planned "pedagogic outburst."

"Sometimes when he's at his most angry and controlling—he can be really tough to work with, because he wants everything his way—deep down you can be very moved," Ullmann says. "He is protecting that one place where he feels safe: his creativity. The director. The writer. The master of it all." When Bergman's control is challenged, onstage or off, life can get complicated. In 1995, Bergman cancelled what was to be his farewell production in America, the New York engagement of his glorious version of "The Misanthrope." The Stockholm production, which ranks among my top ten productions in a lifetime of theatregoing, was the best Molière I've ever seen—a court world turned into a den of gorgeous and predatory animals. It ran for a hundred performances, and caused an unholy row within the Dramaten and in the Swedish press. "He came, he saw, he cut them to bits," declared the *Expressen* when Bergman came in from Fårö to see the production again before rehearsing it for the New York trip and found certain "deviations" from the interpretation he'd initially agreed on with the cast. "If I think I am being betrayed, I am quick to betray," Bergman writes in "The Magic Lantern." "If I feel cut off, I cut off." Bergman felt he couldn't trust even a re-rehearsed production to be performed without more surprises. So he withdrew his imprimatur and prevented his beautiful production from travelling. Lars Löfgren, then the head of the Dramaten, tried to reason with Bergman. "I said, 'You're a staff director. You're supposed to be here to work,' " Löfgren recalls. " 'If the production is not good at the moment, it has *been* good, and it must be rehearsed, because we're going to New York with it. I want you back with me.' He said, 'You don't respect my artistic work.' I said, 'Of course I do. That's why I want you back.' He didn't come."

Though Bergman characterized the incident as "a sneeze in eternity," it ended his long friendship with Löfgren. Bergman regards such shows of aggression as occasionally necessary, even if he feels repentant about them afterward. "I discovered early into our rehearsals that to be understanding and to offer a sympathetic ear did not work," he writes of directing Ingrid Bergman in "Autumn Sonata." The actress, in the role of a concert pianist who gave everything to her art and nothing to her children, had worked out her intonations and gestures before she arrived at the read-through; in the manner of an American film star, she also objected to some of Bergman's lines. "When it was over and we were alone, Ingmar said, 'I can't go through with this,' " says Ullmann, who co-starred in the film, and who had rarely seen the director "really, really down." "She'd stop every other sentence and say, 'Is she going to say something like this? I can't say something like this.' " Ullmann continues, "You know, none of us had ever criticized anything Ingmar wrote." Ingrid Bergman bridled at the dialogue for a scene in which Ullmann, who plays the daughter, delivers a tearful, corrosive diatribe against her. "Help me!" are the words that the script called for the mother to come back with. As Ullmann recalls, "She said, 'I'm not saying that. I want to slap her face.' Ingmar got so shocked. They walked out of the studio, and we heard them shouting out in the corridor. Terrible. We looked at each

"How do we tell the kids that we're edible again?"

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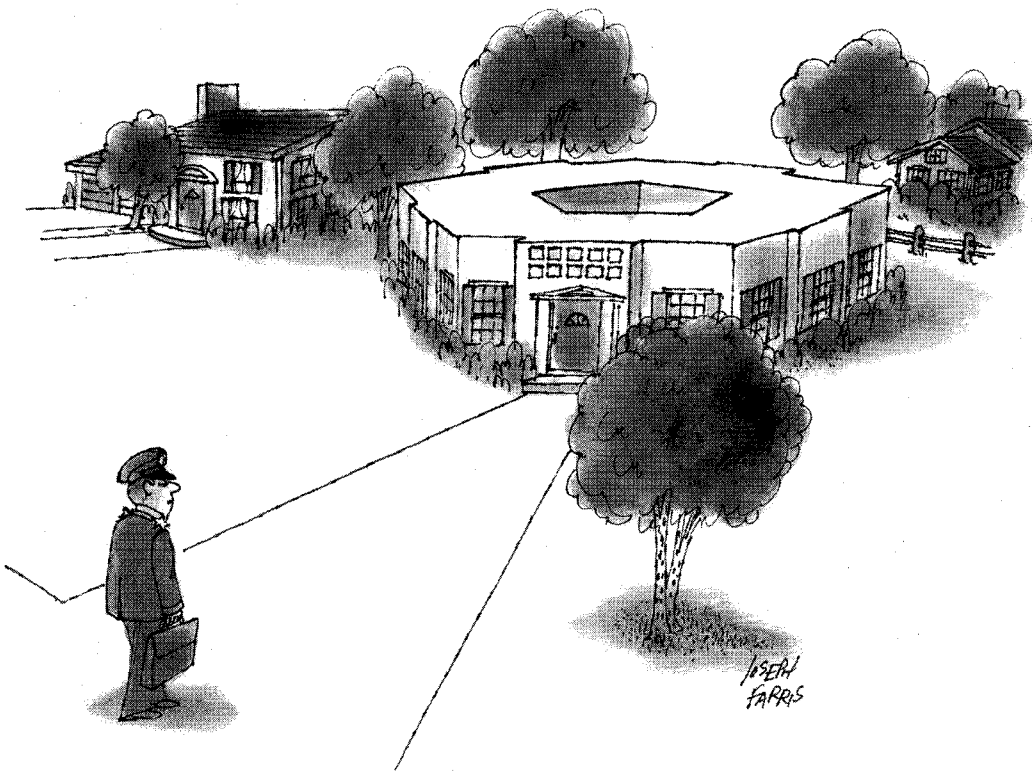
other and thought, This is the end." Finally, the actress spoke the words, but on the screen her eyes tell a different, indignant story. Out of the tension between her and Bergman she'd made something that even he was amazed by.

"We have to have direct contact with the childish," Bergman says. "Actors who don't have direct contact with their childhood are not good actors. They are boring intellectual actors." But the very childishness that is the wellspring of Bergman's genius is also the source of his occasional capricious cruelty. After Josephson went to Paris for a weekend while in rehearsal for a Bergman show, he and Bergman stopped talking for about a year. "Ingmar didn't like it," Josephson explains. "I didn't miss any rehearsals, but he was angry because I took the risk. I was out of his control for a weekend. He started talking about my face, my chins. It was terribly aggressive. He has a talent for knowing where to put the knife."

Humiliation may be Bergman's theme, but it can also be his practice, as Sir Laurence Olivier discovered when Bergman directed a 1970 National Theatre production of Michael Meyer's version of "Hedda Gabler," with Maggie Smith. Olivier—whom Bergman always referred to in private as "Lord Olivier"—was then the National's artistic director. Meyer recalls sitting with Olivier and watching Bergman work with the actors: "Suddenly Larry said, 'Oh, Ingmar?' So Ingmar, who hasn't been interrupted, I think, in about forty years, turned around and said, 'Yes, Larry.' Larry said, 'I'm only suggesting this and you may think this is absolute rubbish . . . ' And then there was a ghastly hush at this really sort of very melodramatic suggestion. Ingmar said with a pause—no one knows the value of a pause better than Ingmar Bergman—'Perhaps, we'll see,' and went on directing." Meyer continues, "In the afternoon, Larry made some equally fatuous suggestions. This time, Ingmar didn't even turn around. He just paused for I should think a full minute with his back to Larry and then said, 'Yes,' and went on directing." The next day, Olivier was absent from rehearsals. Some weeks later, after a ponderous dress rehearsal, Bergman asked everyone up to Maggie Smith's dressing room "to thank us all personally." Meyer continues, "We all trooped up there. And when Larry naturally enough came up, Ingmar publicly and very rudely excluded him from the meeting. This was the unforgivable thing, to humiliate him in that way."

When Bergman left Sweden in 1976 to live in Germany, he wrote a long letter to his countrymen, published in the *Expressen*, which concluded on a supercilious note: "I quote Strindberg, when he went mad, 'Watch out, you bastards, I'll see you in my next play.' " But the Bergman who returned to Sweden in the early eighties was not the same man. "It was like night and day. There was an enormous humility," Donya Feuer says. "I think he suddenly felt he had nothing to protect. He was open to what was going on with other people. He was more considerate of everyone." Part of this transformation was the influence of his fourth wife, Ingrid von Rosen, whom he married in 1971 and with whom he lived happily until her death, from cancer, in 1995. "I had contact with reality through Ingrid," Bergman says. Feuer explains, "She managed everything—telephone calls, letters. She was the only one who could read his handwriting and type out the scripts. . . . She was very upper class, very well educated, and very refined. She never competed with his professional work. She was responsible for bringing all the children together."

For Bergman's sixtieth birthday, in 1978, all nine of his children gathered at Fårö for the first time. From that moment, Bergman, who is referred to jokingly within the family as the Big Gorilla, became an unlikely but beloved patriarch. "He was nonexistent as a father—except now, when the children are grown," Liv Ullmann says. "They idolize him. I think he's been very lucky with the mothers, because I, at least, have never bad-mouthed him. I must say there were years when Linn didn't see him." When Linn, their daughter, was about seven and was keeping her mother company in the dressing room, Ullmann remembers Bergman's encountering her for the first time in four years. " 'Oh, Linn,' he said, and swung her around in his arms for half a minute. Then he said, 'You know, Linn, Daddy has work, too. He has other things to do.' And then he left the room. That was it."



Bergman now has more contact with his children, some of whom are in the arts. Linn is a novelist; Eva

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runs the Backa Theatre, in Göteborg; Daniel directed "Sunday's Children." But, even though Bergman has renovated a few buildings on his Fårö property as a summer enclave for his children, it's not easy to get near him. "They have dinner once, maybe, if at all," Ullmann says. "Then they fight to sit at his side. Sometimes he comes by for coffee. They never know when, and it's an honor. Then he has his cinema. He invites some to the cinema in the afternoon, others in the evening."

When Ullmann shuts her eyes and thinks of Bergman, she sees, she says, "this man who sits in a chair with this smile—a kind of half smile—and very, very lonely, feeling he is a stranger." She adds, "He is connected to his creativity, but not necessarily to the world." The isolation that defines Bergman is part of what animates the uncanny atmosphere in his work and activates his unconscious. He claims that there are two ghosts—a judge and a cobbler—who occupy his Fårö outbuildings, and who appear only at night. "I have heard voices," he says. "Once I saw my mother. I was sitting looking out at the sea. Then suddenly I felt that somebody was standing behind me. I looked, and she was there. Very beautiful and very young."

For more than half a century now, Bergman has traded in the mysteries with the sure knowledge "that there are a lot of realities in our reality." He says, "We don't know anything about those realities. The musicians and the prophets and the saints have given us some messages—have given us intimations of the ineffable." Bergman can hear it at the end of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. "The chorus is going higher and higher, and suddenly is silent," he says. "Then you hear four or five bars, and you have a feeling that reality has opened up. Beethoven, who was deaf, had heard something that never had been written before." Part of Bergman's gift to his century has been to make visible the mystery he sees around him—to glimpse the eternal in the stage-managed transcendence of play. "Anything can happen, anything is possible and likely," the Grandmother says to Alexander, reading from Strindberg's "A Dream Play," in the last beat of "Fanny and Alexander." "Against a faint background of reality, imagination spins and weaves new patterns."

"Have some respect for my learning style."

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"Ingmar got the life he wanted," Erland Josephson says. "He is the protagonist of his own life. It's a drama. He's creating that drama all the time. Now we have to discuss how to end the drama—some philosophy for leaving the stage." Josephson continues, "We've promised if we get senile to say to each other, 'No, that's enough.'" For the moment, it's not. Bergman's strategy seems close to Edmund Wilson's stoic dictum: "Keep going; never stoop; sit tight; / Read something luminous at night."

"I'm my own god, I supply my own angels and demons," a Bergman character says in "The Rite"; Bergman is also his own clown. A few months ago, he walked into the office of one of the Dramaten's dramaturges, Ulla Åberg, and pinned on her bulletin board a color photograph of himself with a clown's red nose. The image is apt. Bergman, like Uncle Carl in "In the Presence of a Clown," is capering with the absurd: defying death in his art and watching oblivion loom ever closer in his life. But mortality is the one thing Bergman can't redeem through imagination. "I couldn't manipulate being born," he says. "When Ingrid came home and told me she had cancer, I knew the whole time that it was hopeless, but Ingrid didn't know. That was the second time I saw reality. It was impossible to manipulate that." Bergman is curious about the third time he'll come up against that intractable reality. "I'm an old man. I am close to the great mystery," he says. "I am not afraid of it. I am fascinated, not afraid."

A few years ago, when Lars Löfgren was still head of the Dramaten, he and Bergman walked past the greenroom, a spacious place full of oil paintings of the theatre's old luminaries and big pieces of well-upholstered furniture, which give it the cozy feel of a gentlemen's club. The greenroom door was open, so Bergman walked in. Nobody was there. Löfgren recalls, "'Listen!' Bergman said. I couldn't hear a thing. 'What is it?' I said. Bergman said, 'They're all here.' 'What do you mean?' 'The actors,' Bergman said. 'They're not finished with the theatre.'" Löfgren continues, "He looked around the room and turned to me and very lovingly said, 'One day, we will be with them.'" ♦

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LETTER FROM SUN VALLEY

THE GOLD DIGGERS

When Greg Corliss and Larry Anderson discovered buried treasure on Jann Wenner's Idaho ranch, they thought they'd struck it rich. But in today's West only the rich get richer.

BY TAD FRIEND

WHAT to do if you find buried treasure is not a question most of us worry about. It just doesn't come up that much. But anyone who has ruminated on human frailty, or even read "Treasure Island," knows the etiquette: shoot the witnesses and shoot them fast. Otherwise, sooner or later, they'll shoot you—because the suspicion and greed that make men bury treasure get buried along with it, and reawaken in those who dig it up.

This story about buried treasure takes place in Sun Valley, Idaho. Like much of the American West, the area was once rife with rustlers and claim jumpers. Now Sun Valley is a recreational haven where men settle quarrels not with Winchesters but with letters to the editor. So this modern dispute turns out to involve lawyers, depositions, insinuations, and a storm of bluster worthy of Yosemite Sam. Bullets might have been simpler.

At dusk on November 4, 1996, Greg Corliss and Larry Anderson were grading the ground with a skip loader, building a driveway to a new guesthouse. The guesthouse was part of Broadford Farm, the Sun Valley ranch of Jann Wenner, who is the owner of *Rolling Stone*, *Men's Journal*, and *Us*.

Fifty years earlier, this land—laced with dogwoods and aspens and bordered by a brook full of trout—had been occupied by cows, a woodcutter's frame house, and the occasional mushroom hunter. More than a century ago, Wenner's hundred and seventeen acres were home to part of the Broadford Townsite, where miners lived in shanties and scratched out a living in the Minnie Moore and Queen of the Hills silver mines. But now every trace of those past uses was gone. The Broadford area had become horse farms, worth more than fifty thousand dollars an acre—a landscape where women wearing pearl earrings jogged behind their baby strollers.

As Greg Corliss was examining the trough where the gravel mix would go, he saw a scattering of coins glowing in the fresh-turned earth. He bent closer. "I yelled, 'Fuck, Larry—look, gold!'" Corliss recalls. Anderson, his close friend and the owner of Anderson Asphalt Paving, came running over. "Fuck!" he shouted. "Put 'em in your pocket—we could split 'em."

"Find your own!" Corliss replied. Then Anderson said, "Jesus, Greg—look!" He had spotted dozens of coins nestled in the jagged bottom of a Mason jar, which had apparently been crushed by the skip loader. Seeing the jar, Corliss reconsidered. "Oh, yeah, fifty-fifty," he said. The two men fell to their knees and pawed through the dirt, stuffing five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar gold pieces into the pockets of their jeans. "It was a huge adrenaline rush," Anderson says.

"We'll get a reward!" Corliss shouted. "We're going to be on the cover of *Rolling Stone!*" "Shut up—*he's* home," Anderson whispered, shrugging toward Wenner's Adirondack-style log house, two hundred yards to the north. "This is between me and you."

After they had thoroughly sifted the dirt, the two men drove to the Bellevue General Store and picked up a six-pack of Molson Ice, then drove to Anderson's gravel pit, in Poverty Flats. They went into the trailer on cinder blocks which serves as the pit's office, and Anderson locked the door and drew the blinds. Corliss, who had been in a coin club as a boy, filled the sink with warm water and Joy detergent, dunked the coins, then dried them with paper towels. He handled each one delicately, by its edges, admiring the shining images: eagles, Indian heads, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens' striding Liberty.

Greg Corliss is a stocky, cheerful thirty-seven-year-old who is always looking for a get-famous-quick scheme. When he signs his name, he puts two dots inside the capital "G" in "Greg," making a smiley face. Larry Anderson, fifty-three, is a former high-school quarterback, a compact figure with a graying mustache that seems to stand sentry over his terse conversation. But flashes of good humor occasionally show through his diffidence, and, that night, both men horsed around like frat buddies. They puffed cigars and drank the six-pack, and some Smirnoff vodka, and some Crown Royal whiskey. They even mooned the gold. When they inventoried their loot, in a small spiral notebook, Anderson's tally slanted tipsily across the page: ninety-six half-eagles, eagles, and double eagles, minted between 1857 and 1914, weighing four pounds.

"I won't tell my wife; you don't tell your girlfriend," Anderson said. "We won't tell *anyone*." Using half the gold as collateral, Anderson agreed to lend Corliss five thousand dollars, which he needed to avoid bankruptcy. Anderson suggested that they stack the coins in a cigar box and put them in a safe in his garage. As a gesture of trust, Anderson would give Corliss the combination to the safe and to his burglar alarm. Corliss agreed to everything. "It was Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn," he said later. "We're best friends. We've got our stash."

"You know what I love about you, man?" Anderson said, planting a boozy kiss on Corliss's cheek. "Everything!" Inspired, Corliss pulled out a dull pocketknife and said, "I'm cutting my finger and signing our inventory in blood. Come on—we'll be blood brothers!" Anderson squeamishly declined. "That's when I wondered if he was going to turn on me," Corliss says now. "I mean, it's buried treasure. You got to sign the documents in blood."

TWO years later, when the gold coins were at the center of a legal free-for-all, Jann Wenner told me, "Greg Corliss is a ne'er-do-well who's milking this for all it's worth. He's a liar and an asshole." Corliss himself says equably, "If you're wealthy, and some dickhead who found coins in your driveway is suing you—I can

EDWARD SOREL

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"These coins are going to be the best thing that ever happened to us—or maybe the worst," Corliss says Anderson told him.

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"You have a serious illness of an undisclosed nature."

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see Jann's side." He grins as he ventures one of his appealingly muddled analogies: "But you've got to see my side, too—it's like I'm Samson versus Goliath."

Growing up on the shore of Lake Tapps, in Sumner, Washington, Greg Corliss qualified as an Eagle Scout, just as his two brothers had. But he soon shrugged off the burden of what his father, Joe, who is an optometrist and a Rotarian, calls "an old, private, established family." Greg's older brother is a prosperous real-estate developer, and his younger brother is an internist, but Greg bounced around the West Coast for years, selling water skis and water-ski boats. Corliss's photo albums from the nineteen-eighties show him in a blurry milieu of Thrasher and Shredder wakeboards, Coors Light bottles, wet-T-shirt contests, and sun bunnies in thong bikinis. He dreamed of attaining his customers' freewheeling life style, earning the nickname Worldwide. In 1992, he moved to Sun Valley and opened a Master Craft boat dealership.

A remote two-mile-wide draw cloaked with Douglas firs, Sun Valley is the birthplace of Ezra Pound and—some historians argue—of the hokey-pokey. But for decades after the first miners arrived, in 1880, the valley's residents had little time for poetry or dancing. With the fixity of heroin addicts they tapped the earth's scarred surface, seeking a fresh vein of galena, the silver- and lead-bearing ore. It was a brutal life. One visitor to a nearby silver mine wrote, "The air is scarce respirable. . . . The stenches of decaying vegetable matter, hot foul water and human excretions intensify the effects of the heat." In the mid-eighteen-eighties in Broadford, on what is now Jann Wenner's land, a dozen saloons served a population of six hundred miners.

The historian Patricia Nelson Limerick has observed, "Mining set a mood that has never disappeared from the West; the attitude of extractive industry: get in, get rich, get out." But in Sun Valley people tended to get in, stay poor, and stay put. By the time the last of the area's mines closed, in 1970, people say that three dollars had been sunk into the ground for every two dollars in metal recovered. And the rare fortunes that men clawed from the earth were often haplessly returned to it. "Sun Valley: An Extraordinary History," by Wendolyn Spence Holland, tells of silver coins and plate buried for safekeeping by a saloon-keeper, who promptly died; a lost gold vein south of Bonanza City; loot from a stagecoach holdup hidden forever along Bayhorse Creek; and a hundred-pound silver ingot found in 1961 near the Trail Creek toll road, which had perhaps been hurled from a freight wagon in the previous century by a smelting-plant worker who hoped to sneak back for it.

Though prostitution remained legal in the town of Shoshone until the late nineteen-fifties, the character of the valley began to change in 1936, after Averell Harriman opened America's first large ski resort, in Ketchum, and renamed the former Wood River Valley to advertise its balmy weather. Fifty years ago, Ernest Hemingway holed up in the Sun Valley Lodge to finish "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; recently, his granddaughter Mariel opened a yoga studio nearby.

An eighty-three-year-old former miner named Rupert House drove me up a precarious weed-grown switchback to the entrance of the old Triumph mine. "This used to be a land for men—we sweated in the mines, head down and ass up," he said. Together, we walked down the shaft until rubble halted our steps. "Before," he said, "you'd ask 'What do you do?' and everyone would say 'Carpenter' or 'Miner.' Now," he concluded, his voice a testy rumble in the dark, "they say 'I ski' or 'I jog.' "

Sun Valley's treasure nowadays is real estate. Since 1991, property values have nearly quadrupled. Len Harlig, the chairman of the Blaine County board of commissioners, told me, "The billionaires are buying out the millionaires." Local residents include Richard Dreyfuss, Clint Eastwood, Jamie Lee Curtis, Steve Miller, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver, and Bruce Willis and Demi Moore.

Having settled in Sun Valley, Greg Corliss was surrounded with a taunting vision of the good life. It was during a picnic on Bruce Willis's boat dock that he met his wife, Emily, a spirited, dark-haired woman who is an au pair for a well-to-do family. In 1994, when he lost the backing of a wealthy customer who said he'd help finance a private water-ski lake, Corliss was sued by his boat suppliers for two hundred thousand dollars. He went out of business, had to sell his house, and eventually moved in with Emily, who was then his girlfriend. "I was a kept man," Corliss recalls cheerfully. "In August of 1996, I got thirteen hundred dollars from insurance because a drunk driver hit my parked truck, and my plan for September was to turn the truck around and hope the guy hit the other side." But when his bank account was down to four dollars and ninety-five cents—and with more than sixty thousand dollars' worth of debts—Corliss took a job laying driveways

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for his drinking buddy Larry Anderson.

Anderson, who was born on a hard-scrabble Idaho farm, had built a solid gravel-and-asphalt business in Sun Valley and had raised two sons and two step-daughters there with his wife, Lexie. He liked cars, guns, and hard work. Despite the differences in the two men's backgrounds, Corliss admired his new boss and hoped to rise to the position of gravel salesman as he worked off his personal debt; he owed Anderson eighteen hundred dollars for building a driveway to his former house.

Three months later, the two men found the gold. Corliss believed that this stroke of luck would turn everything around. His guesses about the treasure's value kept rising: from eleven hundred and sixty dollars in face value to thirty thousand in gold value, and then on to somewhere between thirty-two thousand and half a million dollars in numismatic value, depending on the coins' condition.

The first person Corliss told about the coins was Emily. When he arrived home that night, three hours late and leglessly drunk, she took one look and said, "Pack your shit and get out." Only the story of the gold saved him. So, like a revivalist witness, he kept telling it. Three days later, when Corliss went to shoot pool at Sam's Club, a roughneck bar, he had already informed at least seven people about the coins. But the regulars at Sam's were skeptical, so he returned with photographs. Emily had taken pictures of him and Larry with the gold in Anderson's trailer the morning after the discovery, when the two couples celebrated with Cook's champagne and mimosas. (Anderson had immediately told his wife, too—the first of at least eight people *he* would confide in.)

One of those at Sam's L-shaped bar was Roger Morton, the foreman of Anderson's gravel pit. Morton grabbed the photographs away from Corliss and told him he was a fool for "bragging them up." The next morning, Morton turned the pictures over to his boss, who was furious to hear about Corliss's indiscretion.

Anderson had already confiscated a fortune-cookie fortune that Corliss had been waving around after a Chinese-takeout meal—it said "Gold is in your future"—and locked it up in his safe. Now he took Corliss for a ride in his dump truck. "No one will believe you about the gold," Anderson told him. "But they'll believe the photos." He demanded that Corliss hand over all the snapshots and negatives, saying, "You're a dumb piece of shit, and you need me to protect you." Anderson berated him so fiercely that Corliss went home and wept in Emily's arms.

The two men spent nearly all their time together that winter, hauling snow late at night, or sitting in Anderson's kitchen drinking beer. Anderson enjoyed the younger man's high spirits, but he worried that his employee was goldbricking on the job. "I like equipment and dirt and asphalt," Anderson says. "Greg could do some shovel work and run the roller back and forth, but manual labor wasn't his forte. He was more of a salesman." (Corliss recalls, "I'd say, 'Hey, lighten up, dude! Why shovel snow off a trailer you're not going to use till next spring? Let's go skiing!' ")

And Anderson was getting jumpy, because he kept being approached by people who'd heard about the gold. "I'd just shine them on," Anderson says now. "I'd say, 'I'm not sure what you're talking about.' But I realized that Jann Wenner would hear about the gold eventually."

Everyone involved had a different idea of what to do, and the recollections of what happened and why are often in direct contradiction. Emily and Greg wanted to tell Wenner; Larry was unsure. Greg trusted Larry, for the most part; Emily didn't. And Larry didn't seem to trust anyone, even himself. When he looked back recently at his diary for this period, he discovered that it was entirely blank. "I felt responsible for Greg, as his employer, to make the decision about the gold, the same way I'd be responsible as the contractor if he drove a tractor into someone's house," Anderson told me. "Only, I wasn't sure what to do. I never thought the gold was worth ten million dollars, or whatever—I thought at the very top maybe fifty thousand. And the coins were so beautiful and unique that I would probably never have sold them." He shook his head mournfully. "But I must have been a little bit brain dead to lend him money." After receiving the five-thousand-dollar loan in November, Corliss had asked for twenty-five hundred dollars more, "so that I could have a nice Christmas," he recalls. In February, Anderson loaned him a further two thousand.

Later that month, Corliss, Anderson, and Lexie took a five-day road trip, in Anderson's blue Chevy Suburban. They were headed to Portland, Oregon, to check in on a car that Anderson was having rebuilt, and to Corliss's parents' house in Sumner, to investigate selling the coins. Dr. Corliss had told his friend Jim Jackson about the gold. Jackson, a coin collector and the manager of a Wal-Mart Vision Center, got in touch with a local coin dealer, Andy Stagg, and the two men said that they had lined up a buyer who might be willing to pay a million dollars for the coins. Later, the Corlisses came to believe that the buyer was the chairman of Microsoft, Bill Gates. In truth, Gates had never heard of Corliss or the gold.

When the three travellers arrived in Sumner, Anderson announced that he had left the coins in his safe, back in Sun Valley. "I didn't want to be hauling that much gold around with me," he told me later. Gloom settled upon the gathering. Anderson had never quite believed Corliss's boasts about his privileged childhood; now, taking in his hosts' elegant home, with huge glass windows overlooking the family boathouse on Lake Tapps and Mt. Rainier beyond, he seemed to feel out of his element. "The Andersons are real friendly, but they're unusual," Dr. Corliss told me later, adding, "Well, they're alcoholics, really." (Anderson disputes this, saying he drinks only as much as the next guy.) Corliss's mother whispered to her son, "I'll fix them dinner, and we can drink the wine you brought, and then they can *leave*."

Anderson was equally disenchanted. "Greg's family was clearly not that overjoyed with him, because he's so obnoxious," he told me. The long drive back to Sun Valley was uncomfortable. "It got to where I could tell Greg's stories better than he could," Anderson says, "and I finally had to tell him to shut up. My friendship with him basically ended on that trip."

LEGALLY the coins could fall into one of four categories of found property. The first is abandoned property. But people don't usually abandon gold coins, or trouble to bury them if they do. The second is mislaid property—something that the owner has hidden with the intention of recovering, but has then forgotten. The third is lost property: objects that the owner has parted with through neglect or carelessness. The fourth is treasure trove, an English common-law term for the riches of the Roman Empire that were buried in English soil when the Romans fled. "Treasure trove" refers to

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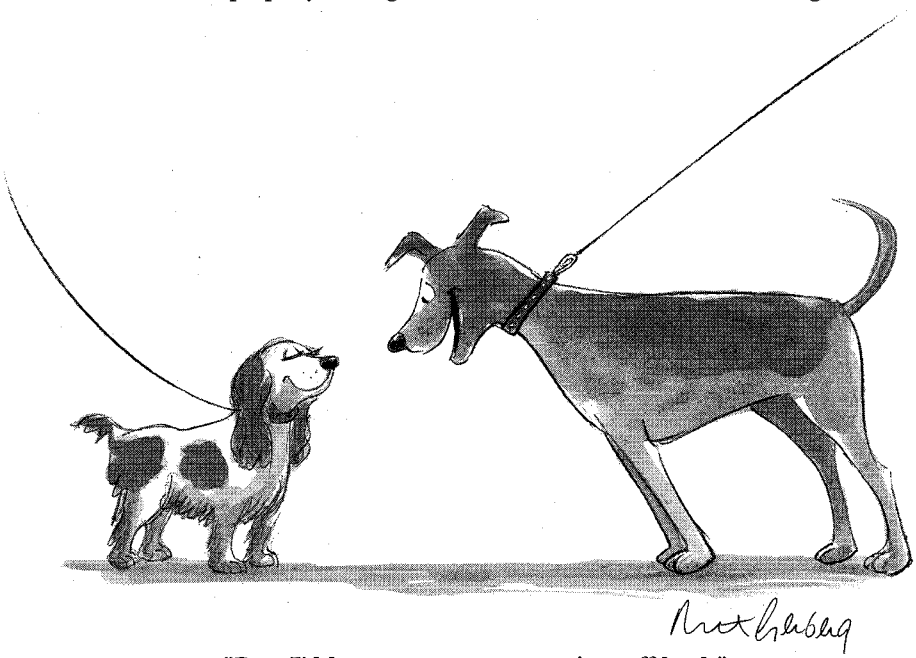
gold or silver coin or bullion concealed for safekeeping. To qualify, the booty must have been hidden long enough so that the owner is probably dead. In England, treasure trove went to the Crown; in the United States, founded in opposition to the Crown, the law was generally modified into a "finders keepers" principle.

Though Idaho had never had a recorded treasure case, other state courts had tended to rule that mislaid property belongs to the owner of the property on which it was found, while lost or treasure-trove property belongs to the finder. But the definitions are charmingly indistinct. As Corliss's lawyer argued in his brief, "The distinction between lost and mislaid property turns on the likelihood that the owner will return to retrieve the property. . . . If mislaid property is mislaid for long enough, it becomes lost." Everything in this precedent-setting dispute could depend on the judge's best guess about the identity and the intent of the original owner.

Locals have speculated that the coins were buried by a whorehouse madam, by Chinese miners, by Basque shepherds, by Jesse James, or by the Sundance Kid. These are typecast fantasies rather than plausible theories: the nearest brothel was miles away, in Hailey; the Chinese had left the area by 1914 (the last date on any of the buried coins); the valley's Basques were very poor; Jesse James died in 1882; and the Sundance Kid died in 1911.

The longtime owners of the Broadford property were not so colorful. From 1890 to 1934, the property belonged to the Peterlin family, Catholics who had immigrated from northern Italy. There were four Peterlin brothers, but census and cemetery records suggest that by 1914 only Charles and Gerolamo Peterlin lived in the property's log cabin. They were reclusive bachelors, who farmed and worked in the Minnie Moore mine, where they were paid four dollars for a ten-hour day. Gerolamo died of pneumonia in 1921, at the age of fifty-five, and Charles died in 1924, at sixty-seven, of "general disability." The property fell to the other resident of the farm, a nephew of theirs named Anton F. Peterlin, known as Frank. Like his uncles, Frank Peterlin was a bachelor loner. Mike Ivie, a retired contractor, remembers Frank as a short, graying, husky man with a weak chin who kept eighty cows. He gave Ivie and other neighborhood kids honey from his apiary, and loved to tease them with homespun magic tricks.

Frank Peterlin had a wire-sided Dodge truck that started with a hand crank. On November 27, 1933, while he was cranking the truck, it plunged forward and crushed him to death against a fence. He was forty-nine and had no heirs. When the sheriff opened a padlocked shed on the property, he was astonished to discover a cache of items that had been reported missing in the neighborhood: mining picks and shovels, chains from the county road scraper, splitting wedges from logging camps, a .30-.30 rifle stolen from a shepherd. "Afterward, we found out from the local store owners that Frank bought more flashlight batteries than anyone in the county," Ivie says. "It was for his night work—he was the slickest thief in the area, and no one had ever suspected it." Frank Peterlin also had a huge jar filled with a hundred dollars' worth of pennies in his house. He sounds like just the sort of person who might lay his hands on—and then bury—a jar of gold.



"Boy, I'd love to meet you sometime off leash."

BACK in Sun Valley after the "Bill Gates" road trip, Greg Corliss says, he found himself thinking, I'm getting eight dollars an hour spraying down the inside of dump trucks and hauling snow all night. It's hard work. Emily and I are fighting all the time about whether I should trust Larry. Why don't we just split the gold? One night, as he and Anderson were out riding around, Corliss initiated another of their dump-truck dialogues. Anderson wasn't interested. "These coins are going to be the best thing that ever happened to us, or maybe the worst," Corliss says Anderson told him. "We can't tell yet. But if you got a million dollars you'd just piss it away. I'm going to keep the coins for ten years. After that, nobody will know where they came from." Corliss says that Anderson planned to "discover" the coins on his own property in Hailey in the year 2006—that he was even going to tear up his back yard with a backhoe to lend the tale verisimilitude. Anderson calls this account "complete bullshit."

When the coins were found and Anderson wrote down the combination to his safe, Corliss had thrown away the slip of paper. He didn't want to be tempted to sneak into Anderson's garage, because he was afraid that Anderson would catch him trespassing and shoot him with his deer rifle. Or his shotgun. Or one of his handguns. Now Emily was insisting that Greg get his gold back. But Corliss says that he had become even warier of his boss after the two of them spent a tense afternoon skiing with some of Corliss's family. Eying Corliss's sister-in-law from Palm Springs, Anderson had muttered, "That bitch ought to be careful: somebody might bite her ears and fingers off to get those diamonds." (Anderson says he didn't make the remark.)

Early on March 29, 1997, a Saturday, Corliss went over to Anderson's house with thirteen thousand dollars in cash that he'd borrowed from his older brother to cover all his loans. He carried the money in a fishing hat—"like an of-

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fering plate," he says. Anderson wasn't up yet, and Greg sat down on the bed next to him. "Hey, lookit, we've been in bed together on this deal all along," Corliss said, smiling. "So here's the money I owe you, and I'd like my half of the coins."

Anderson bolted upright. "Where the hell did you get that money?" he asked. Anderson's surprise soon turned to anger. According to Corliss, he yelled, "Get the fuck out of my house! I declare war on you about the gold! There is no gold!"

When Corliss returned home, crestfallen, Emily got into her car and headed for Anderson's in her pajamas. "I just started screaming at him, huffing and puffing," she says. "He said, 'Nine-tenths of the law is possession,' and told me to get off his property."

Greg decided to quit his job at the gravel pit, and the Corlisses composed a note that Emily slapped under the wiper of Anderson's pickup. This "hit list," as they called it, warned Anderson that if he didn't hand over half of the gold they would tell Jann Wenner about the coins. Furthermore, they would go to the police and the I.R.S. to relay allegations that Anderson had a pile of undeclared cash in his safe and kept two sets of books for his business. "P.S.," Emily added. "You're not invited to Easter brunch."

"I felt threatened, because I figured they'd do part of it," Anderson told me. "And Greg did talk to the sheriff later." Corliss also talked to Hailey's police chief and called the I.R.S. office in Salt Lake City, but nothing ever came of his attempted whistle-blowing. Anderson went on, "But my business is all above board. I was only worried because I thought Greg might try to break into my house." That weekend, Anderson took the gold from his safe and stashed it in the house of a friend named Ralph Girton.

The day of the confrontation with Anderson, Corliss had called a lawyer friend, Miles Stanislaw, who volunteered to arbitrate the dispute. Corliss phoned Anderson, and that Monday they all held a three-hour mediation session at a local law office. After hearing both men, Stanislaw suggested that the gold be placed in a safe-deposit box for three years and then divided (probably on the doubtful theory that this stalling tactic would run out the clock on the statute of limitations for found property). Corliss was willing. Anderson considered the idea, then said no. "We had the ball extremely close to the goal line," Stanislaw says, "and if they'd agreed I think it would all be over with—and Wenner still wouldn't know."

"I'd like to take a moment to define what I mean by 'defining moment.'"

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The next morning, April 1st, Anderson met with his lawyer, Brian Elkins. Unshaved and looking like a man who hadn't slept, Anderson produced the Corlisses' combative note and asked what he should do. Corliss, desperate to be part of the discussion, had followed Anderson to the lawyer's office and was sitting, with his arms folded, in the waiting room. Elkins ordered Corliss to leave. "Larry wanted to do the right thing," Elkins told me later, "but he was being hounded by this *wild man*."

Elkins did some research and unearthed a similar case, in Texas, in which the court had awarded the treasure to the property owner; he told Anderson that in Idaho, a conservative, property-rights state, the courts would probably rule the same way. With the law seemingly against him, Anderson decided to turn the coins over to Wenner. "I'm surprised it took me that long to come to my senses," he says now, "but I think anybody would have been pulled away by the gold."

LATER that afternoon, Wenner, back in New York City, heard about the gold from a friend of a friend of Corliss's. Greg's new plan was to offer to split the coins with Wenner. The next day, Wenner received another call about the gold, from Anderson's friend Ralph Girton. Corliss and Anderson, unable to keep their pact with each other, had both scrambled to make separate pacts with the landowner.

Wenner, who says that he was "mildly amused" that the discovery had been kept from him for five months, had his attorney call Brian Elkins on April 3rd, and the lawyers swiftly made a deal. Late in the afternoon of April 14th, Anderson, his wife, and Elkins picked up the coins from Ralph Girton and drove to Wenner's home to hand them over; in return, Wenner indemnified Anderson against any legal claims and agreed to pay his legal expenses. The meeting was brisk, ten minutes at most. "He didn't seem excited by the coins—he was about the only person who saw them that wasn't," Anderson says of Wenner. "I don't remember if he even said 'Thank you.'" Relieved of his burden, Anderson gathered up the photographs and negatives of the gold, the broken Mason jar, the cigar box, and Corliss's Chinese fortune and dropped them in an ashcan at his gravel pit. Then he set them on fire. "I had had all of Greg I could take," he says.

Four days later, Corliss sued Ander-

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son in Idaho District Court for wrongful detention of property. And when Corliss discovered that the coins were in a safe at Wenner Media, in New York City, he sued Wenner, too. Corliss says he called Wenner in late May from Hawaii, where he and Emily were vacationing, to discuss a settlement. (Wenner doesn't recall such a conversation, but phone records from Corliss's Maui hotel show two calls to Wenner's office number.) Wenner had offered Corliss and Anderson a reward of five thousand dollars each, or ten per cent of the coins' value, whichever was higher. Now Corliss says he told him, "I want my picture on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, and five free copies." Wenner thought he was joking and asked Corliss what he really wanted. "Twenty thousand dollars and six coins," Corliss replied. He says that Wenner countered, "You know what, Greg? I'm getting a little greedy myself."

A few months after the lawsuit was filed, Sun Valley's *Wood River Journal* ran a front-page story about the case. The accompanying photograph—one of several snapshots that Corliss had retained—showed the coins stacked on a postal scale, with Corliss grinning at the camera, champagne at his elbow and his arm around Anderson, who was bent over the gold, beaming.

The article spread the news of the gold to the few citizens of Blaine County whom Corliss hadn't managed to tell personally. Stoney Burke, a ranch broker who had lived on Broadford Farm for years before his wife sold the property to Wenner, was stunned. "We walked over the coins a thousand times when we were starving to death," he told me. LaVona Young, who lived on the farm as a girl in the nineteen-forties and later owned the Mint Bar, in Hailey (which she eventually sold to Bruce Willis), was more philosophical. "People tell me to go down to the court and get my name on the list, say my folks buried them," she says. "I always laugh. My dad couldn't hang on to money long enough to bury it, and my mother would never have forgotten where she buried it." Treasure hunters began prowling the Broadford area with metal detectors. Richard Sauck, the general manager of the Big Wood Body & Paint auto shop, told me he planned to set up a "nuclear molecular electromagnetic resonator" device "to see if there's any more gold on that man's property."

It's a poignant irony that the treasure Anderson and Corliss found was in gold; Sun Valley was a silver area, after all, and around the end of the last century antagonism between gold and silver forces had been incendiary. President Grover Cleveland believed that the financial panic of 1893 and the subsequent depression resulted from the government's mandated buying of silver. He repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890, and put the country on the gold standard, with the support of Eastern bankers, who saw silver as inflationary.

The defeat of silver, which led to the closing of most of Sun Valley's mines, was a major factor in the West's turning Republican, and in the flinty attitudes of independence that endure there. Locals are still wary of outside capital—of weekenders such as Jann Wenner. Tom Blanchard, a local historian and former county commissioner, told me, "Given the Y2K problem, and how people still distrust the Eastern lenders, I bet a lot of people out here are buying gold and putting it in a sock, figuring the banking system will collapse. Let's hope they remember where they put it."

As the story of the gold coins became a staple of local gossip, most of the valley's sympathies lay with Corliss and Anderson, but this sentiment was tempered with incredulity. "How dumb were these guys?" asked Jim Koonce, a mining engineer, expressing a widely held view. "Obviously, you split 'em and the split buys the other guy's silence—because Jann Wenner needs more money like a hole in the head."

The legal skirmishing—motions to dismiss, changes of counsel, discovery—dragged on through the remainder of 1997 and 1998. During this long period of uncertainty, Corliss took to carrying a picture of the gold everywhere; and, like the Ancient Mariner, he says, "I would tell one person in twenty about it." He even told Demi Moore.

TWO days after receiving the gold coins, Wenner had them appraised by a pair of New York dealers, who, respectively, valued them at $23,465 and $25,590. Pronouncing himself uninterested in the provenance of the coins, Wenner told me, "They're not worth much, they don't have any historical importance, and they're mine, because they were found on my land."

At a deposition last August, Wenner's tetchy indifference took the unusual form of his choosing to appear without a lawyer. The proceeding was held in the conference room of Corliss's law firm, in Ketchum. Wenner sat across a rectangular oak table from Jon Cushman, Corliss's chief lawyer, and Corliss sat catercorner to them both. Corliss wore a jacket and tie; Wenner appeared in a polo shirt and jeans and breezed through the hour-and-five-minute inquiry. When Cushman asked Wenner whether he had ever gone over and looked around the area where the coins were found, he said, "No."

"Have you sought input from any old-timers about the history of the site at all?"

"No."

"How often are you in Sun Valley? Do you have any general schedule that you adhere to?"

"Generally, I'm here in the winter for skiing and I'm here in the late summer for relaxation, lawsuits—whatever."

Cushman eventually got around to asking, "Is there a price you would accept for these coins?"

Wenner said, "If you want to give me ten million, you've got them, or a million, you've got them."

Cushman professed puzzlement. "You're satisfied with the opinion that they're worth twenty-five to thirty—"

"I have every reason to believe that's the case," Wenner interrupted. Grinning, he added, "But, as I say, I'll take that million. A half a million." When the deposition was over, Wenner turned to Corliss and asked, "What is it that you *want*?" Corliss, startled and under strict orders to keep quiet, made no reply.

When Wenner produced the gold a month later for examination by Corliss's lawyers, their coin expert, Andy Stagg, joined the New York dealers' consensus, valuing them at $25,888. Nonetheless, Cushman continued to tell people that they were worth "half a million dollars." Everyone hoped the treasure would be worth more.

But Stagg did notice something odd when he checked the coins against an inventory that Corliss had secretly made in December, 1996. Under the pretext of putting the coins in plastic sleeves while Anderson and his wife were watching TV, Corliss had catalogued the coins' mint marks, which had been omitted

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from Anderson's original inventory. (Corliss prided himself on a further stratagem. "Because of watching the O. J. Simpson trial," he says, "I figured DNA testing was pretty good, so I put my right thumb print on the front of all the coins, just to prove later that it was mine." The returned coins had no fingerprints on them.) Stagg discovered that more than twenty of the coins now had different mint marks, and that several of the new coins appeared to be less valuable.

"We really believe Larry switched them," Corliss says. "He's a pack rat, a miser. There's no way he'd give up all those coins without keeping *something* for himself." Anderson firmly denies this. Wenner says that there is no evidence of a substitution, and that he's content with the coins as they are.

Corliss never got a chance to press this claim, because on January 5th of this year Judge James May ruled that the coins belonged to Wenner. Following a Texas court's precedent—the same decision that Brian Elkins had drawn to Anderson's attention—May decided that the coins had simply been mislaid and that there was "no logical reason to continue the ancient doctrine of treasure trove in this modern age." May cemented his property-rights foundation with the point that "Anderson and Corliss were acting on behalf of Wenner and consequently the coins, like the topsoil [that they excavated], belong to the land owner."

Corliss is appealing the decision to Idaho's Supreme Court. Jon Cushman admits that the odds are not good and says that the coins now in evidence—which he believes are inferior replacements—"do not have a value sufficient to justify the continuation of this contest." As was the case with the area's mines, more money has gone in search of the treasure than the treasure is worth.

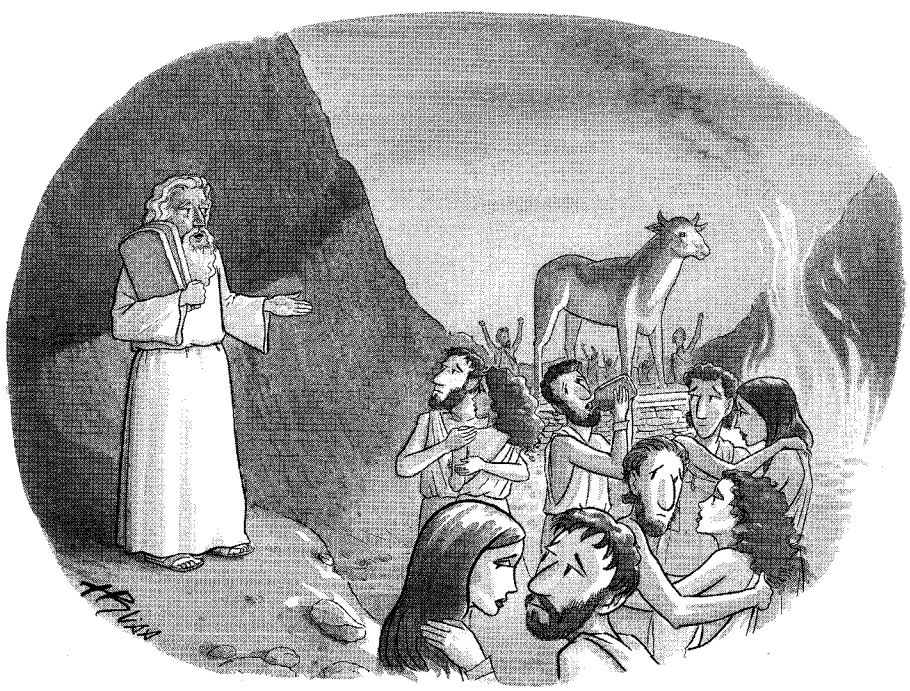
Larry Anderson, for his part, won't get Wenner's five-thousand-dollar reward, because Corliss's lawsuit nullified the offer. Though Judge May awarded Anderson the eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars that Corliss owes him, Corliss will appeal that, too. Anderson now regrets that he and Corliss ever met. "There's one road in this valley," Anderson says, "so Greg and I are going to keep passing each other. But I'm not going to say 'Hi.'" Shaking his head, he adds, "Sometimes I wish I'd never found it at all, because it's been such a pain in the rear. I always thought I'd just work, have a family, go through life one day at a time—I never thought I'd be lucky, if that's what you call it. It's like getting in a car wreck: how do you predict when someone's going to cross the white line and smash into you?"

GREG CORLISS'S dreams of glory are more durable. In March, he and Emily attended a benefit dinner in Hailey. After seven or eight drinks, Corliss jumped up onstage during an intermission in the standup comedy act. "Hi, my name is Greg Corliss," he announced, as he removed his shirt and lowered his trousers and boxer shorts. "And this is my impression of Demi Moore six months pregnant on the cover of *Vanity Fair*." He thrust out his stomach and vamped nude for the astonished crowd, until he was hustled offstage by the local marshal. Corliss now calls the incident "pretty dumb," but he explains, "Hey, I was just venting, expressing myself. Getting *known*."

I had a last dinner with Greg and Emily at the Sawtooth Club, in Ketchum. They wore cheery Norwegian ski sweaters and held hands by the fireplace. As we sipped pints of wheat beer, Corliss reflected on the past two years. "My old ten-year plan was to move here and build a water-ski lake, be the hot-shit guy," he said. "That didn't go as smooth as I thought it would. My new ten-year plan is to finish the gold case and work for this boat company and build it the best I can." He explained that he'd taken a job as the national sales manager for Tiger Trax water-sport boats. "I just sold four boats at this show in Seattle," he said, "and this dealer I was helping wrote an order for seven hundred and ten thousand dollars. See, I get five per cent, which is thirty-five thousand. So that's pretty excellent." He went on, "I've definitely learned from the gold experience. It made me think you should pick one thing and keep working at it." After a minute, his grin spread, and he added, "Hey! If nothing else, I've had my fifteen minutes of fame."

Beneath the cockeyed bravado, Corliss appears to understand that a bond of trust was broken. The matter of which bond, and between which men, is more uncertain. But the defeat of Greg Corliss and Larry Anderson can also be seen as marking the end of Sun Valley's animating myth. Judge May's decision doesn't just make the rich richer; it also gives the haves of the world sole custody of a past built largely by the have-nots. The verdict scotches the "Go West" dreams of the lone prospector, the long-shot player, the self-made man. It signals that the frontier, always less open than advertised, is now truly closed.

Emily Corliss was reflective, too. But she was thinking about how the treasure had affected her friends and neighbors. "It's just amazing, the greed of the gold," she said. "Everyone else acted so badly—but they all call *Greg* the dickhead." As if to demonstrate the unfairness of it all, she concluded, "All Greg wanted was to be on the cover of *Rolling Stone*." ♦



"Well, actually, they are written in stone."

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CHERYL DONEGAN, "LINE" (VIDEO STILL), 1996/BASILICO FINE ARTS

FICTION

ADULT VIDEO

A very modern courtship.

BY WILLIAM BOYD

PLAY >

SPRINGTIME in Oxford is vulgar anyway, but something about this particular spring in Oxford is having me on. Really, these cherry trees are absurd. One wonders if just quite so many flowers are necessary. It is almost as if the trees on the Woodstock Road were trying to prove something—some sort of floral brag, swanking to the other, less advanced vegetation. Very Oxford. Could I work this observation into the novel? "Only in Oxford do the cherry trees try too hard." Good opening for the Oxford sequence?

REWIND <<

My meeting with my new supervisor was not a success. Dr. Alexander Cardman. "Call me Alex," he invited almost immediately. He referred to me as Edward without permission.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Thirty-one. How old are you?"

"Thirty-three. And you've been writing this thesis for . . . ?"

"For, oh, six years. Seven. Seven and a bit. I left Oxford for three to teach. Then came back."

"Teach? Where was that?"

"Abbey Meade. It's a prep school in Wiltshire."

"Ah." I could hear the sneer forming in his brain.

"And you came back—"

"To finish my thesis."

"I see . . ." I was disliking him quite intensely by now. He looked like he had gel in his hair. The small trimmed goatee was rebarbative and the faint West Country burr in his voice struck me as an affectation.

PLAY >

Summertown. The Banbury Road. I push through the front gate of See Breezes (sic) to meet my new student, Gianluca di something or other. He is blind, so the language school has told me, and he needs to be walked to my flat. Not every day, I hope.

A cheery plump woman opens the door and leads me through to a living room, where Gianluca sits. He is a tall boy—eighteen or nineteen, I would say—with thick blond hair and a weak-chinned, sad face. His eyes are open, and as I introduce myself and shake his hand they seem to stare directly at me, disconcertingly, with only a

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faint glaucous, bloodshot hue to them.

We walk back to my flat on the Woodstock Road. His right hand rests gently in the crook of my left elbow, his left carries a briefcase and a folded white cane. We don't speak, as he had said, in good English, that he needed to concentrate and count.

We stroll through Summertown's shops and halt the traffic at the beeping pedestrian crossing. Along Moreton Road to Woodstock Road and then a hundred yards or so to the house.

"Ring this doorbell," I say, guiding his hand to the gleaming brass knob, "and I'll come down to get you."

In the hall Gianluca stops and sniffs the air.

"What is this place?" he says.

"A dentist's," I say, as breezily as I can. "I live on the top floor."

PAUSE II

Felicia, my girlfriend, has gone to Malaysia for a week to try to sell Internet stocks in the Pacific Rim market, or something. Perhaps it's bonds, or fluctuations in other stock markets, that she's selling; or she might even be selling other people's hunches about fluctuations in stock markets in the next decade. I don't even try to understand. She has given me the key to her house so I can feed her tropical fish while she's away. When she left at dawn yesterday, she kissed me goodbye, told me she loved me, and said, ominously, apropos of nothing, that she thought I would make a wonderful father. I suppose it's as close as she'll ever get to issuing an ultimatum.

PLAY >

" 'There is,' " I read, " 'as every schoolboy knows in this scientific age, a very close chemical relation between coal and diamonds—' "

"Please," Gianluca says, "there is a preface by Conrad, no?"

"Yes."

"Could you please begin with that." He taps something into his little portable Braille typewriter, and I go back to the beginning. You would think that being paid fifteen pounds an hour to read Joseph Conrad's "Victory" to a blind Italian boy is, well, money for old rope, but I find my heart is curiously heavy with prospective fatigue.

In our first two-hour session we manage five pages. Gianluca listens with almost painful concentration and asks many, many questions, the answers to which he painstakingly types into his Braille notebook. I walk him down to the front door, where he unfolds his white cane and sets off back to See Breezes with an amazingly unfaltering step. As I turn back into the hall, Krissi, the actually not unattractive New Zealand dental nurse, leans out of the door of the surgery and says, "Mr. Prentice would like a word at end-of-business today."

As I plod back upstairs to my little flat beneath the eaves I think that "end-of-business" is a classic Prentissian trope and that I must add it to my collection.

MEMORY

I think, perhaps, that I was at my happiest in Nice. Nineteen years old. At the Centre Universitaire Méditerranéen. No family. No friends. No money. Just freedom. My frowsty room in Madame D'Amico's apartment. The young whores on the Rue de France. The French girls. The Tunisian boys. Ulrike and Anneliese. All those years ago. Jesus Christ.

REWIND <<

Dr. "Alex" Cardman handed me back my chapter: "Social Consequences of the 1842 Mines Act in South Yorkshire, 1843-50."

"What do you think?" I asked. This guy did not frighten me, I had decided.

"There were fifteen errors of transcription in your first quoted passage," he said. "I didn't read on."

"It's only a draft, for Christ's sake."

"Even a second-rate examiner will refer you for that kind of carelessness," he said, reasonably. "You don't want to get into bad habits. Bring it back when you've checked everything." He smiled. "What made you so interested in mid-nineteenth-century mining legislation? Pretty arcane subject—even for an Oxford doctorate."

Its very arcanity, you fool, I wanted to reply, but instead I chose a lie, hoping it might cancel the Abbey Meade blunder. "My father was a miner," I said.

"Good God, so was mine," he said. "Tin. Cornwall."

"Coal. Lanarkshire."

FAST FORWARD >>

INTERVIEWER: You don't seem embittered, even bothered, by the attack in the *Times* by Sir Alexander Cardman.

ME: It's a matter of complete indifference. Wasn't it Nabokov who said the best response to hostile criticism is to yawn and forget? I yawned. I forgot.

INTERVIEWER: It seems unduly personal, especially when your book has been so widely acclaimed—

ME: I think people on the outside never fully realize the role envy plays in literary and cultural debate in this country.

PLAY >

Prentice is wearing his tracksuit and trainers: he likes to go jogging at the end of a day's dentistry. I offer him a glass of wine, which he, surprisingly, accepts.

"South African Chardonnay," I tell him. "Your neck of the woods." Prentice actually comes from Zimbabwe. He has had his gingery-blond hair closely cut, I notice, which makes him look burlier, even fitter, if that were possible. He is always very specific about not being identified as South African, is Mr. Prentist the dentist . . .

"I prefer Californian," he says.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Prentist?"

"Prentice."

"Sorry."

He smiles, showing his small immaculate teeth. "Bad news," he says. "I have to put the rent up. From next month." He mentions a preposterous figure.

"That's a—" I calculate, trying to keep the rage out of my voice. "A hundred-and-twenty-per-cent rise."

"The going rate for two-bedroom flats on the Woodstock Road, so an estate agent informs me."

"You cannot call that broom cupboard where I work a second bedroom."

"Market forces," he says, sipping, then nodding. "This is actually an excellent wine."

FUNCTION

Felicia is unnaturally blond, has a tendency to plumpness, and is devoted to me. I taught her for a term when she was at Somerville. We had an affair, for some reason. She went to work for a bank in the City. She came back to Oxford three years ago. I think, now, that she returned to seek me out. She makes twenty times more money a year than I do.

DISPLAY

My as yet unfinished novel. Five years in the writing. Which today

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I have decided to retitle: "Morbid Anatomy."

FAST FORWARD >>

INTERVIEWER: Why did you resign the Trevelyan Chair of Modern History?

ME: I did not approve of the new syllabus.

INTERVIEWER: It had nothing to do with internecine strife within the history faculty, professional jealousies?

ME: As far as I was concerned, it was purely a matter of principle. It was my duty.

PLAY >

Gianluca looks at me—or at least his sightless eyes are turned in my direction. I read on, hastily: " 'Meanwhile, Schomberg watched Heyst out of the corner of his eye'—ah, notice that glorious Conradian cliché—"

"Why is Heyst so passive?" Gianluca asks. "He's like he's *stagnante*."

"Same word," I say, wondering why, indeed. "Well, he's a bit of a drifter, Heyst, isn't he?"

Gianluca types—I suppose—"Heyst = drifter" into his Braille notebook.

"Going with the flow," I improvise. We have reached page 67. I don't think I have ever paid so much attention to a text, and yet I can remember almost nothing. Each day it's as if I'm starting on page 1 again.

REPEAT

"He meant to drift altogether and literally, body and soul, like a detached leaf drifting in the wind currents."

PLAY >

Mrs. Warmleigh has left her Hoover on the stairs. I go to look for her and ask her to move it, as Gianluca is due.

"The blind boy? He's amazing that one, the way he comes and goes. Fantastic, it is, bless him."

I concur, wearily. Mrs. Warmleigh has a warty, smiley face and, oddly for a dentist's cleaning lady, many pronounced gaps in her famous smile. "Warmleigh by name, warmly by nature," she says, at least two or three times a week.

"You look at him," she goes on, "and you'd swear he could see. Amazing."

A nasty little sliver of suspicion enters my mind.

REWIND <<

Felicia started talking about children on the day of her twenty-eighth birthday. We had been "going out" for two years by then. I asked her why she chose to live in Oxford, with its tiresome, lengthy commute to London when, on her salary, she could have lived in town, conveniently and comfortably. "I was always happy in Oxford," she said. "And besides, you're here." The logic doesn't hold up. She came back to Oxford, bought her little house in Osney Mead, and then we met up again and, as these things will, resumed our affair. There is a character in "Morbid Anatomy" loosely, very loosely, based on Felicia. I think she dies in a plane crash.

PLAY >

This is vaguely shaming, but I know I have to do it. Gianluca leaves and thirty seconds later I am out the door following him. I watch him for a while, and as he waits at the pedestrian crossing I use a gap in the traffic to overtake him. I jog ahead up through the Summertown shops until I have a hundred-yard start on him and, hidden in a doorway, I watch his progress, steady and sure, toward me. It is true, as Mrs. Warmleigh had observed, that without the white stick there would be nothing in Gianluca's stride to tell you he was blind. Is it a sad subterfuge, some mental problem, I find myself wondering—wondering with slowly stirring anger rather than commiseration, as I'm a significant victim of this subterfuge. Or is he merely partially sighted and playing it up for more sympathy?

I let him go by. "Oi, mate," I disguise my voice with a bit of Oxford demotic. "You drop vis money."

He turns. "Excuse me?"

My empty palm proffers an invisible ten-pound note.

He steps toward me, his eyes moving. "Some money?" He digs in his pocket, producing a wallet. He *is* blind, all right, blind as a stone, stone-blind, bat-blind, and a pelt of self-loathing covers me for an instant. "I dropped money?" he says, fumbling with his wallet's zip.

"Gianluca?" a girl's voice calls. We both turn.

"Gianluca," I say. "Is everything all right?"

"Edward," he says with relief. "I thought someone talking to me."

The girl has reached us now, and she

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takes his arm. She's small, with wiry brown hair and a mischievous look on her face, half laughing, half smirking. She wears black, and she's smoking.

"Is my sister, Claudia," Gianluca says, introducing us. "This is Edward. Claudia is coming to stay for a few days. She take me back home."

I reach out to take her proffered hand.

"Gianluca has told me everything about you."

"Not everything, I hope," I say, looking into those thin brown sightful eyes. And I know.

PAUSE ||

It is a kind of watershed, I realize. When you know instantly. And when the other person knows you know. It is, in its own way, an infallible sign of adulthood—a threshold crossed. All your imagined, wistful, striven-for worldliness suddenly coalescing into a simple blunt adult recognition. The last shreds of adolescent insecurity finally gone. From now on there will never be any doubt or ambiguity. You can look into a person's eyes and, wordlessly, the question can be asked—if you want to ask it—and you will know the answer: yes or no. End of story.

FAST FORWARD >>

INTERVIEWER: You didn't find that the Nobel/Booker/Pulitzer/Goncourt inhibited your creativity in any way?

ME: On the contrary. I found it liberating. And the check was very welcome, too. (*Laughter.*)

REWIND <<

I left Cardman's rooms and wandered out into the quad holding my error-strewn chapter rolled up like a baton, like a truncheon, in my hand. The afternoon sun struck the venerable buildings obliquely, picking out the detailing of the stonework with admirable clarity. The razored lawn was immaculate, perfectly striped, unbadged by weed or daisy, almost indecently, absurdly green. I realized that I hated old buildings, hated honey-colored crafted stone, hated scholarship, hated arrogant young dons with their superior ways. So much hate, I reflected, as I crossed Magdalen Bridge, can't be good for one. The leaves of my chapter helixed gently down onto the turbid brown waters of the Cherwell.

PLAY >

I walk through Felicia's neat, bright house trying to imagine myself here. Where would my things go? Where would my desk be? Everything is neat, neat, neat, everything is tidy and neat. Even the cuddly toys on her bedcover are neatly arranged in descending order of size. Predictably, I search her laundry basket for a pair of soiled knickers to masturbate into but find only tights, cutoff jeans, and a rugby shirt—and somehow the autoerotic moment is gone. Dutifully, I feed her dazzling, frondy fish, trying to analyze what I felt for Felicia, with her decency, her baffling, uncritical devotion, her compartmentalized mind, at once cutesy and clever, our fundamental incompatibility . . . I could just about fit in here, I suppose, but where would baby go?

REWIND <<

I was watching "Blade Runner" for about the thirtieth time when Felicia called.

"Hi. What is it?" I said.

"Just to let you know I landed safely."

"Oh. Great. Where are you?"

"Singapore. K.L. tomorrow."

"K.L.?"

"Kuala Lumpur."

"Why don't people refer to San Francisco as S.F.? Always wondered about that. 'Hey, let's go to S.F.' "

"Are you all right, Edward?"

"What? Yeah. I think I'm going to abandon my thesis. Concentrate on the novel."

"That's wonderful news. Look, I must dash, the car's waiting. Love you."

"Bye." I put the phone down. "Love you."

PLAY >

Claudia lights my cigarette for me, a gesture that, for some reason, always generates in me a little gut spasm of lust, a little intestinal writhe.

"You must try some of our English beer," I say. "Old Fuddleston's Triple-Brewed Dog Piss."

"Oh yeah. I think I stay with vodka."

"Very wise, Claudia, very wise indeed."

We are sitting in a dark booth in a low-beamed smoky pub off Broad Street, and I wonder whether I should kiss her now but decide to wait a bit—I'm quite enjoying the sexual sparring.

"So, Eduardo." She plumes smoke at the ceiling, then leans forward far

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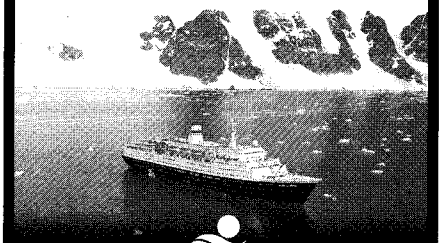
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enough that I can see the swell of her small breasts in the scoop of her T-shirt. "You write novels. Can I read them?"

"You bet, Claudia. One day."

FAST FORWARD >>

INTERVIEWER: So why settle in Big Sur/Sausalito/Arizona/Key West?

ME: Well, after the divorce, I needed to get out of Britain. I was with Cora-Lee by then and her father offered us the use of his villa/beach hut/ranch. I was in rough shape emotionally and needed peace. Peace of mind. The most valuable commodity on the planet.

INTERVIEWER: Cora-Lee is substantially younger than you?

ME: That's true. But her wisdom is ageless.

SLOW MOTION I>

Claudia's T-shirt comes off easily enough but I'm surprised to see her wearing a tough little sports-bra thing with no clasp or hook I tug at a strap I am pretty fucking pissed we're both pretty fucking pissed all that beer and vodka Jesus how much did we drink I kick off a shoe and hear the zip on Claudia's jeans zing open she weaves away to the bathroom I haul the rest of my clothes off and slide under the duvet bollock naked I think bollock naked she comes in damn still in the bra thing blue panties not matching she whips the duvet back laughing and shouting at me in Italian *preservativa preservativa.*

PLAY >

As luck would have it, as filthy pigging stinking luck would have it, Prentist the dentist comes through the front door just as Claudia and I are crossing the hall. What sort of dentist comes to work at 7:45 A.M.? And why should I feel guilty? I'm a grown man renting a flat from another grown man. I introduce Claudia. The fact that I'm only in this flat because Felicia knows Prentice from the squash club is something I prefer not to contemplate right now.

Claudia looks at me in that way she has. "Goodbye, Edward, I see you later." I imagine that we must reek of sex—a pongy, spermy, sweaty, tangled-sheets sort of exudation, filling the hallway like tear gas.

Claudia leaves.

Prentice turns to me. "I don't know what she sees in you," he says, his voice harsh.

"Claudia?"

"Felicia, you tragic bastard. I don't know why she wants to marry you."

"Because she loves me, Prentist, that's why."

"I want you out of here. End of the week."

FAST FORWARD >>

INTERVIEWER: Do you ever think of the future? Of death?

ME: Wasn't it Epicurus who said "Death is not our business"?

PLAY >

" 'Davidson, thoughtful, seemed to weigh the matter in his mind, and then murmured with placid sadness: "Nothing!" ' " I close the book. "The end," I say to Gianluca.

I walk down to the hall with him, and we make our farewells. Gianluca thanks me, with some sincerity. I find myself wondering if Claudia has described to him how I look. I will miss Gianluca, and endless, interminable "Victory"—or will I? I know one thing for sure: I will never read a book by Joseph Conrad again. The mood is one of . . . of placid sadness. Saddish, but not unsettling, not unpleasant.

"Claudia say she will call you tonight."

"I won't be here tonight," I say. "I'm moving out. I'll be staying with a friend. Tell Claudia . . . Just say goodbye for me."

PAUSE II

"Let's get married," I said to Felicia when she called to tell me when her plane was landing. It was strange to hear her crying all those thousands of miles away, her little choking noises, the sniffs.

"I mean, will you marry me?"

"I'm so happy, Edward," she said. "I'm so incredibly happy."

PLAY >

I stand on the platform at Oxford station, a bunch of overpriced scarlet tulips in my hand, looking sympathetically across the rails at the commuters with their briefcases and newspapers. Felicia's train appears and slows to a halt, doors swinging open. I stand there waiting, not moving, and I see Felicia step down in her smart suit, lugging her suitcase (which contains, I know, a silk shirt for me), tucking her hair behind her ears, looking around for me, her future husband. I raise my bunch of overpriced scarlet tulips and wave.

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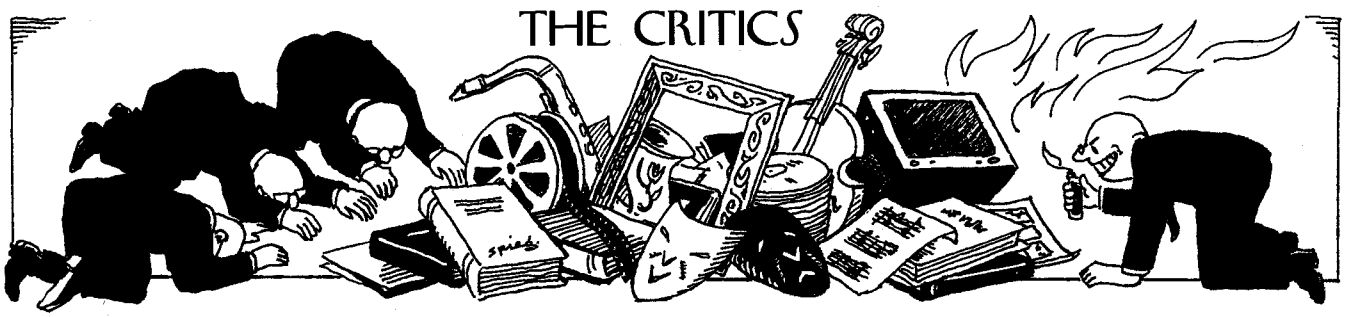

A CRITIC AT LARGE

HIGH-SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

Notes on teen movies.

BY DAVID DENBY

THE most hated young woman in America is a blonde—well, sometimes a redhead or a brunette, but usually a blonde. She has big hair flipped into a swirl of gold at one side of her face or arrayed in a sultry mane, like the magnificent pile of a forties movie star. She's tall and slender, with a waist as supple as a willow, but she's dressed in awful, spangled taste: her outfits could have been put together by warring catalogues. And she has a mouth on her, a low, slatternly tongue that devastates other kids with such insults as "You're vapor, you're Spam!" and "Do I look like Mother Teresa? If I did, I probably wouldn't mind talking to the geek squad." She has two or three friends exactly like her, and together they dominate their realm—the American high school as it appears in recent teen movies. They are like wicked princesses, who enjoy the misery of their subjects. Her coronation, of course, is the senior prom, when she expects to be voted "most popular" by her class. But, though she may be popular, she is certainly not liked, so her power is something of a mystery. She is beautiful and rich, yet in the end she is preëminent because . . . she is preëminent, a position she works to maintain with Joan Crawford-like tenacity. Everyone is afraid of her; that's why she's popular.

She has a male counterpart. He's usually a football player, muscular but dumb, with a face like a beer mug and only two ways of speaking—in a conspiratorial whisper, to a friend, or in a drill sergeant's sudden bellow. If her weapon is the snub, his is the lame but infuriating prank—the can of Sprite emptied into a knapsack, or something sticky, creamy, or adhesive deposited in a locker. Sprawling and dull in class, he comes alive in the halls and in the cafeteria. He hurls people against lockers; he spits, pours, and sprays; he has a projectile relationship with food. As the crown prince, he claims the best-looking girl for himself, though in a perverse display of power he may invite an outsider or an awkward girl—a "dog"—to the prom, setting her up for some special humiliation. When we first see him, he is riding high, and virtually the entire school colludes in his tyranny. No authority figure—no teacher or administrator—dares correct him.

Thus the villains of the recent high-school movies. Not every American teen movie has these two characters, and not every social queen or jock shares all the attributes I've mentioned. (Occasionally, a handsome, dark-haired athlete can be converted to sweetness and light.) But as genre figures these two types are hugely familiar; that is, they are a common memory, a collective trauma, or at least a social and erotic fantasy. Such movies of the past year as "Disturbing Behavior," "She's All That," "Ten Things I Hate About You," and "Never Been Kissed" depend on them as stock figures. And they may have been figures in the minds of the Littleton shooters, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, who imagined they were living in a school like the one in so many of these movies—a poisonous system of status, snobbery, and exclusion.

DO genre films reflect reality? Or are they merely a set of conventions that refer to other films? Obviously, they wouldn't survive if they didn't provide emotional satisfaction to the people who make them and to the audiences who watch them. A half century ago, we didn't need to see ten Westerns a year in order to learn that the West got settled. We needed to see it settled ten times a year in order to provide ourselves with the emotional gratifications of righteous violence. By drawing his gun only when he was provoked, and in the service of the good, the classic Western hero transformed the gross tangibles of the expansionist drive (land, cattle, gold) into a principle of moral order. The gangster, by contrast, is a figure of chaos, a modern, urban person, and in the critic Robert Warshow's formulation he functions as a discordant element in an American society devoted to a compulsively "positive" outlook. When the gangster dies, he cleanses viewers of their own negative feelings.

High-school movies are also full of unease and odd, mixed-up emotions. They may be flimsy in conception; they may be shot in lollipop colors, garlanded with mediocre pop scores, and cast with goofy young actors trying to make an impression. Yet this most commercial and frivolous of genres harbors a grievance against the world. It's a very specific grievance, quite different from the restless anger of such fifties adolescent-rebellion movies as "The Wild One," in which someone asks Marlon Brando's biker "What are you rebelling against?" and the biker replies, "What have you got?" The fifties teen outlaw was against anything that adults

JAIME HERNANDEZ

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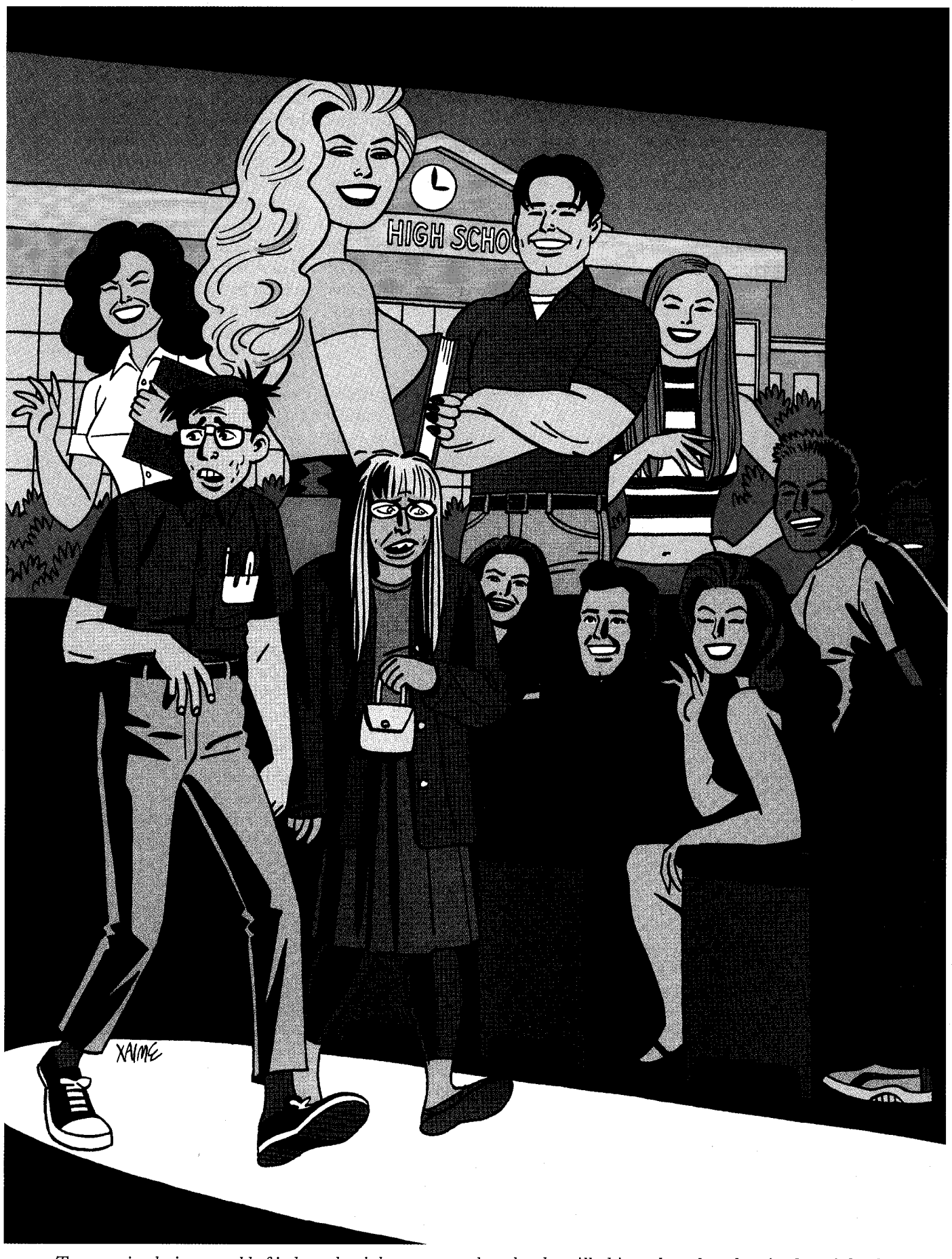

Teen movies depict a world of jocks and social queens—and nerds who will ultimately replace them in the social order.

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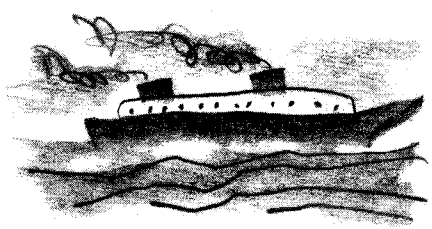
considered sacred. But no movie teenager now revolts against adult authority, for the simple reason that adults have no authority. Teachers are rarely more than a minimal, exasperated presence, administrators get turned into a joke, and parents are either absent or distantly benevolent. It's a teen world, bounded by school, mall, and car, with occasional moments set in the fast-food outlets where the kids work, or in the kids' upstairs bedrooms, with their pin-ups and rack stereo systems. The enemy is not authority; the enemy is other teens and the social system that they impose on one another.

The bad feeling in these movies may strike grownups as peculiar. After all, from a distance American kids appear to be having it easy these days. The teen audience is facing a healthy job market; at home, their parents are stuffing the den with computers and the garage with a bulky S.U.V. But most teens aren't thinking about the future job market. Lost in the eternal swoon of late adolescence, they're thinking about their identity, their friends, and their clothes. Adolescence is the present-tense moment in American life. Identity and status are fluid: abrupt, devastating reversals are always possible. (In a teen movie, a guy who swallows a bucket of cafeteria coleslaw can make himself a hero in an instant.) In these movies, accordingly, the senior prom is the equivalent of the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral; it's the moment when one's worth as a human being is settled at last. In the rather pedestrian new comedy "Never Been Kissed," Drew Barrymore, as a twenty-five-year-old newspaper reporter, goes back to high school pretending to be a student, and immediately falls into her old, humiliating pattern of trying to impress the good-looking rich kids. Helplessly, she pushes for approval, and even gets herself chosen prom queen before finally coming to her senses. She finds it nearly impossible to let go.

GENRE films dramatize not what happens but how things feel—the emotional coloring of memory. They fix subjectivity into fable. At actual schools, there is no unitary system of status; there are many groups to be a part of, many places to excel (or fail to excel), many avenues of escape and self-definition. And often the movies, too, revel in the arcana of high-school cliques. In last summer's "Disturbing Behavior," a veteran student lays out the cafeteria ethnography for a newcomer: Motorheads, Blue Ribbons, Skaters, Micro-geeks ("drug of choice: Stephen Hawking's 'A Brief History of Time' and a cup of jasmine tea on Saturday night"). Subjectively, though, the social system in "Disturbing Behavior" (a high-school version of "The Stepford Wives") and in the other movies still feels coercive and claustrophobic: humiliation is the most vivid emotion of youth, so in memory it becomes the norm.

The movies try to turn the tables. The kids who cannot be the beautiful ones, or make out with them, or avoid being insulted by them—these are the heroes of the teen movies, the third in the trio of character types. The female outsider is usually an intellectual or an artist. (She scribbles in a diary, she draws or paints.) Physically awkward, she walks like a seal crossing a beach, and is prone to drop her books and dither in terror when she stands before a handsome boy. Her clothes, which ignore mall fashion, scandalize the social queens. Like them, she has a tongue, but she's tart and grammatical, tending toward feminist pungency and precise diction. She may mask her sense of vulnerability with sarcasm or with Plathian rue (she's stuck in the bell jar), but even when she lashes out she can't hide her craving for acceptance.

The male outsider, her friend, is usually a mass of stuttering or giggling sexual gloom: he wears shapeless clothes; he has an undeveloped body, either stringy or shrimpy; he's sometimes a Jew (in these movies, still the generic outsider). He's also brilliant, but in a morose, preoccupied way that suggests masturbatory absorption in some arcane system of knowledge. In a few special cases, the outsider is not a loser but a disengaged hipster, either saintly or satanic. (Christian Slater has played this role a couple of times.) This outsider wears black and keeps his hair long, and he knows how to please women. He sees through everything, so he's ironic by temperament and genuinely indifferent to the opinion of others—a natural aristocrat, who transcends the school's contemptible status system. There are whimsical variations on the outsider figure, too. In the recent "Rushmore," an obnoxious teen hero, Max Fischer (Jason Schwartzman), runs the entire school: he can't pass his courses but he's a dynamo at extracurricular activities, with a knack for staging extraordinary events. He's a con man, a fund-raiser, an entrepreneur—in other words, a contemporary artist.



In fact, the entire genre, which combines self-pity and ultimate vindication, might be called "Portrait of the Filmmaker as a Young Nerd." Who can doubt where Hollywood's twitchy, nearsighted writers and directors ranked—or feared they ranked—on the high-school totem pole? They are still angry, though occasionally the target of their resentment goes beyond the jocks and cheerleaders of their youth. Consider this anomaly: the young actors and models on the covers of half the magazines published in this country, the shirtless men with chests like burnished shields, the girls smiling, glowing, tweezed, full-lipped, full-breasted (but not too full), and with skin so honeyed that it seems lacquered—these are the physical ideals embodied by the villains of the teen movies. The social queens and jocks, using their looks to dominate others, represent an American barbarism of beauty. Isn't it possible that the detestation of them in teen movies is a veiled strike at the entire abs-hair advertising culture, with its unobtainable glories of perfection? A critic of consumerism might even see a spark of revolt in these movies. But only a spark.

My guess is that these films arise from remembered hurts which then get recast in symbolic form. For instance, a surprising number of the outsider heroes have no mother. Mom has died or run off with another man; her child, only half loved, is ill equipped for the emotional pressures of school. The motherless child, of course, is a shrewd commercial ploy that makes a direct

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appeal to the members of the audience, many of whom may feel like outsiders, too, and unloved, or not loved enough, or victims of some prejudice or exclusion. But the motherless child also has powers, and will someday be a success, an artist, a screenwriter. It's the wound and the bow all over again, in cargo pants.

As the female nerd attracts the attention of the handsomest boy in the senior class, the teen movie turns into a myth of social reversal—a Cinderella fantasy. Initially, his interest in her may be part of a stunt or a trick: he is leading her on, perhaps at the urging of his queenly girlfriend. But his gaze lights her up, and we see how attractive she really is. Will she fulfill the eternal American fantasy that you can vault up the class system by removing your specs? She wants her prince, and by degrees she wins him over, not just with her looks but with her superior nature, her essential goodness. In the male version of the Cinderella trip, a few years go by, and a pale little nerd (we see him at a reunion) has become rich. All that poking around with chemicals paid off. Max Fischer, of "Rushmore," can't miss being richer than Warhol.

So the teen movie is wildly ambivalent. It may attack the consumerist ethos that produces winners and losers, but in the end it confirms what it is attacking. The girls need the seal of approval conferred by the converted jocks; the nerds need money and a girl. Perhaps it's no surprise that the outsiders can be validated only by the people who ostracized them. But let's not be too schematic: the outsider who joins the system also modifies it, opens it up to the creative power of social mobility, makes it bend and laugh, and perhaps this turn of events is not so different from the way things work in the real world, where merit and achievement stand a good chance of trumping appearance. The irony of the Littleton shootings is that Klebold and Harris, who were both proficient computer heads, seemed to have forgotten how the plot turns out. If they had held on for a few years they might have been working at a hip software company, or have started their own business, while the jocks who oppressed them would probably have wound up selling insurance or used cars. That's the one unquestionable social truth the teen movies reflect: geeks rule.

THERE is, of course, a menacing subgenre, in which the desire for revenge turns bloody. Thirty-one years ago, Lindsay Anderson's semi-surrealistic "If..." was set in an oppressive, class-ridden English boarding school, where a group of rebellious students drive the school population out into a courtyard and open fire on them with machine guns. In Brian De Palma's 1976 masterpiece "Carrie," the pale, repressed heroine, played by Sissy Spacek, is courted at last by a handsome boy but gets violated—doused with pig's blood—just as she is named prom queen. Stunned but far from powerless, Carrie uses her telekinetic powers to set the room afire and burn down the school. "Carrie" is the primal school movie, so wildly lurid and funny that it exploded the clichés of the genre before the genre was quite set: the heroine may be a wrathful avenger, but the movie, based on a Stephen King book, was clearly a grinning-gargoyle fantasy. So, at first, was "Heathers," in which Christian Slater's satanic outsider turns out to be a true devil. He and his girlfriend (played by a very young Winona Ryder) begin gleefully knocking off the rich, nasty girls and the jocks, in ways so patently absurd that their revenge seems a mere wicked dream. I think it's unlikely that these movies had a direct effect on the actions of the Littleton shooters, but the two boys would surely have recognized the emotional world of "Heathers" and "Disturbing Behavior" as their own. It's a place where feelings of victimization join fantasy, and you experience the social élites as so powerful that you must either become them or kill them.

But enough. It's possible to make teen movies that go beyond these fixed polarities—insider and outsider, blond-bitch queen and hunch-shouldered nerd. In Amy Heckerling's 1995 comedy "Clueless," the big blonde played by Alicia Silverstone is a Rodeo Drive clotheshorse who is nonetheless possessed of extraordinary virtue. Freely dispensing advice and help, she's almost ironically good—a designing goddess with a cell phone. The movie offers a sunshiny satire of Beverly Hills affluence, which it sees as both absurdly swollen and generous in spirit. The most original of the teen comedies,

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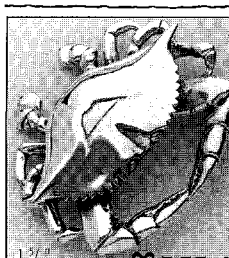

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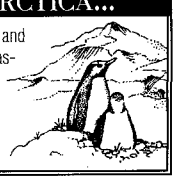

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"Clueless" casts away self-pity. So does "Romy and Michele's High School Reunion" (1997), in which two gabby, lovable friends, played by Mira Sorvino and Lisa Kudrow, review the banalities of their high-school experience so knowingly that they might be criticizing the teen-movie genre itself. And easily the best American film of the year so far is Alexander Payne's "Election," a high-school movie that inhabits a different aesthetic and moral world altogether from the rest of these pictures. "Election" shreds everyone's fantasies and illusions in a vision of high school that is bleak but supremely just. The movie's villain, an overachieving girl (Reese Witherspoon) who runs for class president, turns out to be its covert heroine, or, at least, its most poignant character. A cross between Pat and Dick Nixon, she's a lower-middle-class striver who works like crazy and never wins anyone's love. Even when she's on top, she feels excluded. Her loneliness is produced not by malicious cliques but by her own implacable will, a condition of the spirit that may be as comical and tragic as it is mysterious. "Election" escapes all the clichés; it graduates into art. ♦

THE ART WORLD

NEW ORLEANS INTERLUDE

Degas and the roads not taken.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

"DEGAS COMES HOME," it says on the billboards in downtown New Orleans. That's a little like Nagasaki claiming Puccini, but what the hell. Edgar Degas spent just under five months in his mother's home town, during the winter of 1872-1873, and his visit provides the focus for "Degas and New Orleans," a scintillating exhibition at the New Orleans Museum of Art (through August 29th), in which the famously *rébarbatif* Parisian reveals a gentler and more domestic side to his complex nature.

Degas was thirty-eight at the time. Although he was not yet famous, his fierce intellect and his portraits and paintings of contemporary life—the racetrack, the ballet, the opera, and enigmatic scenes such as "Sulking" and "Interior" (also known as "The Rape")—had made him a highly respected figure in the Café Guerbois circle of artists, who took their cues from Manet, and who would show together two years later in the first Impressionist Exhibition. Why, when he was poised on the brink of a great career, did he desert Paris to visit New Orleans? The family connections there clearly meant a lot to him. His mother, Marie Célestine Musson, who died when he was thirteen, had been born into the French-speaking Creole aristocracy of New Orleans. Degas had formed close attachments with several of his female Musson relatives when they took refuge in France during the American Civil War; the haunting small portrait he did at that time of his bereaved cousin Estelle Musson, whose husband had recently died in battle, is one of the more indelible images in the current exhibition. Degas's younger brothers, René and Achille, had both emigrated to New Orleans to make their fortunes, and when René, who had married the widowed Estelle, came to Paris on business in 1872 he persuaded Edgar to accompany him on the return voyage. They arrived on October 28th of that year, after a ten-day crossing by paddle-wheel steamer to New York and a four-day train trip to Louisiana.

"Everything attracts me here," Degas wrote to Lorentz Frölich, a friend and fellow-artist. "I like nothing better than the negresses of all shades, holding in their arms little white babies, so white, against white houses with columns of fluted wood and in gardens of orange trees and the ladies in muslin against the fronts of their lit-

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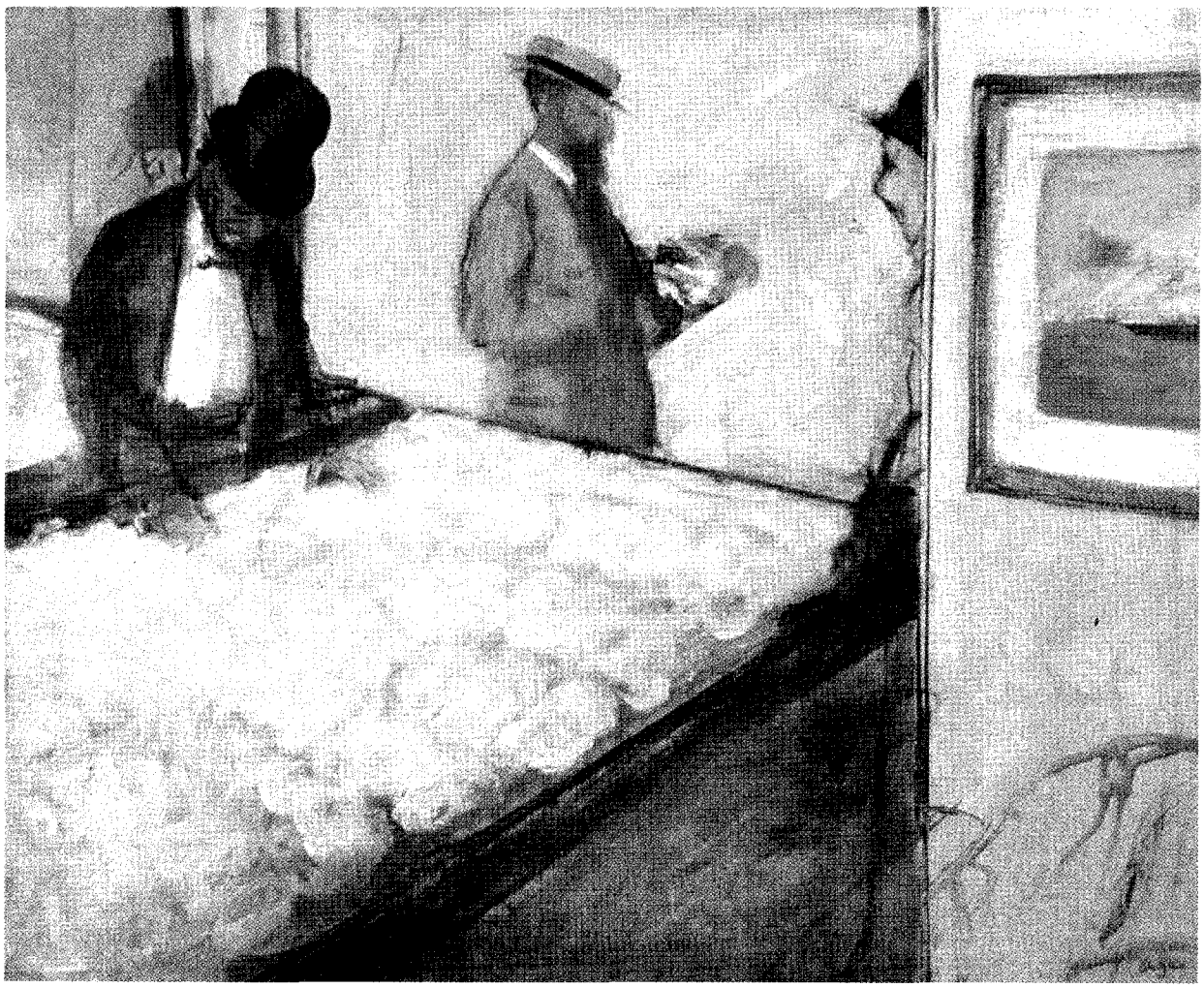
tle houses and the steamboats with two chimneys as tall as factory chimneys and the fruit vendors with their shops full to bursting, and the contrast between the lively hum and bustle of the offices with this immense black animal force, etc. etc." He painted virtually none of these things, as it turned out. The light was too strong for him to work outdoors, he said, and, besides, Degas wasn't that sort of painter. What he did paint, for the most part, were portraits and sketches of his Musson relatives, twelve of whom lived in a big house on Esplanade Avenue, where Degas was assigned a back bedroom on the ground floor. He complained mildly, in other letters home, about the difficulties of doing family portraits "by impossible lighting, with models full of affection but . . . taking you far less seriously because you are their nephew or their cousin," yet for Degas, who was used to male company and the bachelor life, this immersion in a domestic world of women and children was surprisingly agreeable. "A good family: it is really a good thing to be married, to have children, to be free of the need of being gallant," he wrote to James Tissot. "Ye gods, it is really time one thought about it."

Degas's portraits rarely flatter their subjects, and these are no exception. The Creole aristocracy of New Orleans was crumbling, in the painful aftermath of the Civil War, and the Musson women, no longer youthful, have a slightly sombre look, which in the case of Estelle takes on tragic overtones. Estelle was going blind—she had lost all sight in her left eye by 1869—and Degas, who had been having serious eye problems of his own, seemed to feel a special affinity for her. The portrait he had done of Estelle seven years earlier, in France, shows her outdoors, against a background of leafless winter trees, her mouth a thin, taut line and her hooded eyes turned down and away from us. He painted her several times during his New Orleans visit. In one striking canvas, she stands beside a table, her face in deep shadow, arranging flowers whose vibrant color and vigorous, thrusting life accentuate her own passivity. In a painting called "Woman with a Vase of Flowers," the sitter has also been identified as Estelle, although here she has an intense, rather formidable presence as she turns to look over the back of her chair. The figure in "Woman Seated on a Balcony" is Estelle's older sister, Mathilde Musson Bell, who, in a low-cut silk gown and with an inviting half smile, invokes a more languorous, seductive domesticity.



"Cotton Merchants in New Orleans" (1873) has a sketchy, unfinished look, but it generates an extraordinary energy.

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Degas's Parisian colleagues called him the inventor of "social chiaroscuro"—the infinite gradations of mood and gesture and psychological insight that make his pictures so different from those of Renoir or Monet. No one but Degas could have painted the almost monochromatic "Children on a Doorstep (New Orleans)," in which we look

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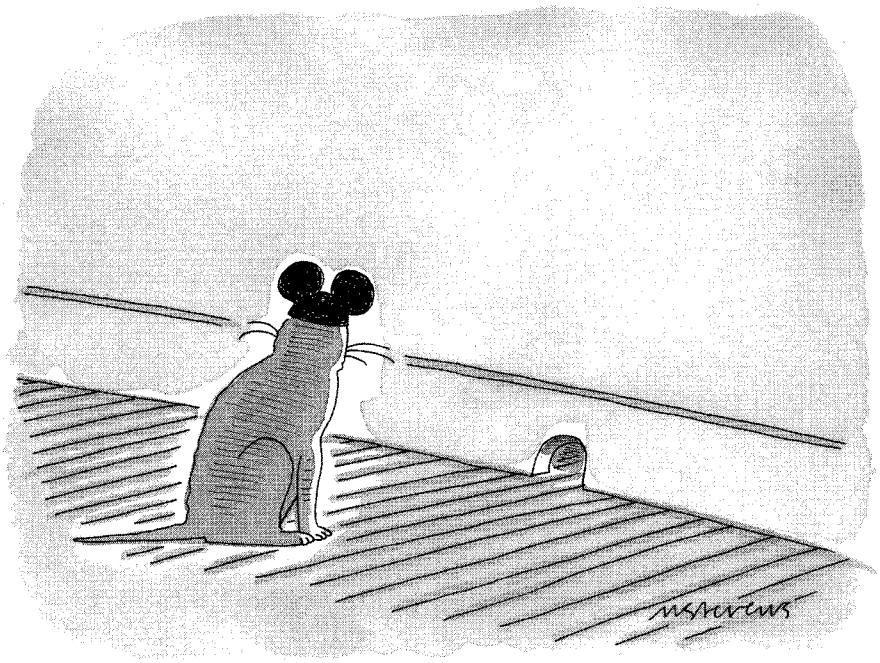

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past a cozy group of young children (one of whom, a blond-haired tyke sitting with her back to us, throws an appealing glance over one shoulder), into a fenced garden where a white dog stands guard (the dog's name, bestowed by Degas himself, is Vasco de Gama), and beyond, to a green-shuttered cottage across the way, which happens to be the home of América Durrive Olivier, the married woman for whom René would leave Estelle in 1878, causing a bitter and permanent split between the Musson and Degas families. Weirdly enough, once you know that, Degas's rather mysterious composition makes the coming disaster seem entirely plausible. Even stranger is "La Garde-Malade" ("The Nurse"), a privately owned painting that has never before been shown in the United States. Here we see a seated nurse, wrapped in a brown cloak, through the doorway of a room in which streaks of bright orange on the walls compete with a fiery-red floor in what could almost be a preview of Fauvism. Degas the colorist? Certainly he was trying out new ideas, pushing himself, "accumulating plans which would take ten lifetimes to carry out," he wrote to Frölich. Toward the end of his stay, he expressed regret at not having painted the black people, whose lives were so interlaced with white Creole society. Like many New Orleans families, the Mussons had a black branch, sired by Degas's great-uncle Vincent Rillieux. Black Rillieuxes live there today, although the Musson descendants didn't seem to know about them until Christopher Benfey unearthed the facts, two years ago, in his book "Degas in New Orleans." "I shall be very surprised," Degas wrote in another letter, "to live among white people only in Paris."

He planned to go home in January, two months after his arrival. For unexplained reasons, however, he missed the boat and stayed on nearly three months longer, during which he painted "A Cotton Office in New Orleans." This famous picture (also known as "Portraits in an Office"), one of Degas's and the nineteenth century's masterpieces, hangs in the same gallery as a second version, painted in March, just before he left the city, called "Cotton Merchants in New Orleans," and the dialogue between them is wonderfully instructive.

"A Cotton Office" is a full-dress performance, a brilliantly conceived and orchestrated composition in which fourteen men—nearly all of whom have been identified as Musson relatives (including Degas's brothers Achille, at the far left, and René, reading the paper at front center) or members of the firm in which Michel Musson, Degas's uncle, was a partner—stand, sit, converse, or attend to business. In New Orleans, "one lives for cotton and from cotton," Degas had noted in one of his letters. A sea of the billowing white stuff lies spread out on a long table, giving off its own refulgent light, and Michel Musson, top-hatted and intent, sits in a chair in the foreground examining a sample. In fact, the cotton business was in a bad way just then, what with the abolition of slavery and the chaos of Reconstruction. In doing extensive research on this painting, the art historian Marilyn R. Brown discovered that the firm of Musson, Prestidge & Co. went bankrupt and dissolved in the winter of 1873, presumably about the same time Degas was painting his picture. Brown and others have tried to find evidence of this in the painting, but I can't see any. There is no aura of gloom or foreboding in this clean, well-lighted room, with its high windows letting in the daylight and its well-dressed gents going about their well-ordered, somewhat indolent routines. "A Cotton Office" is Degas at the height of his rational style, combining portraiture and contemporary life in ways that still seem fresh, new, and surprising.

The other Degas, the irrational obsessive, is at work in "Cotton Merchants in New Orleans." Here fourteen figures are reduced to three, in a drastically truncated space. One is a caricature in profile, another a dandy in a straw hat, while the third sinks both hands into an expanse of raw cotton, which takes up a large part of the painting. The subtle demarcation of the white cotton from the white wall behind it could make Robert Ryman gnash his teeth with envy. (Degas the master draftsman knew a thing or two about color values.) The high finish and the exquisite detail of his earlier canvas give way here to a sketchy treatment that looks unfinished, but the picture generates an extraordinary energy. (It is one of the treasures of the Fogg Art Museum, in Cambridge. "A Cotton Office" is *the* treasure of the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Pau, whose director needed a great deal of persuasion before agreeing to lend it.)

Gail Feigenbaum, the exhibition's curator, suggests that "A Cotton Office" sums up the past, while "Cotton Merchants" represents the future of Degas's art, and this is not an untenable concept. Degas himself referred to the later picture, in one of his invaluable letters, as "less complicated and more spontaneous, better art," although that's the sort of offhand remark that can be taken too seriously. The seemingly acci-

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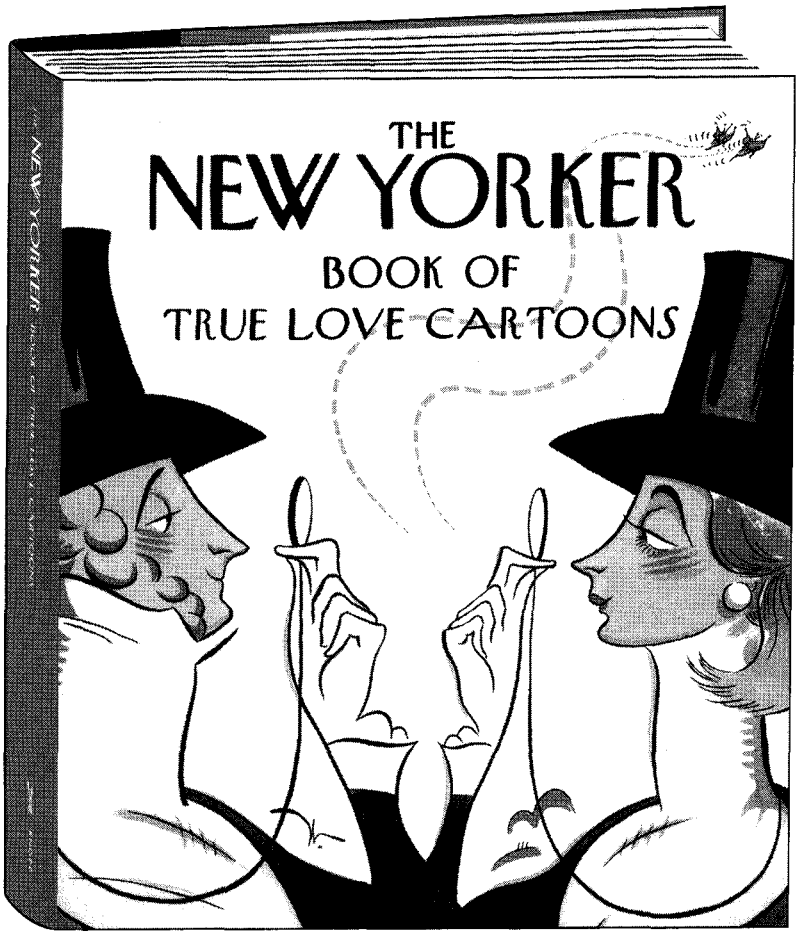

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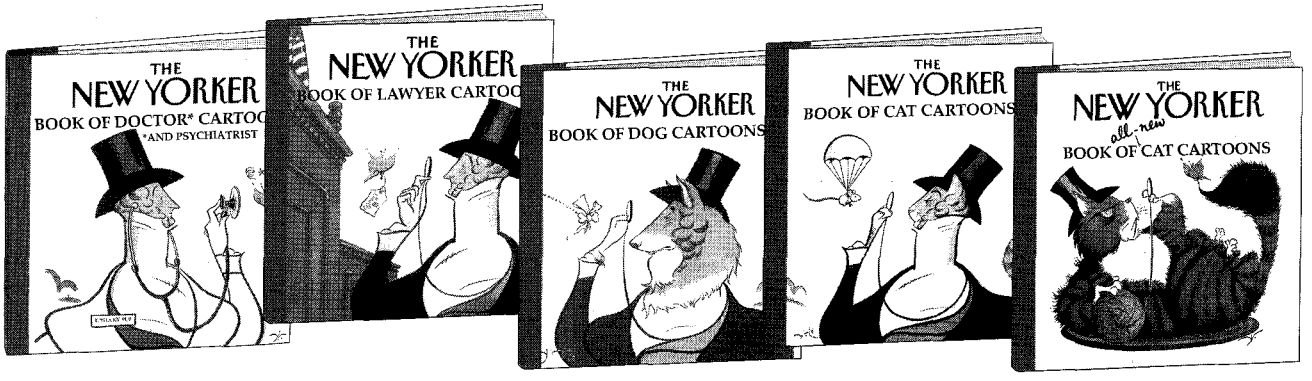

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dental effects and eccentric croppings and angles of vision in his later oils and pastels were very carefully composed, after all, in the tranquillity of his studio, and "no art," he once said, "was ever less spontaneous than mine." But to enjoy this show it isn't necessary to view Degas's New Orleans visit—the only trip by a French Impressionist artist to the United States—as a turning point in his career. "Degas and New Orleans," whose only other venue is the Ordrupgaard, in Copenhagen, is an ideal exhibition, clearly focussed and small enough to take in at one visit, yet sufficiently complex to suggest the infinite possibilities that are open to a great artist. Degas never again duplicated the psychological penetration and empathy of the Musson family portraits, which he took home with him and kept in his studio for the rest of his life. He never married, or had children, and there is no evidence that he ever experienced an intimate relationship with anyone. After New Orleans, for Degas the mysteries of family life were subsumed by the colder mystery of art. ♦

MUSICAL EVENTS

E PLURIBUS CLEVELAND

A stampede of orchestras.

BY ALEX ROSS

CARNEGIE HALL is one of the finest orchestral showplaces on the planet. Avery Fisher Hall, the main concert venue at Lincoln Center, is, by a long shot, not. How grim it is that the New York Philharmonic is condemned for the foreseeable future to Avery Fisher, which has maintained its brash, unattractive acoustics despite the improvements of a few years ago. It's no reflection on the musicianship of the Philharmonic that orchestras visiting Carnegie are the ones that generally inspire awe during the course of a season. It must have been a bit galling to the city's chief concert orchestra when the Cleveland more or less rang down the curtain on the musical season with an epic series of Carnegie concerts. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera caused a sensation in the same hall with a program of Mozart, Webern, and Brahms at the beginning of May. (The Met Orchestra's performance of the Brahms Second Symphony, under the assured, bighearted direction of James Levine, eclipsed the memory of one conducted by Kurt Masur at the Philharmonic two years ago.) But a flurry of end-of-season premières by the Philharmonic has shown that the orchestra is, if not sonically sumptuous, at least intellectually alive.

Pierre Boulez (left) and Christoph von Dohnányi: Maestros of the Cleveland Orchestra's magical transparency and subtlety.

MICHAEL WITTE

WHEN the Cleveland Orchestra gave four performances during the first two weeks of May, it played, for several long stretches, as well as I've ever heard it. That's saying a lot: the Cleveland is arguably the best orchestra in America and, unquestionably, one of the three or four best orchestras in the world. What sets this group apart? It has, I think, something to do with the relationship of individuals to the whole, and, in a more obscure way, with the transformation of sound into space. When the Cleveland's soloists play, they really sing out: John Mack, the orchestra's legendary oboist, has a style that pierces and dances; John Clouser gets from his bassoon a full, round timbre that sounds at first like a French horn; Lisa Wellbaum plucks notes on the harp which come shining through a hazy Mahler texture like lanterns in fog. It's not just that these players are at the top of the profession; it's also that the rest of the orchestra is listening, making room, giving support, closing the gaps that they leave when they have done.

The placement of each instrument in the Cleveland Orchestra is so vivid and so precise that you almost see the sound. Nowhere was this effect more evident than in the sequence of orchestral pieces by Ravel that opened the first program. Pierre Boulez was the conductor, and he managed the feat—a considerable one for such a musical celebrity—of effacing himself completely, so that the interpretation seemed to spring up as a conversation among the musicians. Ravel, of course, was his collaborator in this—Ravel, the titan of transparency, concealing the complexities of impressionist harmony so that the music becomes all theme and all texture.

In the two Cleveland concerts that Boulez conducted, he seemed to be making an end-of-the-century argument for the primacy of a composer who is often sidelined as a genius of artifice. We

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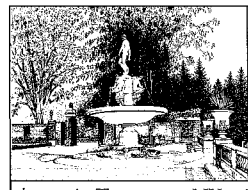
heard concert performances of the two short Ravel operas, "L'Heure Espagnole" and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," and also the purely orchestral sequence of "Menuet Antique," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Une Barque sur l'Océan," and "Alborada del Gracioso." Boulez was much more successful with the orchestral music, which sounded both radical and beautiful. The operas, however, were a bit messy, with uneven contributions from a gaggle of vocalists. The standouts were Susanne Mentzer, clear and characterful as the Enfant; Lisa Saffer, spinning crisp nightingale coloratura; and Ruxandra Donose, filling in brightly for Cecilia Bartoli as Concepción, the insatiable wife in "L'Heure Espagnole." Alison Hagley, however, showed a dim and faintly grating soprano in a group of Debussy songs and as the Princess in "Enfant." Still, Boulez generated the right kind of manic energy and exposed the almost frightening sophistication beneath Ravel's confections.

Christoph von Dohnányi took over the podium for the final two concerts, which encompassed Brahms's Third Symphony, Mahler's Ninth, and yet another concert performance of a twentieth-century opera—Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle." The mood darkened. Dohnányi is an intriguing figure—a man who has the resolve and the reserve of an old-fashioned intellectual aristocrat. (His grandfather was the composer Ernst von Dohnányi; his uncle was the great theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer; and his father was executed in 1945 after organizing a plot to kill Hitler.) Dohnányi and Boulez appeared together for a symposium at Weill Recital Hall, next door to Carnegie, at which the topic was the history and future of the orchestra. It was Boulez who was at ease with the modern orchestra, with its increasingly internationalized makeup and interchangeable standards. Dohnányi, on the other hand, bemoaned what he called "the loss of personality." The two maestros got into an unexpected scrape over the wheezy French school of bassoon playing: Boulez was glad that it was gone, whereas Dohnányi mourned its passing. I felt more sympathy for Dohnányi's position. At a time when other American orchestras are gradually losing their distinctiveness—Seiji Ozawa, for example, continues to pilot the Boston Symphony toward mediocrity—the Cleveland under Dohnányi has lost not an inch of its eminence.

It's sometimes hard, though, to identify an individual stamp in Dohnányi's interpretations. Part of the problem may be that his subtler points don't come across on recordings: the "thereness" of the Cleveland sound vanishes when it goes on compact disk. But Dohnányi also has an inborn reticence that holds him back from splashy, rhetorical statements. In certain pieces, he comes off as too fastidious. During the Mahler Ninth, an overwhelming performance seemed to be in progress, but the climaxes didn't achieve a full Mahlerian frenzy. Still, the Mahler and "Bluebeard's Castle" were fairly staggering in their balance of precision and power. In the Cleveland's playing of the last page of the Mahler score—the one marked "Adagissimo"—the music seemed to be emanating from a distant place, like the lament of an invisible crowd. Once again, the sound was magically present, except that now it was leaving us, and we had to fall with a thud back into our ordinary worlds.

WHAT the Cleveland did not offer was anything new. (I wish it had brought Thomas Adès's youthful masterpiece "Asyla," which it plays this week at home.) The Philharmonic, by contrast, has been offering a small riot of contemporary music. One week, it gave the world première of Sofia Gubaidulina's "Two Paths," a concerto for two violas. The following week, it introduced Christopher Rouse's "Seeing," a piece for piano and orchestra. Next month, we will make the acquaintance of Tan Dun's Concerto for Water Percussion and Orchestra. It's impressive that the Philharmonic is devoting so much time to brand-new music, and it's no less impressive that, in the process, it is exercising such good taste.

Gubaidulina's piece has the dreamy, doomy air that characterizes much of her recent music. It is dominated by gestures that are threatening to become mannerisms: furiously descending octaves for full orchestra; creeping chromatic scales; plentiful writing for tuba; obsessive use of plunging Wagnerian tritones. Yet the composer organizes these elements into a tense, decisive narrative, and she produces some breathtaking contrasts between the



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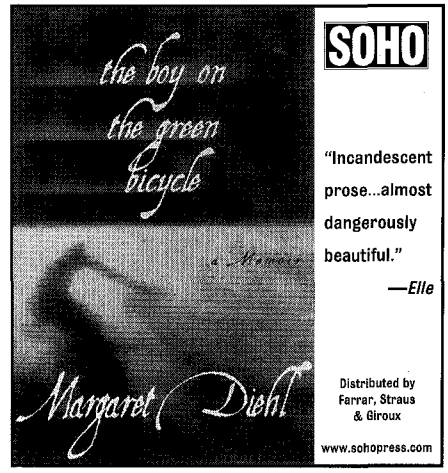

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high and low registers of the solo instruments. Cynthia Phelps and Rebecca Young, who lead the Philharmonic's viola section, threw themselves into the music with elegant abandon. Kurt Masur found all the dark, rich colors in the orchestration, which is idiosyncratic enough to get around the acoustic pitfalls of Avery Fisher Hall.

The Rouse piece is no less striking. It draws on the Schumann Piano Concerto and the song "Seeing," by the late psychedelic master Skip Spence; Schumann and Spence, it turns out, suffered from similar mental maladies. In a polyglot style that brings to mind the early music of Alfred Schnittke, Rouse makes these disparate idioms ricochet around the hall. The orchestration is often convulsively odd—at one point the trombones hold the bells of their instruments above the timpani—and the Schumann quotations are downright eerie: the piece ends with the first four chords of the concerto's main A-minor theme. Yet the composer somehow puts a shape to this chaos, and, by the end, the piece achieves a weird majesty. Emanuel Ax made a tour de force of the solo part, and he returned for a sassy performance of Richard Strauss's "Burleske." Leonard Slatkin imposed order without getting in the way of the tumult. Everyone may have been exhausted in the process; an efficient, bland Sibelius Fifth, after intermission, brought back the Philharmonic boredom of days gone by. ♦

DANCING

A MODERN EDUCATION

The joy of taking smaller leaps.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

THE White Oak Dance Project, Mikhail Baryshnikov's modern-dance company, is nine years old now, and people seem finally to have settled down about it. Reviewers are less likely to wonder why a big Russian ballet star who wore gold braid and scaled the air is running a small American modern-dance troupe where people wear cotton garments and stand on the floor. We are also told less often that Baryshnikov had to make this switch—that his knees couldn't hack ballet anymore, so he chose modern dance as second best.

That is fine by Baryshnikov. To put to him the "second best" hypothesis is to be greeted by a snort of indignation. "You know what?" he says. "I probably studied modern dance, in accumulation, in last twenty-five years more than I studied classical dance at school." From the moment he arrived in the West, he was running after modern-dance choreographers, and they, once they sensed his interest, were running after him. Years before White Oak, he performed in pieces by Twyla Tharp, Alvin Ailey, Paul Taylor, Martha Graham, David Gordon, and Mark Morris. When he became the director of American Ballet Theatre, in 1980, one of his most important decisions was to acquire modern-dance repertory, a policy deplored by many patrons of the company. "They were beating me over the head for ten years for that," he says. "And now every classical company has modern-dance choreographers doing pieces for them. Now it's O.K.!"

Baryshnikov doesn't really see the gap that we do between modern dance and ballet. In America, until only a short time ago, there was considerable ill will between the two camps, with modern dancers regarding ballet as all tricks and petticoats, and the ballet crowd viewing modern dance as a sort of formless gymnastic by people who ate health food. But Baryshnikov, growing up in the Soviet Union, knew nothing of this. He discovered modern dance and modern ballet at the same time—glimpses in Leningrad, then the big bang when he came West—and to him the two seemed the same, because they were both so different from the nineteenth-century ballets that had been his standard repertory. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Giselle"—that was "classical dance." These other, new things were

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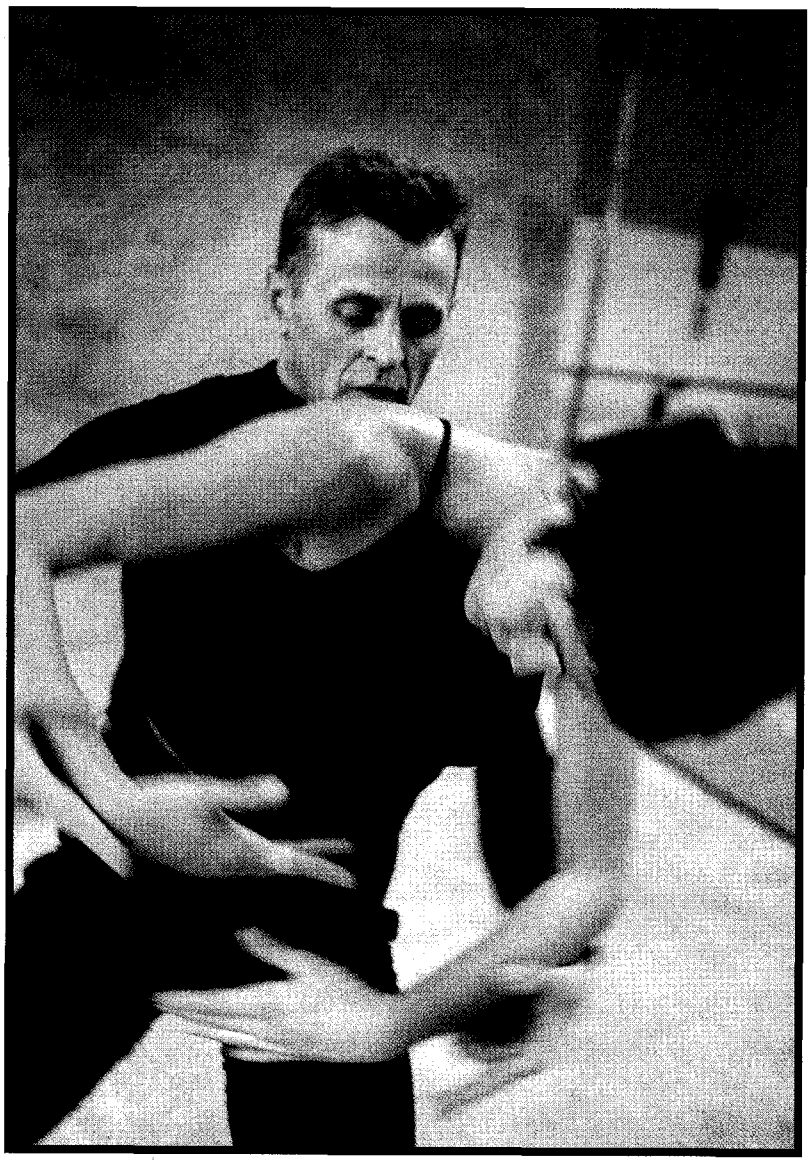

Modern dance is partly a matter of suppressing unnecessary impulses, says Baryshnikov, seen here with the White Oak dancer Raquel Aedo. Photograph by Robert Whitman.

"contemporary dance." "Contemporary dance, it's an extreme aesthetic," he says. "Girls upside down. Pliés till you almost sit on the floor. Balanchine—to you it may not be 'modern dance,' but it's a modern dance." So, for Baryshnikov, to go from Balanchine to Graham was no crossing of enemy lines. On the contrary, it was an extension of the reward for which he had come West: his belated party with modernism.

Eventually, however, he did discover certain qualities that belonged to modern dance alone. "It's much more exposed," he says. "You have just this plain thing to do, and you have to decide how you will do it. So it teaches how to pace, how to suppress unnecessary impulses—just do the steps, but fully." He wishes he had had more practice in that while he was still dancing the nineteenth-century ballets. "My timing would have been much more interesting. Young dancers in classical dance, they over-dance everything. That's what I did—over-jump, over-turn, over-act. When I see another wunderkind—which I was myself, for a few years—then I say, 'I already know what will happen.' Because he will do this and do that, and turn and turn and jump and jump, and public will scream and yell, and there will be that kind of review, and then he will get worse and worse and worse. And so on through the next few years, and then he will disappear."

That he himself didn't disappear, extinguished in mid-pirouette by an angry god, seems to him cause for gratitude, and he feels he owes this in part to the chastening influence of modern dance. Still, when he left A.B.T., in 1989, and, the following year, founded White Oak, it took him a while to convert to modern-dance plainness. In the early years, White Oak was usually booked into big theatres. Once, it sold out a sports arena with ten thousand seats. The company flew on private planes; it had a New York promoter. It also favored "name" choreographers. Mark Morris, who cofounded the troupe with Baryshnikov, provided all the repertory for the first three tours. Even after the exclusive with Morris ended, the programs tended to be designer collections: Graham, Taylor, Merce Cunningham, Tharp. "It was a new company," Baryshnikov explains. "We need a few pieces that people can recognize and relate to. Also, for the company to work with those people—Taylor, Cunningham—it was enormous privilege, a whole education."

There was another factor, too. When Baryshnikov founded White Oak, he knew the big people in modern dance but not the small ones. He hadn't spent much time in the little theatres downtown, where the newcomers show their work, and he probably didn't yet trust his taste. He stresses the extent to which Morris supervised the first few tours: "It wasn't just his dances. He chose practically all the dancers, put the programs together. I was just comforting factor. Cheerleader, in a way." There was a moment in Morris's "Motorcade," White Oak's début work, when a great big dancer, Rob Besserer, ran onstage with Baryshnikov sitting on his shoulder, like the statue of a saint. He was the company's pride and joy—its tsarevich, its money in the bank. But he wasn't yet its leader.

This soon changed. Year by year, as Baryshnikov got to know the field better, work by young choreographers occupied more of the repertory. (Kevin O'Day and Kraig Patterson, both of whom now have companies of their own, basically got their start with White Oak.) That move led to others. Even with Mikhail Baryshnikov performing, you cannot fill a sports arena for a program of pieces by modern-dance unknowns. The company switched to smaller theatres and cut back on the number of dancers, the number of musicians. Yet it would be wrong to see this paring down simply as a matter of necessity. Baryshnikov clearly wanted to make the company a lighter, freer thing, something he could take chances with.

The results could be seen two weeks

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ago, when White Oak began what will be a six-week tour, ending in Los Angeles. (In August, it will appear in New York, at the New Victory.) The company consisted of only six dancers, Baryshnikov and five women, plus two musicians. The place was New Haven's Yale Repertory Theatre, a handsome six-hundred-and-fifty-seat house. The program included two high-profile works, Trisha Brown's "Glacial Decoy" and Morris's "The Argument," and they were good to see. But the heart of the show, the thing for which, it seemed, the theatre and the dancers had been chosen, was a collection of three short pieces by people whose names were probably unknown to most of the audience.

Two were by Lucy Guerin, a thirty-seven-year-old Australian choreographer, whose work Baryshnikov first saw at Dance Theatre Workshop in 1996. She is a find. In "Two Lies," three women—Raquel Aedo, Ruthlyn Salomons, and Emily Coates—come out in pastel dresses with hoopskirts and do a strange, doll-like dance that looks like a cross between Kate Greenaway and Oskar Schlemmer. At the end, Aedo pats Salomons on the shoulders and then plops down stiffly on the floor. We don't know what this is about; maybe it's something dolls do. Salomons peers upward, Coates bourrées into the wings, and the lights go out. After a pause, the three women are back, but in different dresses—slinky satin numbers—and they dance with a wholly different plastique: sweeping, splay-fingered, violent. Yet they do exactly the same steps. Aedo again puts her hands on Salomons' shoulders, but this time she is quite clearly trying to strangle her. Again she takes to the floor, now writhing, sexual. Coates bourrées out—the silent witness. Displacements, events that happen and don't: we seem to have had a hallucination. The piece was terrific—a delicate, nasty little thing.

And then there was "Dance with Three Drums and Flute," a solo that the Japanese Kabuki star Tamasaburo Bando made for Baryshnikov last year. This was the crown of the program—partly, I guess, because it was a solo for Baryshnikov. But "Three Drums" is riveting on its own terms. Baryshnikov enters in a pair of those Japanese pants that are all pleats and planes. First he travels slowly, on a zigzag, raising now this hand, now this foot. At times, he makes us wait—ten seconds, fifteen seconds—before something happens. But we're not really waiting; we're watching the fire travel down the fuse. Where will he go next? To lunges, eventually, and then to turns and jumps. When will he look at us? About a minute into the dance—a burning stare. And when he finally explodes, how will he recover? By standing stock still and then, after the air settles, lifting one of those pant legs delicately to show us the foot, now raised a millimetre from the floor, that will initiate the next action. Every inch of him is alive. Even his nose seems to have its own script.

These are the things that only dance can give us, and only close up. And that is probably the main reason that Baryshnikov has scaled down White Oak. He wanted to dance in a new way, which meant placing himself close to the audience. "Piece such as this"—he is speaking of "Three Drums"—"depends on being true, every minute, to what you are doing. And the audience must see this, or not."

Baryshnikov got out of ballet at a good time. New York City Ballet has just premièred a new "Swan Lake," by Peter Martins, which, from what I could tell, had no reason for being—no emphasis, no personal note, nothing on its mind—other than the fact that the company was having its fiftieth anniversary and had to do something splashy. At the same time, American Ballet Theatre, Baryshnikov's former shop, is about to haul out its production of Ben Stevenson's "Snow Maiden," a work that, again, has no discernible purpose beyond this big company's need for a big ballet. These works will not fail, or in any case they will not be dropped soon. There is too much riding on them: reputations, sets, costumes, money. "The Snow Maiden" was a dud last year, when A.B.T. first performed it, and now it is back. Martins' "Swan Lake" was a bore this year, and it will be back next year.

Baryshnikov, who spent much of his life working within that system, is now doing something else. He is presenting odd, hot, dreamy little pieces, and he is placing them a few feet from the audience's face. There they will succeed or openly fail, but in either case they will look specific, concrete—somebody's best shot, or just somebody's shot, which is what live performance should be. ♦

BOOKS

LEARNING TO LOVE CANETTI

The autobiography of a difficult man.

BY DAVID DENBY

IN 1924, when Elias Canetti was sailing the Danube during a holiday, he had an uneasy meeting with the doctor who had delivered him, nineteen years earlier. Canetti, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1981, devoted his entire adult life to writing, but at nineteen he was still a chemistry student at the University of Vienna, and the doctor, a man with an authoritative black beard, urged him to take up medicine as a profession. The doctor meant well, but Canetti testily retorted that he wanted "to know everything that was to be known." In other words, nothing as parochial as medicine could hold him. And, though Canetti doesn't say so, his telling of the anecdote in his autobiography, "The Memoirs of Elias Canetti" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $40), lets us know that only he, and not some physician, could deliver Elias Canetti to the world.

Canetti's autobiography is a great work that evokes amusement and disbelief as well as admiration. In our century, few writers would be foolish enough to admit to a desire for omniscience—or, at least, not without a touch of self-mockery or an acknowledgment of youthful vanity. Canetti, however, is hardly given to self-mockery, and his memoirs, which were written in old age (he died in 1994, at eighty-

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nine) but which cover only the first thirty years of his life, are devoted precisely to celebrating the fiery pride and lust for predominance of a very young man. It is a work of formidable egotism, revealing yet humorless, almost haughty. But no one could say that it is the work of a fake. In his mid-twenties, Canetti wrote a long, provocatively odd, and emotionally demanding novel, "Auto-da-Fé." He later wrote plays, literary and travel essays, and books of aphorisms and reflection, and he spent decades working on a remarkable study—"Crowds and Power," published in 1960—that ranges with winged arrogance and masterly freedom over wide areas of human experience. It is a book that comes as close to encompassing "everything" as any book can.

The great European modernists—Yeats, Kafka, Mann, Musil—took on the burden of Europe's disintegration; Canetti, who had sorrowfully watched Austria fall apart between the wars, also sounds the authentic note of despair, the anguish of an impassioned humanism at bay. "It turns out that creation has yet to take place and we, we seem to be there in order to prevent it," he writes, late in life. Thinking of this delayed creation, one is hardly reassured by an earlier Canetti aphorism acknowledging "God as a preparation for something more sinister that we do not yet know." The aura of premonitory menace in these remarks is impressive, even daunting, though one may be disconcerted by the verbless enigmas—"Hopes, dried up into warts," Canetti writes in his notebook—that seem to invite parody by Woody Allen. It is not easy to love a writer so crushingly high-minded.

The memoirs, read straight through (they were previously published here as three separate volumes), should warm up Canetti's reputation. They offer a tremendous story of determination and triumph. And, fortunately, Canetti's seriousness doesn't rule out happy moments of admiration and malice. He composes morally and physically detailed portraits of the famous (Bertolt Brecht, George Grosz, Robert Musil, Hermann Broch) and of amazing friends not known to the world; he sets out, in passing, a sense of the intellectual and artistic life in Berlin and Vienna during the twenties and thirties. (Canetti left Vienna in 1938, a few months after the Anschluss, and lived for the remainder of his life in England and Switzerland.) But the memoirs are most important as an account of an education—what might be called a myth of development. Any autobiography is naturally a product of highly selective memories, but this book reads as if Canetti had somehow willed his education as a choice of what was entirely organic to his own growth: this painting mattered to him, that play, this friendship, that debate with his mother. He grants little power to luck or inadvertence, and maintains that he instantly rejected all possible bad influences. As we read, an irritating kind of suspense

Elias Canetti offers a story of a young man, his mother, and an extraordinary education.

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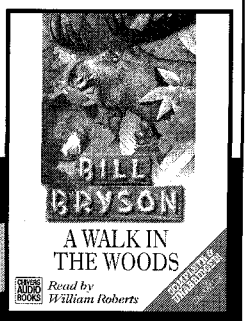

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develops: Will such-and-such a teacher or famous intellectual prove worthy of shaping Canetti? In the end, the memoirs' combination of literary power and arrogance poses a challenge: Can we live with a book this good which discourages our expectations of discovering a common humanity with the author—a book that, on the contrary, establishes a proud exclusionary difference? Or is our resistance to Canetti a case of defensive ridicule, a mere American prejudice against conscious superiority?

CANETTI'S story is one of exile without anguish, dispossession without loss. A Sephardic Jew, he was born in 1905 in the town of Ruschuk, on the lower Danube, in Bulgaria. The town was filled with Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Armenians, Gypsies—the backwash of not one but two fading empires, the Austro-Hungarian and the Ottoman. The Canettis, who owned a wholesale grocery store, were part of the town's Sephardic commercial élite, but they were not entirely comfortable. Long exiled from Spain, the Sephardim considered themselves superior to many European Jews—the worst thing a young man could do was marry a *Todesca*, a woman from an Ashkenazi family—yet they also resented their isolation in what they called "Oriental" Ruschuk. The Canettis spoke Ladino (a kind of Hebraized Spanish), but at night, to each other, Canetti's mother and father spoke German: they had both been educated in Vienna, and they treasured memories of the great Burgtheatre, where they had heard German pronounced with fervent excitement. In the end, German became Canetti's real home—German literature and culture, the transportable baggage of so many intellectuals on the run in the Nazi period. Throughout the war, with characteristic defiance, Canetti continued to write in German, "because I am Jewish."

In 1911, Canetti's family moved to Manchester, England, joining his mother's brother, who had formed a successful cotton-goods export business in the city. There was plenty of money, a sense of bourgeois amplitude. Then disaster struck. Canetti's mother had become ill in England and had gone to recuperate in a sanitarium on the Continent; there, it turned out, she was carrying on a flirtation with one of her doctors. When she returned to England, she insisted that the flirtation had gone nowhere, but Canetti's father was nevertheless so agitated that, after a sleepless night, and in shock about the news of possible war in the Balkans, he had a heart attack and died. He was thirty. Canetti was seven, his mother was twenty-seven, and there were two younger boys. The great drama of Canetti's life then began. Distraught with guilt as well as with grief, his mother could not sleep at night, and Canetti stood with his arms around her at the window, restraining her from jumping to her death. The paragraph recounting these nights begins, "For a few months after his death, I slept in my father's bed." It ends, "After the excitement, we both fell asleep, exhausted. Gradually, she developed something like respect for me and she began treating me like an adult in many ways."

It is impossible to read these solemn assertions without being touched—and without at the same time breaking into a grin. Up to that point, Canetti says, his mother had not played a large role in his life. Overnight, she became as important to him as James Mill had been to his son John Stuart Mill, but with added Oedipal tensions so ripely obvious that they almost call out to be re-created as farce. Just as Mill's father had force-fed his little boy Latin and Greek, Gibbon and Xenophon, all before the age of ten, Canetti's mother taught her son German, in part to find the kind of intimacy she had enjoyed with her husband. She then retained control over her son's reading of German literature the way other mothers manage their children's diet, and he argued with her about the seriousness of what she read, too, fighting furiously with her about certain unworthy writers. When he approved of her books—Strindberg, for instance, whom she told him about but forbade him to read—he writes of her intellectual passions with unparalleled tenderness and a happy sense of complicity:

> The yellow volumes had a charisma that I can only ascribe to that prohibition, and there was nothing that made me happier than handing her a new volume, of which I only knew the title. When we had eaten supper, and the table was cleared, when the little brothers had been put to bed, I carried the stack of yellow volumes to the table for her and piled it up in the right spot. We then spoke a little, I sensed her impatience . . . and I went to bed quietly without tormenting her. I shut the living-room door behind me, and while undressing, I heard her walking to and fro a bit. I lay down and listened to the grating of the chair as she climbed upon it, then I felt her taking the volume into her hand, and when I was certain she had opened it, I turned my eyes to the shimmer of light under the door. Now I knew that she wouldn't stand up again for anything in the world; I switched on my tiny flashlight and read my own book under the blanket. That was my secret, which no one must know about, and it stood for the secret of her books.

But when she threatened to develop some fresh passion that he didn't approve of—say, for the educational theorist Rudolf Steiner—he went into rages. "It never struck me how selfish I was in this struggle," he writes. "And if someone had told me I was making mother unhappy, I would have been highly astonished. After all, it was she who gave me this right to her, she attached herself so close to me in her loneliness because she knew no one who was her equal."

Bereft of male attention, this extraordinary woman became overbearing to the point of hysteria. The reader has subversive thoughts: Was Canetti's mother mad, and did he not notice her madness because it was entirely devoted to *him*? For a good ten years, swimming comfortably on the money flowing out of Manchester, the family moved about—to Lausanne, and then to Vienna, to Zurich during the First World War, and to Frankfurt—and through all this time Canetti and his mother sustained a pedagogical relationship charged with the tensions, victories, and humiliations of a great erotic love. It seems almost unnecessary to add that Canetti chased away the men who became interested in his mother (he tells us she was beautiful), including another black-bearded physician, whom the boy spied on and triumphed over. (Canetti seems to have been particularly affronted by medical men.) For his part, he stuck to a promise his mother had exacted from him when he was ten years old: to avoid sex. Four years later, Canetti was studying in Zurich when his mother, ill and longing for Vienna, left him in Switzerland in a boarding house filled with young women

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who admired his intellect. But he gravely assures us that his refusal to make anything of his opportunities over the next few years aided the rapid development of his mind, which grew unburdened by distraction or obsession.

Perhaps this is not altogether ridiculous. With such a mother, why would a boy need sex? One can't help noticing that as a young man Canetti did not suffer what Mill had suffered at twenty—the sense that his parent's benevolent but implacable system of education had turned him into an analytical machine, quite devoid of feeling. Canetti's education, though it was almost as rigorous as Mill's, was soaked in emotion, and, unlike Mill, who required Wordsworth's poetry to restore his spirits, Canetti says that he never became depressed. We have to believe him when he says that he was enlarged, and not destroyed, by his mother—though we might add that he could have been ruined if he hadn't pulled away at the right time. When he was in Zurich, and his mother couldn't control him directly, she denounced him as a dreamy aesthete—exactly what her training would seem to have prepared him to be—and told him he should enter some practical trade. She had fallen under the influence of her wealthy and hard-nosed brother and was suddenly appalled by how little experience her brilliant boy had had of the actual world. But Canetti, though abashed, resisted. He eventually made his way to the University of Vienna, where he studied—perversely, and out of his desire to know "everything"—chemistry rather than literature. In the summer of 1925, he went hiking in the Alps and, in a scene right out of heroic German silent movies of the time, proclaimed his intellectual independence to the wind. By degrees, however, he returned to his mother's earlier dream of his having a career in German literature, a dream which he now shared with another woman—Veza Taubner-Calderon, who happily battled with him over books and ideas. In 1934, Veza, a writer herself, became his wife. His mother never forgave him for this betrayal.

In the tale of his mother, which dominates the first volume of the "Memoirs," Canetti is surely taunting the greatest Viennese doctor of all. In a passing phrase, Canetti dismisses the Oedipus complex as the mere cocktail-party chatter of advanced Viennese youth. Indeed, his distaste for Freud was lifelong and universal. His angry pride, too fierce to accommodate irony, rejected a psychologist whose system—in which nothing is what it seems—is ironic to the core. But Canetti also drew strength from his willed unconsciousness: his recounting of his relationship to his mother has the seamless dark power of a great nineteenth-century novel. When he wrote it, late in life, he seems to have been as much in love with her as Tolstoy was with his fictional Anna Karenina. We would all like to become unassailable—to escape Freud—and Canetti's outrageous triumph is that he became unassailable without hardening into stone.

One irony, however, Canetti cannot escape: his career perfectly illustrates Freud's belief that a firstborn son who has his mother's love goes through life feeling like a conqueror. As Canetti tells it, by taking up literature in his early twenties he entered a battlefield. The cafés and salons had to be conquered. No easy task. In Berlin, where Canetti spent the summers of 1928 and 1929, his earnest nature was shocked by the acrid personalities of men like Brecht and Grosz and by the famous pungency of the city—the cynicism, the perversity, the eroticism, the love of fame. The worldly Brecht teased him, and Canetti, unamused, returned to Vienna, where he had fallen in with a variety of people devoted to the satirical journalist, playwright, and critic Karl Kraus. Under the influence of Kraus, Canetti became an adept of the cult of male imperiousness. He was drawn to men (the unknown as well as the famous) who were proud, isolated, abrupt, ascetic, uncompromising—men who could be described as believers in the categorical imperative but not in God, and who were committed to art out of duty rather than from pleasure. Canetti published nothing in his early twenties, yet Robert Musil and Hermann Broch recognized special qualities in the grimly determined young man. He wound up worshipping both of the older writers, but he set about his work with a powerful idea gleaned from his Berlin experience: he would write about people who were possessed—about extreme egotism. It was a case of shedding his own skin and reshaping it into art.

In his late twenties, he began reading

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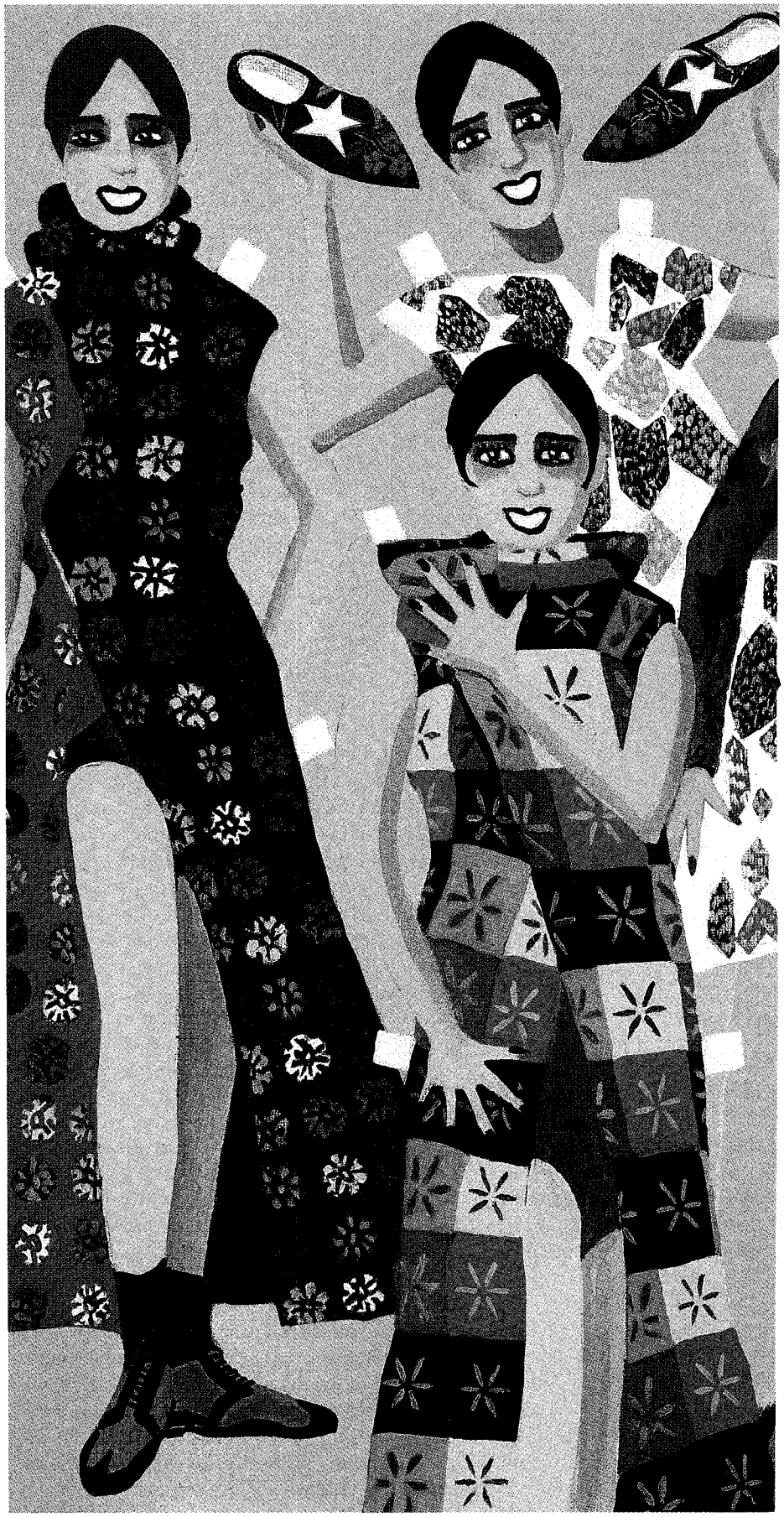
before select audiences passages from "Auto-da-Fé." It is a book drawn less from the experience of life than from the exclusion of it. The hero, Kien, is a desiccated sinologist who lives with twenty-five thousand books on the top floor of a house in an unnamed city. He is, of course, a nightmare version of Canetti himself. When this scholarly eunuch marries his housekeeper—an ignorant and greedy harridan in a stiff skirt—he propels himself into violence and madness. The book moves through scenes of grotesque farce toward a sinister cataclysm, in which the hero, now completely mad—the novel's German title is "Die Blendung" ("The Blinding")—burns the only thing he cares about, his magnificent library. The characters, including a humpbacked dwarf, a brutish caretaker, and the hero's brother, a conceited psychiatrist, might have been suggested by the malignant caricatures created by Grosz in "Ecce Homo," a folder of drawings that the artist had presented to Canetti in Berlin as a gift in 1928.

The events in "Auto-da-Fé" are fuelled by a young man's special loathing of dishonesty. "Respect for others begins with not ignoring their words," Canetti writes in his memoirs, and it is clear that he has always carefully weighed everything said to him—that he is an almost cruel listener, judging spoken words by a single, unvarying standard of honesty and truth. By this standard, many of us make sense only intermittently; at times, we flounder in repetitions and semi-nonsense. A person's verbal identity—a mélange of meaning and incoherence—Canetti calls "the acoustic mask." At a tavern, late at night, he listens and reports the following:

> They made themselves ridiculous in words, they struggled with words. They gazed into a distorting mirror when they spoke; they demonstrated themselves in the distortion of words, which distortion had become their alleged likeness. They made themselves vulnerable when they courted understanding; they accused one another so unsuccessfully that insult sounded like praise and praise like insult.

By the time he wrote "Auto-da-Fé," Canetti had arrived at a devastating insight: not only is all speech self-serving but all listening is self-serving. We remake the world in our minds as a phantasmagoria of our desires. Canetti loved Cervantes, and "Auto-da-Fé" can be taken as a malevolent rewriting of "Don



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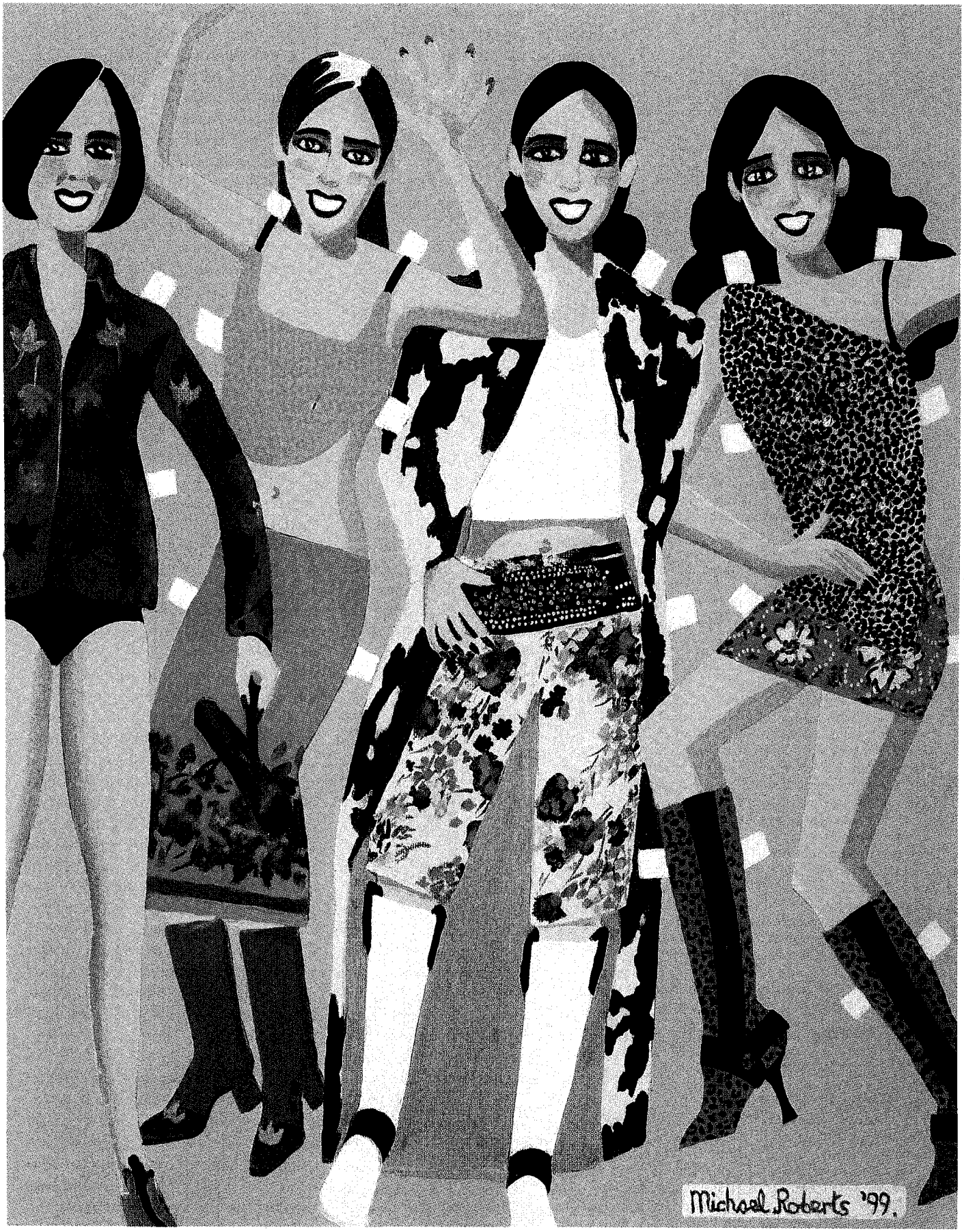

sthetic she favored at the beginning of her style career, when she was an eight-year-old at the arts-and-crafts table, scissors and glue in hand. d bugs; at Dolce & Gabbana, chintz culottes, ponyskin boots, and loud rabbit fur. All more luxurious than construction paper.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

A PRAYER FOR THE DYING, by Stewart O'Nan (Holt; $22). Although O'Nan's novels range widely in style, they share a preoccupation with the pressures exerted on moral character during times of hardship, and this novel is the author's most unrelenting to date. Soon after the Civil War, Jacob Hansen, a Union veteran, is working as pastor, sheriff, and undertaker in the town of Friendship, Wisconsin; while some resist the intensity of his faith, Jacob sees himself as the town's spiritual caretaker. When diphtheria breaks out, he takes increasingly harsh measures to prevent it from spreading, and the consequences of his right-minded actions unfold with accelerating horror.

THE HANDYMAN, by Carolyn See (Random House; $22.95). Bob Hampton, a future great artist, leads a quintessentially California life as a freelance handyman before he answers his true calling; in the course of a hot Los Angeles summer, he worries about his lack of aesthetic sophistication, comforts lonely housewives in the time-honored way, and rescues a drowning child and an AIDS patient. Despite a confusing start, the novel quickly takes on the brightness of a sun-dazzled swimming pool and makes a case for shadowless living—a state its hero achieves through an unlikely combination of application and hedonism.

THOREAU'S COUNTRY: JOURNEY THROUGH A TRANSFORMED LANDSCAPE, by David R. Foster (Harvard; $27.95). Henry David Thoreau's lifework was his journals, which were approximately two million words in length, and for years editors have quarried various selections from this mass of prose. Here Foster—who teaches ecology at Harvard and is the director of the Harvard Forest—chooses passages that reveal the actual nature of the terrain he inhabited. It's a different country from what we imagine, one that was sternly exploited and rigorously subdued. Thoreau wrote, "There is scarcely a wood of sufficient size and density left now for an owl to haunt in." What emerges from this compilation is both a fresh awareness of Thoreau as a writer and an account, shaped partly by Foster's elegant interpretation, of how landscapes change and change again.

THE REDSHIFTING WEB: POEMS 1970-1998, by Arthur Sze (Copper Canyon; $17). In his best poems, Sze strikes off psychic riffs as weirdly oscilloscopic as the shivering flashes in Hendrix's studio improvisings. He brings together disparate realms of experience—astronomy, botany, anthropology, Taoism—and observes their correspondences with an exuberant attentiveness. He also has a child's tolerance for inconclusiveness. "As a seiner indiscriminately hauls/humpies, jellyfish, kelp,/we must—farouche,/recalcitrant—conversely/angle for sockeye" is about as imperative as he's willing to get.

Quixote," in which the man of illusions is replaced by the man of delusions: not just Kien but all the characters speak, or think, in self-justifying tirades rendered in short, breathless sentences. Kien himself breaks out into a prolonged misogynist aria at the end, summing up the alleged betrayal of men by women throughout all history and mythology; then he immolates himself and his books.

"Auto-da-Fé" has a squalidly fantastic atmosphere, which may have come, in part, from Canetti's early days in Ruschuk, which were filled with tales of murderers, Gypsies, and other extravagant folkloric characters. This proud, nervous, isolated young writer joined a twentieth-century sense of crisis to the wild-tale spinning that was part of the inherited atmosphere of Central Europe. "Auto-da-Fé," which was finally published in German in 1935, is what comes after Kafka's "The Trial" and "The Castle." The pathos of loss has vanished; there is hardly a trace of a more gracious human nature. At the time, the book's degraded aura conveyed the sense of an immense catastrophe to come. When Broch read it, he asked, "Is it the writer's function to bring more fear into the world?"

WALKING on the Alserstrasse, in Vienna, in the winter of 1924, Canetti had an illumination that "there is such a thing as a crowd instinct, which is always in conflict with the personality instinct, and that the struggle between the two of them can explain the course of human history." Earlier, in Frankfurt, Canetti had got caught up in a demonstration of workers protesting the murder of the foreign minister, Walther Rathenau, and in Vienna in 1927 he became part of a workers' riot in which the Palace of Justice was set on fire and more than a hundred people died. In the crowd, after the slaughter, Canetti felt himself joined to a fluid but enduring organism. He writes in the "Memoirs":

> Everything yielded and invisible holes opened everywhere. However, the overall structure did not disappear; even if you suddenly found yourself alone somewhere, you could feel things tugging and tearing at you. . . . I did not feel as if I were moving on my own legs. I felt as if I were in a resonant wind.

Canetti had been annoyed by Freud's little 1921 book on crowds, "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego," which treated group behavior, Canetti thought, from a distance and as a form of disease. Moving in close and working from observation, Canetti embraced the crowd and eventually produced, in "Crowds and Power," one of the great unclassifiable books. For years, he had immersed himself in anthropology and the history of religion, but Canetti rudely ignored the analytical categories of those disciplines—of all academic disciplines, in fact, the expressive limitations of which he appears to be taunting. "Crowds and Power" could be described as an enormous prose poem, a colossus of eccentric erudition, with some of the charm of an intricate text from the ancient world—the charm of, say, Lucretius' "On the Nature of Things"—in which the topography of a subject is mapped by categories derived from observation and then held together by poetic association.

In "Crowds and Power" Canetti distinguishes among different crowds by size, by shape, by function, by mood, and by desire, and devises his own system of classification—hunting packs and war packs and lamenting packs, and so on. He writes of a given crowd as if it were a living organism, vibrant, active, motivated—as if it had a personality outside of history, a will and a nature capable of steady purpose and also of transformation. The most significant of all crowds is the dead, and a good part of the book centers on the uneasy relationship of the living to the dead, with Stalin and Hitler lurking beneath the portrait of the type of man whom Canetti castigates as "the survivor"—the dictator who fears everyone, even fears the dead. In "Crowds and Power," Canetti shed his skin yet again. A writer who began in a state of bristling pride reached the peak of his powers by analyzing the collapse of pride into murdering paranoia.

AN American reader of the "Memoirs" can't help noticing that Canetti fears laughter, for laughter might be directed at him, and it might be a way of undervaluing his mind. Canetti's education, an endless idyll of seriousness, prepared him to be a moral agent and an artist, and nothing else. He respects only purity and greatness, and his intimidating autobiography celebrates his ego

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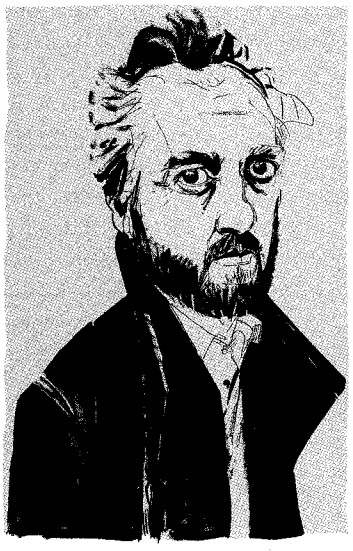
while almost snuffing out the ego of the reader, who is virtually forbidden to laugh. Yet, for all its priggishness, it is a gravely beautiful book. Certainly no one else has written with more open affection of the moral value of education; no one else seems so unashamedly susceptible to literature. Canetti treats his impossible mother with astounding generosity, and that alone argues for greatness of spirit. The three volumes end with her death, in Paris, in 1937. She goes to her grave as high-handed as ever, refusing to forgive her son for leaving her. But at her funeral Canetti feels nothing but admiration. "No one was as good as she. . . . I could have fought for her, I could have killed." When the memoirs end, he is still a young man, but with the death of his mother the self-portrait is complete. Canetti led his life without compromise, fear, or guilt, and if one now encounters his early years for the first time the experience is nearly like discovering, without warning, a complex and satisfying work of art. ♦

A SAME-SEX IDYLL

Under "The Spell."

BY JOHN UPDIKE

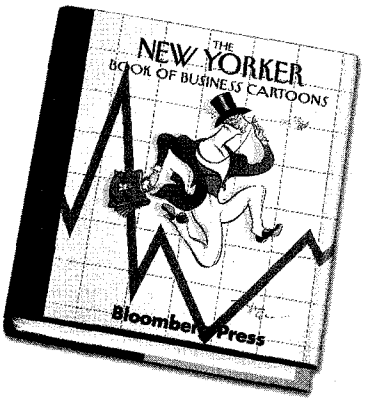
THE novels of the English writer Alan Hollinghurst take some getting used to; they are relentlessly gay in their personnel, and after a while you begin to long for the chirp and swing and civilizing animation of a female character. Save for the briefly and reluctantly glimpsed sister or mother, there are none. Not that the fair sex doesn't cast an ominous shadow. In the first, and fullest, of Hollinghurst's three novels, "The Swimming-Pool Library," one main character gingerly asks the other if he likes girls, and upon being falsely answered in the positive volunteers, "There are chaps who don't care for them, you know. . . . Can't stand the sight of them, their titties and their big sit-upons, even the smell of them." Much later in the book, the two repose in the assurance that "men don't really want women around much." In the third, new novel, "The Spell" (Viking; $24.95), Danny, the youngest of the four main characters, thinks, "Really, hetero life was so archaic and mad," and emits "a quiet chuckle of relief at his own good fortune." Hollinghurst does not merely write, like Ronald Firbank or Manuel Puig, from within a gay sensibility; he constructs an all-gay world, a Genet prison without the guards. With the avidity of an anthropologist gone native, he inventories the rites and stations of banded gayness—the drug-saturated dance clubs and Dionysian raves, the porno houses and their muffled swift couplings, the public lavatories and secluded park thickets, the lingo, the jokes ("Do you know it, darling, it's a gay restaurant. It's called the Limp Ritz. It was the first restaurant in England to serve openly gay food").



Alan Hollinghurst

A meticulous exterior eye surveys the particulars of gay life; our noses are rubbed, as it were, in the poetry of a love object's anus, "the hairs in his crack, which I oiled back with my tongue, and sniffed through the dry smell of the talc to his own rectal smell—a soft stench like stale flower-water. His asshole was a clean pale purple, and shone with my saliva." This evocation, as vivid as a fine verbal flair can make it, is from "The Swimming-Pool Library"; in "The Spell" we have the more twilit "grey-gold dusk of hair between his legs." Penile sizes, tilts, tints, and flavors are registered with a botanical precision; this reader was struck by how freely the particulars of a lover's parts are shared in the friendly equivalent of girl talk—"What's his dick like?" is the standard question—and by how much can be seen through the restraining fabric of a trouser fly and by how readily erections spring up in passing contacts, without benefit of foreplay. Quarantined from female rhythms and scruples,

Very funny business, indeed!



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the male sex drive functions at fever pitch.

And yet the mood within this bubble of hyperstimulation is rather lugubrious and disheartened. Boredom swoops in without heterosexual clutter to obstruct its advent. The romantic bliss of a new liaison—"A beautiful man was waiting for him and Robin glowed in the urgency and the lovely complacency of their wanting each other"—dissolves efficiently into disenchantment, especially among the needy and much desired young. Danny—who, strange to say, is Robin's son—reflects on "how uncertain sex-magic was. It struck, and there was a tingle in the air around a man, and when you touched him it flowed round you too. Some people kept it for you for years. . . . And with others it faded, like a torch left on, or with the quick disillusion that followed a hit of coke."

"The Spell" is mostly about spells wearing off. The spellbound move, in the mid-nineties, through London and the lovingly described countryside of Dorset. Partners change, and new loves shoot up in blasted hearts, but the usual "shake of the sex-dice" comes up snake eyes. "The Spell" suggests a "Midsummer Night's Dream" that ends when Titania awakens and announces, "Methought I was enamor'd of an ass." Robin, the leading man in the extensive all-male cast, comes to a realization about his shifting relationship with plump, playful, adorable, jobless Justin: "For the first time, it struck him as absurd to expect loyalty from someone he had met in a toilet." Nevertheless, the novel concludes, if not with Mendelssohn's wedding march, with a brace of momentarily settled pairings, four men viewing together the sea's "curling . . . currents." Sentimentality and romanticism, those traditional vestments of the erotic impulse, are by no means shed in a same-sex idyll. Lust still seems a quest for beauty: "Lar's features had taken on a marvellous intensity, they seemed to have been cleansed to their essential beauty in a solution of desire." The quest, with no gender gap to clear, arrives non-stop at the mirror:

> As he peed he looked sideways into the mirror, and saw how terribly beautiful he was: the image itself was reflected again off some hard vain surface deep in his eye, and he thought, with easy pity, how little Alex would want to lose him.

Breakups come swiftly, too: "Well, I've changed, darling, people change. I'm sorry." The relationships that do survive enjoy the same intricacy of balanced imbalances—youth/age, wealth/poverty, taker/giver, top/bottom—as heterosexual matches. Robin, reconciled to Justin, is observed to be "lightly pussy-whipped, or botty-whipped was perhaps the word."

The observer is Robin's son, Danny. Paternity is an unsettling anomaly in this population. The novel begins in America, in the early seventies, when Robin, who is in the Southwest investigating Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture, hears by transatlantic phone that his live-in girlfriend, Jane, is pregnant by him. This fruitful lapse into heterosexuality is never explained, except as a by-product of Robin's "unrefusable sexual power." By the time the offspring is twenty-two, his mother, whom Robin has wed, betrayed with men, and divorced, lives fabulously far away, in San Diego, California. The complications of being a homosexual father are but lightly described, in a few rueful phrases. Danny's sense is that "his father's acceptance of him . . . was easier if he was uncommitted." Parents resist, whatever their gender preference, an attachment on a child's part that would supplant them. Danny has emerged from a fragmented, partly American upbringing as triumphantly, promiscuously gay: his "utopian policy was to have everyone once," and he "would be a great lover, that would be his career, though he knew next to nothing about love, just as some great musicians knew nothing about music, beyond their gift for making it." Those who know about love, like Alex, Danny's staid, older lover of two months, must make their own arrangements with the inevitable letdown.

Alan Hollinghurst writes beautifully. His eye for nature is keen and tender, his sense of weather, both inner and outer, strong. He has an architect's feeling for décor and for the pathos of the sturdy buildings that our moods flit through. His rooms talk; of a Dorset husband and wife he writes that they "had renounced cigarettes, and the peculiar ashtrays mounted on stirruped thongs had gone from the arms of the sofa; but still the magnolia paintwork was dimly varnished with smoke and gave the room an atmosphere of terminated pleasures." Dawn comes with an angelic delicacy to the unsleeping summer days:

> It was high summer, so the shift began in the refined late daylight and came to a close with the light strengthening again beyond the tinted plate-glass of the lobby. Around five their reflections began to dissolve and the narrow old street outside to redefine itself, remotely as though some trance-like stimulant were wearing off.

The psychologies of his numerous heroes are shrewdly traced, most revealingly in those intervals when each is alone.

And yet reading this relatively short novel feels laborious. It lacks the campy excessiveness of "The Swimming-Pool Library," with its la-di-da swell of a voracious narrator and its pitch-perfect invention of a Waugh-era aristocrat's journal, and the engaging wry tone of "The Folding Star," with its guidebook rendering of a faintly, sweetly sinister Flemish city. Little momentum builds around "The Spell"'s intertwining affairs; nothing is at stake but self-gratification. Novels about heterosexual partnering, however frivolous and reducible to increments of selfishness, social accident, foolish overestimations, and inflamed physical detail, do involve the perpetuation of the species and the ancient, sacralized structures of the family. Hollinghurst's arresting voice, shimmering between rapture and lament, tells of a realm from which most human beings are excluded and whose inhabitants share a profound listlessness, as if the gravity there were different. There is something of Proust's grand sense of a Sodom in which aristocratic souls are condemned to absurd physical debasements. Except for the shadow of Robin's architectural vocation, none of the men in "The Spell" display any professional passion, nor, apart from Alex's fondness for music, is art a matter of interest. A climactic party scene takes place while the village church bells are having the changes thunderously rung, and no one but the author and one negligible, unloved character listens. A classic Greek ideal of masculine fellowship disintegrates, before our eyes, into "sexual jostling and sarcasm," "thrilling squalor," and "miscellaneous fucks"; the spectacle is as melancholy as the book's lachrymose flesh-pink jacket. Perhaps the male homosexual, uncushioned as he is by society's circumambient encouragements to breed, feels the isolated, disquieted human condition with a special bleakness: he must take it straight. ♦

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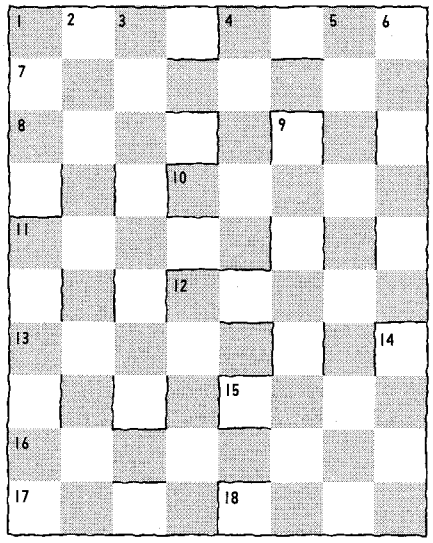

ACROSS

1 Some stereo components exist as an afterthought (4)
4 Bounce out, rounding second (4)
7 Zorro's specialty not starting as mine? (8)
8 Small bills get nose out of joint (4)
10 Composer missing train to get pancakes (5)
11 First of kids contributed to December's ornaments (5)
12 Imperious lad gets around Secret Service (5)
13 Suspicious of counterculture figure, by the sound of it (5)
15 Corner odd characters in Turgenev (4)
16 Jack enters dance at bughouse next door (8)
17 Knight retreats, with king in danger (4)
18 Laos is foreign, too (4)

DOWN

1 Baritone's asset, perhaps, turned up missing (4)
2 Baroque composer met no Baroque composer (10)
3 Cleric is one who feels pain sooner? (8)
4 Precious stones from leader of our friends (5)
5 Coarse nastiness about a French composer (5-5)
6 Epitomize piece of advice, if I heard correctly? (6)
9 Musician's bridging alerts nimble running back (8)
11 Clam roll ad is unusual (6)
12 Bankrupt crooked baker (5)
14 One form of vote! (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 89 appears on page 93. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

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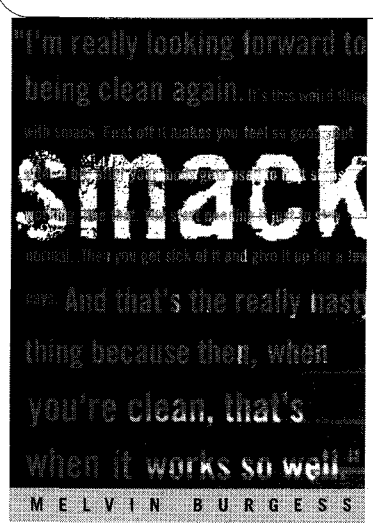

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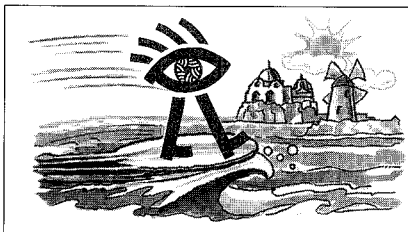

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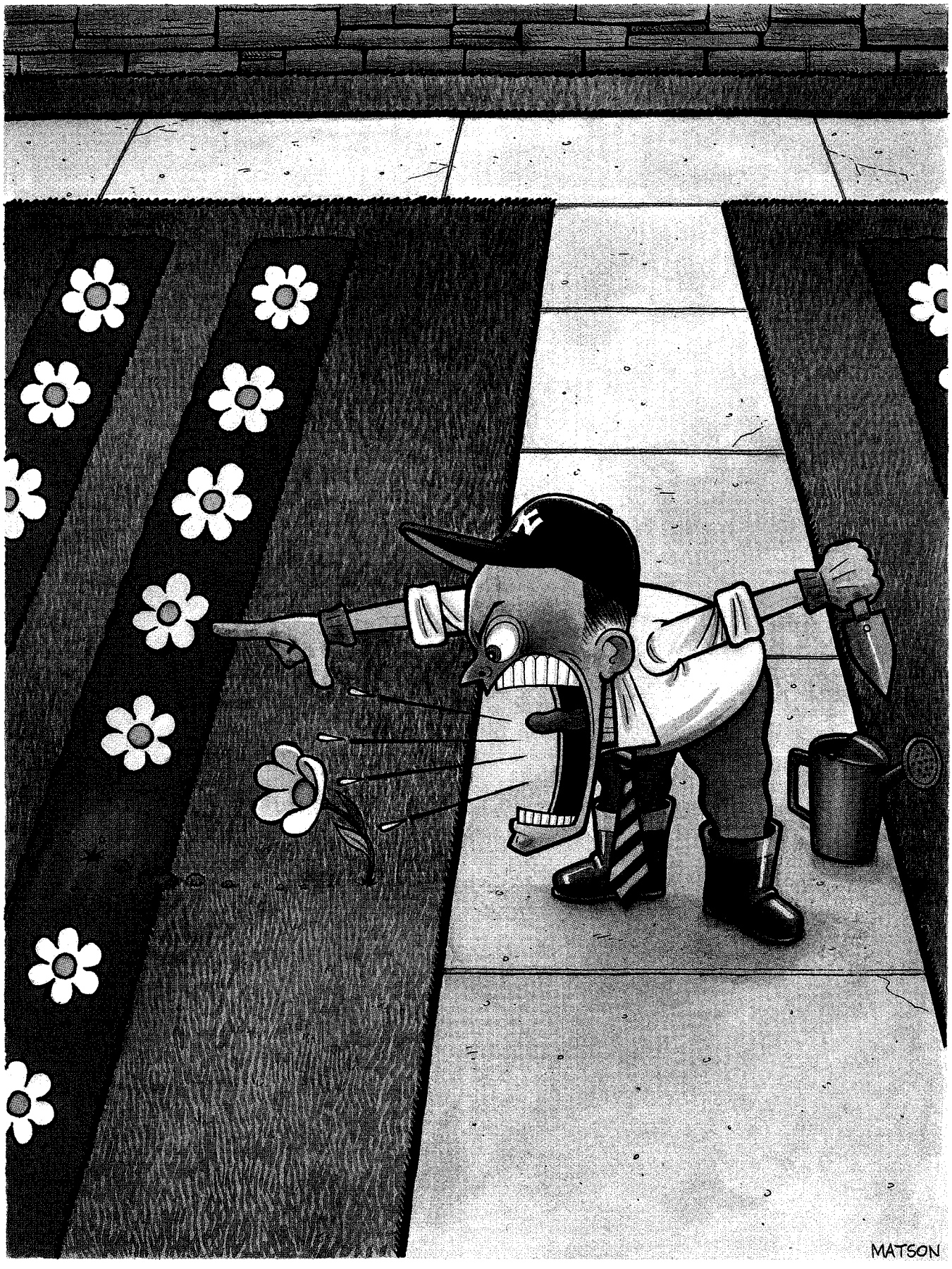

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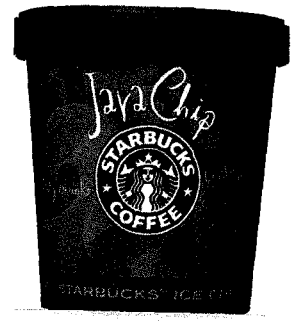

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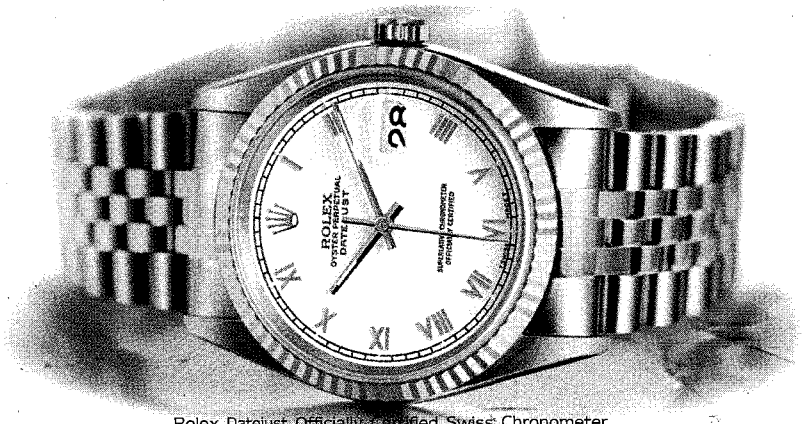

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